

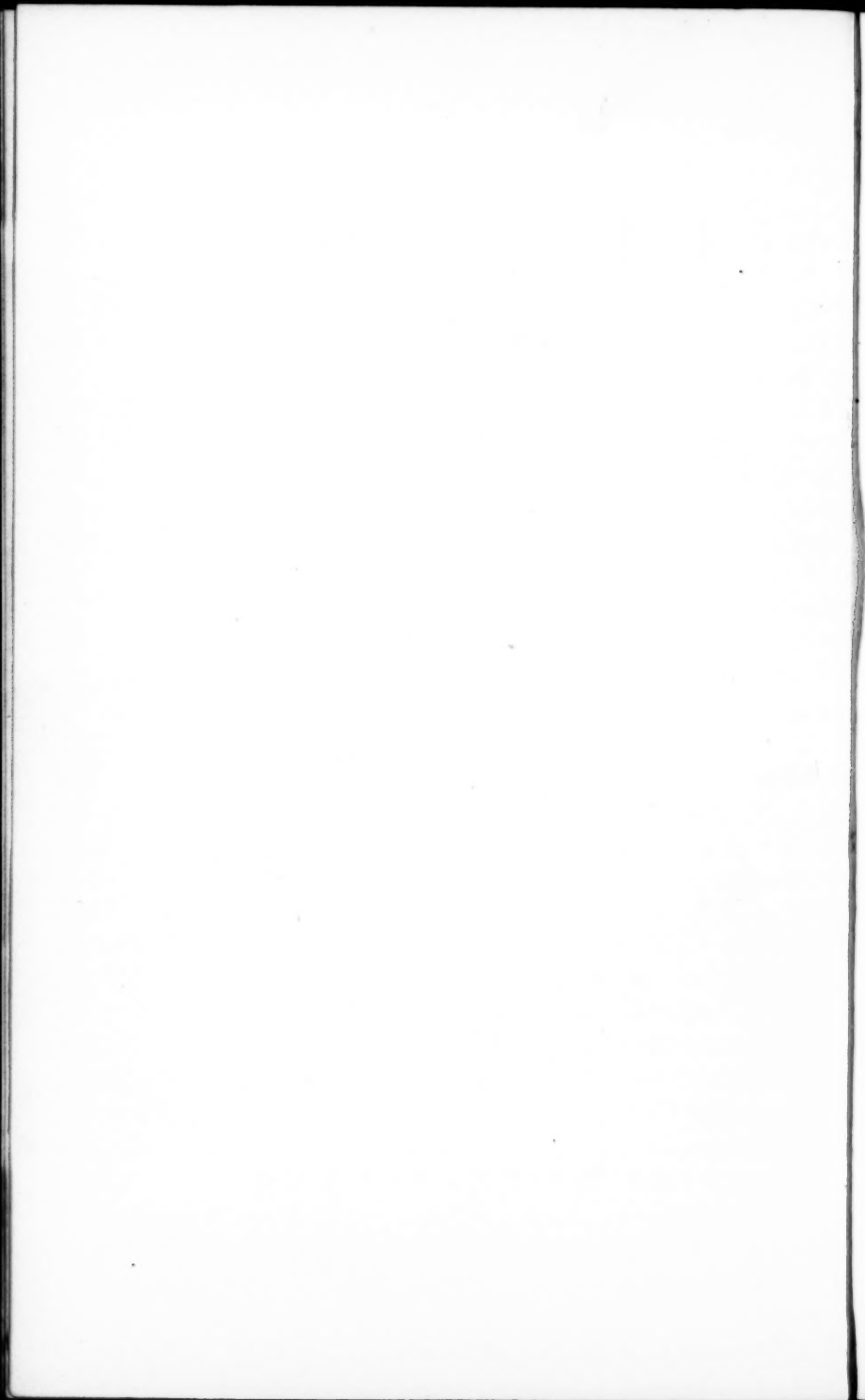
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THE CONTENTS

January and April 1908

The Encyclical "Pascendi"	Page 1
Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837-1861. By the Rev. R. Hugh Benson	11
A French Chesterfield. By Viscount St Cyres	29
The Religion of Charles II in Relation to the Poli- tics of his Reign. By Mgr Stapylton Barnes, M.A.	44
Father Ignatius Ryder: A Reminiscence. By the Editor	64
The Garden of Eden. A Poem. By Miss Ethel R. Wheeler	80
The Roman Church down to the Neronian Persecu- tion. By the Rev. F. J. Bacchus	84
Catholic Records in the Diocese of Chester. By the Rev. J. Chambers	109
A Student and Social Worker of the Eighteenth Cen- tury	127
Olden Faiths and New Philosophies. By the Rev. W. H. Kent, O.S.C.	148
Some Memories of Francis Thompson. By Mrs Meynell	160
Some Recent Books	173

The Catholic Encyclopædia—The Blessed Virgin and all the Company of Heaven, by Canon Wirgman—Luke the Physician, by Adolf Harnack—Commentary on the Apocalypse, by Dr Swete—Notes on New Testament Criticism, by Dr Abbott—Scholasticism Old and New—Le Blé qui lève, by René Bazin—Lisheen, by Canon Sheehan—Some German Novels—The Lord of the World, by the Rev. R. H. Benson—Dante and His Italy, by Lonsdale Ragg—Innocent the Great—La Vie et Légende de Madame Sainte Claire—The Orthodox Eastern Church, by Dr Adrian Fortescue—St John Chrysostom—The Poems of John B. Tabb—The Curé's Brother, by Father Bearne—Du Diable à Dieu, by Adolphe Retté—Heredité and Selection in Sociology—The Doctrine of the Trinity, by Dr Illingworth—The Life of Christ in Modern Research, by Dr Sanday—The Old Chevalier, by Martin Haile—The Elizabethan Religious Settlement, by Dom Norbert Birt—Lord Burghley's Map of Lancashire—Les Martyrologes Historiques du Moyen Age—Society, Sin and the Saviour, by Father Bernard Vaughan—Publications of the C.T.S.

The Contents

Rome and Democracy. By Canon William Barry, D.D.	Page 217
Catholic Social Work in Germany—I. Ketteler, the Precursor	241
The Worldly Wisdom of Thomas A Kempis. By Percy Fitzgerald	262
Personal Memories of James C. Mangan. By the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy	278
The Garden. A Poem. By Katharine Tynan	295
The Orthodox Eastern Church. By W. S. Lilly	297
The Cause of the Eleven Elizabethan Bishops. By the Rev. G. E. Phillips	315
Stonehenge and the Stars. By President Windle, F.R.S.	324
Saint Dominic and Saint Francis: A Parallel	338
The Inflation of Assessment. By Hiliare Belloc, M.P.	351
Mr Balfour on Decadence. By the Editor	363
Some Recent Books	376
Father and Son—The Catholic Encyclopædia, Vol. II—Darwinism To-day—The Burial Customs of Ancient Egypt—Life in the Homeric Age—Dr Macgregor's Sermons—The Northern Iron—Her Ladyship— The Glade in the Forest—The Education of Our Girls—The Priest's Studies—Bede Papers—A History of the Jesuits in Germany—Master William Silence—Professor Villari's Essays—Cavour—Santa Teresa—A Child's Garden of Verses—Marshal Turenne—The King over the Water— The Cambridge Modern History, Vol. V—The Nun—L'Éducation du Caractère, by Père Gillet, O.P.—The Story of Ellen—Socialism.	

THE ENCYCLICAL "PASCENDI"

SHORTLY after our last number was passed for the Press, the Encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis* was issued from Rome. It becomes the duty of the Catholic Reviewer at once to signify his acceptance of, and obedience to, this utterance of the Supreme Authority.

The Encyclical can, if we may so express ourselves, be regarded as an act, or as a document. As an act it represents the uncompromising censure by the Holy See of a body of thought which it calls "Modernism." The tendencies and doctrines of this system are, we gather, prevalent in Italy and France. They are fully analysed in the Encyclical. They strike at the foundation of religion, both natural and revealed. The root principle of the system depicted in the Encyclical is subjectivism in religion—the identification of religion with sentiment or emotion rather than with belief in objective truth, issuing in the conception of a deity immanent in man and not transcendent, and of dogmatic *formule* as no longer the expression of facts—of the dogmatic truths of revelation—but as the mind's reflection on its subjective religious experience. The most conspicuous offence of the system against revealed truth is its attempt to explain away the Divinity of our Lord. It seems, at first sight, very strange that the name of Cardinal Newman should have been, even tentatively, associated by anyone with a system based on the idea which he has dismissed with more absolute scorn than any other, and to which he has told us that his opposition was life-long.

I have changed in many things [he writes in the *Apologia*]; in this I have not. From the age of fifteen dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion: I know no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery. As well can there be filial love without the fact of a father, as devotion without the fact of a Supreme Being.*

As to the details of the document itself they have, of

* P. 49.

The Encyclical "Pascendi"

course, been very widely discussed, for they travel very far from the root principles just mentioned and enter into a very large field of philosophical positions and historical generalizations. And the disciplinary injunctions at the end are precise and stringent.

Very severe criticisms and attacks on the Encyclical have appeared in *The Edinburgh Review*, *The National Review*, *The Contemporary*, *The Guardian* and many other periodicals. They have raised the question of its expediency, the relation of the system described to the views of individuals, the relation of the philosophical tenets and historical generalizations of Modernism to the principles and conclusions which are censured; the origin of the system described, its exact scope, the immediate bearing of the Encyclical on Catholic thought, its probable consequences. The present writer has been urged to enter on the full discussion of these questions more especially in their relation to the work which many Catholic thinkers have for years pursued in this REVIEW and elsewhere. But he holds that the moment for this is certainly not the present. Such a discussion, involving, as it necessarily must, the weighing of *pros* and *cons* in a grave matter of ecclesiastical policy, might take place earlier or later, but not now. Before the Vatican Council the opportuneness of the definition of Papal Infallibility was freely canvassed, some of the most devoted Catholics, Bishops as well as priests and laymen, being strongly opposed to it. The advantages and disadvantages of the definition, the alternative policies advocated by able Catholics in dealing with acknowledged evils, were fully discussed. The probable consequences, good and evil, of such a decree were set forth according to the views of the various disputants—and all this without detriment to their attitude of submission to the Holy See. But when the definition was a *fait accompli*, Catholic loyalty demanded the cessation of such debates. When the history of the Council comes to be written, the ground will have to be gone over again, opinions registered, consequences chronicled. But when the Supreme Authority has just made a momentous decision, its public discussion is no more compatible with discipline and loyalty than would have been

The Encyclical "Pascendi"

the public discussion of the tactics of Lord Roberts or General Buller by their subordinates during the Boer War. And what we have said of a definition applies in its degree, *mutatis mutandis*, to an Encyclical Letter indicating so distinct and momentous a policy as the present one does. It is not, indeed, a question of a new dogmatic definition, but Catholic obedience at such a moment imposes conditions in which such discussions are no longer possible.

There are, however, certain unquestionable misrepresentations current of what has occurred, which may with advantage be set right. And to this very limited task we will address ourselves, having in what we shall say the sanction of expert theological authority.

The Encyclical has been discussed as though it were a popular document, and as though each part of the censured system, so fully analysed, were in itself and apart from its context censured, and were, moreover, precisely analysed instead of rather generally indicated. It may be pointed out that this way of reading and understanding the document must quite inevitably mislead. Its rhetoric and its popular effect are one thing. Its outcome in relation to theology is quite another. We will make our meaning clear by an illustration taken from the violent attack on it in *The Edinburgh Review* for last October. There are certain passages in the Encyclical directed against the "theological symbolism" of the Modernists. In one part of the analysis of the censured system the Modernists are represented with apparent reprobation as saying that religious *formulæ* are the "inadequate expression" of the object of the religious sentiment, which object includes the Absolute Being; that they are "symbols"; that they do not express "absolute truth"; that the believer must not

lay too much stress on the formula, but avail himself of it only with the object of uniting himself to the absolute truth which the formula at once reveals and conceals, that is to say, endeavours to express but without succeeding in doing so.

These passages are referred to by the *Edinburgh Reviewer* as though the Encyclical clearly condemned as part of the cen-

The Encyclical "Pascendi"

sured system what has been said by all the great theological thinkers, from St Thomas Aquinas to Cardinal Newman, as to the inadequacy of human terms to express the attributes of the Infinite and Absolute Being. St Thomas says that such terms must be construed "analogically," and not as having, when used of God, a meaning synonymous with that which they express in relation to man. Newman speaks of dogmatic *formulae* as "symbols of a divine fact."* The Reviewer, holding these positions to be condemned, speaks of such condemnation as "worse than a heresy," as "a contradiction in terms," as denying what "every theologian, scholastic or otherwise, has taught," and as ignorantly setting at naught "the ascertained laws and constitution of the human mind."

Now this objection of the *Edinburgh* Reviewer was so readily suggested by the text of the Encyclical that the present writer, directly he had seen the passages in question, and before the *Edinburgh* article was published, consulted several theologians, some of them actually engaged in teaching theology to the future priests, as to their real outcome. The view they took was, first, that the passages above referred to did not, by themselves, adequately bring before the reader the particular point in which the Modernist view had exceeded the orthodox theology; they only indicated the Modernist position in general terms; but that the point where it *did* exceed was intimated later on in the Encyclical; secondly, that this point was just one on which both St Thomas and Newman had carefully guarded themselves. St Thomas says, in effect, that though human terms do not *adequately* express the divine qualities, yet they *do* express them *analogically*, and thus are not merely empty symbolic expressions (they are used in his phrase not "equivocally" but "analogically.") Newman again, having in one passage spoken of dogmatic *formulae* as "symbols," in a later one expressly says that they are not "empty symbols" but "shadows" of the Reality.† That what is really censured is the denial of this analogical truth, and not the maintaining of the inadequacy of the

* *University Sermons*, p. 332.

† *Ibid.* p. 346.

The Encyclical "Pascendi"

formule to a complete expression of the attributes of the Absolute Being, is plain from a later passage in the Encyclical, in which it is pointed out that to treat *formule* as mere symbols would deprive us of all safeguard against a total denial of God's personality. This would, of course, be the case if they were mere "empty symbols," (to use Newman's phrase), or used "equivocally" (to use that of St Thomas); but not so if they are used "analogically" and as "shadows" of the Reality. They are then not empty symbols or merely relative statements but inadequate analogical expressions of the truth concerning the Absolute Being.

The fact that portions of the text are open on this point to the interpretation out of which the *Edinburgh* Reviewer makes so much capital, is due to the nature of the construction of the Encyclical. These portions occur in an account of Modernism based on certain writings, and the distinction in question, though implied by the Encyclical to be visible in some of those writings, is certainly not visible in every passage in which the doctrine is referred to. This section of the Encyclical is not, for the most part, a set of censured propositions, but an analysis of the whole system derived from various books.

This explanation which theologians have given is placed beyond dispute by the fact that St Thomas's doctrine is still universally taught in Rome, and its denial in the Encyclical would be out of the question. To find in it such a denial would, therefore, seem to be a *reductio ad absurdum* of the way of reading and understanding the Encyclical which leads to so impossible an interpretation. We have stated this at some length, because we are quite sure that it goes to the root of a great deal of misunderstanding. There is no danger whatever of any passage being pressed to the conclusion contemplated by the *Edinburgh* Reviewer, in a Catholic theological seminary, and this is the practical test. But in our modern world a document of this kind, technical and almost medieval in its construction, is read by large numbers as a newspaper article. Or more probably scraps or isolated passages are read, and their *prima facie*

The Encyclical "Pascendi"

meaning, if each be taken alone, is flourished before the world as the real one, and as containing a position which opposes what all great Catholic theological thinkers have taught.

This explanation at once accounts for and breaks the force of the suggestion which has been so widely circulated: that the Encyclical censures much of the teaching of Cardinal Newman. It does so as much or as little as it censures the above characteristic doctrine of St Thomas. And we have in the above remarks incidentally dealt with one position of Newman in respect of which such a censure might be supposed to exist, namely, his doctrine of the theological symbolism, and pointed out the inaccuracy of such a supposition.

But there is a further consideration to be held in mind in accounting for the impression. Many English readers, Anglican quite as much as Catholics, are familiar with Newman's works. They are not familiar with the works of the Continental writers referred to in the Encyclical. Therefore, the first impression created by reading a document analysing a perverted Newmanism is that Newman's own thoughts appear in it constantly. They do not see, what careful study and thought must gradually bring home to them, that these thoughts are often given without the careful limiting passages with which Cardinal Newman guarded them from misconstruction. Moreover, even where they are given on the whole accurately, they may represent one line of his thought pressed and exaggerated to the exclusion of other lines fundamentally affecting the conclusions which are warranted. It does not at all follow that in Newman's context these thoughts are not quite true and valuable, although other writers may pervert them. Every false system has flourished in virtue of the truths it has used and abused. Jansenius, in his work *Augustinus*, used much of St Augustine's actual teaching. But by a distortion and change of proportion in its relative parts and by an heretical context it vitiated what was in itself so true and valuable. The whole book was condemned, yet who can for a moment maintain that this implied even the slightest censure on the Saint's teaching therein included?

The Encyclical "Pascendi"

Modernism has no one representative textbook. Therefore, as the Encyclical tells us, it was necessary to draw one up. The system is accordingly analysed in the Encyclical. It is so analysed, as the Holy Father expressly says, in order to show that it has been completely understood. Hence, the good and the bad in it alike are there. It is then censured, but not every proposition in the system is reflected on apart from the use of it. This part of the summary of "Modernism" in the Encyclical is to Newman's works what *Augustinus* is to those of St Augustine.

When the "highest authority" intimated that, not Newman, but the *soi-disant* exponents of the legitimate issue of his teaching were hit by the Encyclical, the above view, already held by theologians of weight, was proved to be in conformity with the intention of the document. The objection raised by acute writers that the text of the Encyclical told another tale, cannot be maintained, if the Encyclical is read with the above considerations steadily borne in view. The statement from Rome can be impugned with no show of reason, except on the supposition that isolated passages can justly be taken from the analysis as though they were censured in themselves; that because they are in some cases referred to incidentally as among the errors of the system they are to be so regarded in themselves apart from their place in the general view of religion analysed in the Encyclical, a view which, as we have said, is based on pure subjectivism. The outcome of one passage cannot be determined without carefully collating the different parts of the document. In an essay the clauses qualifying each paragraph are given then and there. In such a document as this they are not. They must be looked for and found.

The true interpreters of the document, then, are the theological experts; not necessarily the ablest theological thinkers and reasoners, but those who know the method by which such documents are drawn up, who can tell us what are *obiter dicta*, what, on the other hand, formal censures, who have, in short, the clue to its interpretation. Let us remind ourselves of the weighty words of Père Daniel on this subject, when the Encyclical of 1864 had been popularly repre-

The Encyclical "Pascendi"

sented as maintaining positions which were not those found in it by expert theologians:

L'Encyclique n'est pas un enseignement populaire; elle s'adresse principalement à l'épiscopat, aux membres du clergé, auxquelles il appartient d'en pénétrer le sens à l'aide de leurs connaissances spéciales et de l'enseigner aux fidèles.

The present writer speaks as one who from an education in Rome itself and from long association with those in England, both inside and outside the Church, who concern themselves with these religious problems, felt keenly from the first that, quite apart from all question as to the effect of the Encyclical on Catholic theology, parts of it would be greatly misunderstood by non-Catholics as to their object, embodying, as it does, to an extreme extent, traditions, language and thought in which some of the points of conflict contemplated are very far removed from those of our present-day controversies in England. The censure of a manner of expressing a great principle which ignores a theological distinction really based (perhaps) on defined truth, may easily be taken as a censure of the principle itself, by those who think exclusively of the broad lines of thought referred to. An obvious instance of this was pointed out to the present writer by one whose sympathies are certainly not with an unduly conservative position,—the condemnation in the Decree *Lamentabili* of the proposition that the Assent of Faith is ultimately based on *probabilities*. This is censurable as ignoring the supernatural grace on which faith is ultimately based and the authority of God revealing which is its ultimate motive. Yet it has been cited as a condemnation of Newman's view that the assent *preceding* the Act of Faith—what is called the *judicium credibilitatis*—is based on a cumulus of transcendent probabilities generating a certitude. The distinction between the natural and supernatural assent, between the assent of reason and the assent of faith, was probably ignored by some Continental writer who has been consequently censured for his untheological language.

We will make but one further remark in conclusion.

The Encyclical "Pascendi"

The Holy Father has reminded us that the present situation is not without precedent in the Church. He quotes the words of Gregory IX addressed to the "Modernists" of the thirteenth century. Then, as now, there was an intellectual ferment leading many to the loss of all Christian faith. We attempted some account of it in our issue for January, 1906. It was largely caused by the study of Aristotle's Physics and Metaphysics, which, partly owing to the interpretation of them suggested by the Arabian philosophers whose works were in vogue, had both a rationalistic and a pantheistic tendency. Pantheism was, indeed, openly taught in the University of Paris under their influence. The study of Aristotle's Physics and Metaphysics was consequently in the early years of the thirteenth century strictly forbidden by ecclesiastical authority in the University. Even apart from the most extreme erroneous deductions, to be an Aristotelian was in too many cases to be a rationalist, or almost a rationalist; and to those who thus exceeded Gregory IX referred in 1228 in the words quoted in the Encyclical. Yet the work of these labourers, many of whom had gone to unorthodox excesses, was not all in vain. What was good in their writing was used and perfected by those later theologians of whom St Thomas Aquinas was the chief. So successfully did they purge the Aristotelian philosophy of its erroneous tendencies that the Philosopher's Physics and Metaphysics were by the middle of the century a part of the obligatory course in the University.* From being a minister to pantheism and rationalism the Philosopher (as Aristotle is *par excellence* to St Thomas) became a minister to Christian theology. To be a Scholastic theologian was henceforth to be an Aristotelian. This retrospect reminds us that the truths, which some of the writers whose views have now been censured stated at the outset cautiously and well and with wide and grateful approval from Catholic theological thinkers and the sanction of authority, are not necessarily lost to us. True lines of thought are apt first to deflect from the safe road in some incautious paradox.

* See Article, "St Thomas Aquinas and Medieval Thought," DUBLIN REVIEW, January, 1906.

The Encyclical "Pascendi"

open to a false interpretation and consequently arousing the opposition of ecclesiastical authority. The initial error of what afterwards became heresy has been in many cases, according to Cardinal Newman, the "urging forward some truth against the prohibition of authority at an unseasonable time." Unchastened and irresponsible speculation too easily results from the exasperation which is generally associated with an attitude of resistance. Something of rationalism ensues, a temper different from that of reverent and earnest inquiry. Views ultimately subversive of Christianity may be the final tendency. We cannot doubt that neglect of this danger has led in the past to some of the excesses which have called for censure.

The act of the Holy See, quite apart from the details of the Encyclical, stands out as a solemn warning against this danger in the future work of Catholic writers. Toleration and sympathy for the attempt to accomplish what may be a pressing necessity in the interests of Catholic thought, can only be won now by scrupulously preserving the attitude of loyalty without which such work is disintegrating and cannot be assimilated by Catholic theology. Even if this may sometimes involve for a time abstaining from the public discussion of some problems raised by the new sciences, which must ultimately be dealt with, such self-restraint avoids also what is even intellectually a great evil from the point of view of Christian thought, namely, that rationalistic "Liberalism" which follows, in Cardinal Newman's phrase, from "the exercise of thought upon matters in which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to any successful issue."

LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA 1837-1861

The Letters of Queen Victoria 1837-1861. Edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. 3 vols. London: Murray.

IF the Editors of the Queen's Letters found it difficult to make a characteristic selection from even the limited number of documents placed at their disposal, it is hardly less difficult again to select from theirs; since the number of the letters, their vast range of subjects, the minutiae on the one hand and the huge interests on the other, the array of personalities presented to us, and, above all, the necessarily fragmentary nature of the volumes—all these leave the reader, at first sight, in despair as to the finding of the proper focus.

Yet that focus, as implied by the editors in their excellent preface, is to be sought in the personality of the Queen herself. The book does not purport to be a political history, nor a domestic chronicle, nor a character sketch. Rather, we have presented to us a single figure viewed from a multitude of sides. In the first few pages there steps out before us, on to an amazingly complex arena, an extremely simple, conscientious, painstaking, capable, affectionate girl; we watch her passing through marriage, through politics; through anxieties, complications, routine, domestic happiness—down to the event that was at once her supreme and her first great sorrow; and, throughout all, such is the skill of the selection, it is possible always to recognize the same character. She is not at one time a politician, at another a Sovereign, at another a wife and mother, at another a ceremonial figure; she is, throughout, a person in a variety of circumstances. It was with this object in view that the editors set out upon their task; and it is upon their complete success in this essay that they are most cordially to be congratulated. The letters to the Queen, printed in these volumes, no less than those written by her, are selected with this object.

Letters of Queen Victoria

First then there will be noticed her transparent simplicity, for it was through this medium that her deeper qualities were seen. Humanly speaking, nothing but this could have saved either herself or the Monarchy from ruin. The prestige of the Crown, when she first took it up, had fallen, through fault and misfortune, to perhaps the lowest point which it ever reached in English history. It had neither the force of the Tudors nor the romance of the Stuarts. It was too late for diplomacy or magnificence or assertiveness to be applied as a remedy. Nothing would serve but that the new wearer of it should be one who believed in its sanctity, and at the same time did not forget the sanctity also of the people's will, and the peculiar place that this bears in the British Constitution. The fact that the new Sovereign was a young girl did much towards this restoration, but that she was simple, in the best sense, did more. She perfectly understood the greatness of her position, and undertook it so. Notice, for example, the charming and solemn *naïveté* of an extract from her diary written on the day of her accession:

Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country; I am very young, and perhaps in many, though not in all, things inexperienced; but I am sure that very few have more real goodwill and more desire to do what is fit and right than I have.*

This may be called, cruelly, a little fatuous, or even priggish; it springs from the same characteristic that led her to underline so many words in her letters, and to indulge, very occasionally, in a delightfully innocuous kind of sarcasm, and to insist, again and again, upon the "proper" or "dignified" thing being done when emotion might suggest another course of action; but there is not the faintest trace of hypocrisy. She felt, we are sure, every word as she wrote it down; and, further, it was actually true. Her intentions were purity itself; and if there was a little sententiousness in their expression, they could hardly have survived without its protection.

* 1, 97, 98.

Letters of Queen Victoria

With the same simplicity on the evening after the Coronation the Queen gives us a set of almost incredibly unimportant conversations with Lord Melbourne.

Spoke again of the young ladies' dresses, about which he was very amusing. . . He thinks Lady Fanny does not make as much show as other girls, which I would not allow.*

So again, her simple courage towards Prince Albert, in spite of the fact that she had really and overpoweringly fallen in love with him:

Oh, dear Uncle, I *do* feel so happy! I do so adore Albert! He is quite an angel, and so very, very kind to me, and seems so fond of me, which touches me much.†

In spite of this, she is obviously going to be Queen and to have her way.

As to your wish about your gentlemen, my dear Albert, I must tell you quite honestly that it will not do.‡

And again:

I am much grieved that you feel disappointed about my wish respecting your gentlemen, but very glad that you assent to it, and that you feel confidence in my choice.§

And finally:

I have received to-day an ungracious letter from Uncle Leopold [King of the Belgians]. He appears to me to be nettled because I no longer ask for his advice; but dear uncle is given to believe that he must rule the roast everywhere. However, that is not a necessity.||

It was this same courageous simplicity, illustrated by those very small affairs lying so close to her heart, that marks her dealings with the very greatest issues. Certainly she is still only a girl, but she happens to be Queen, and she proposes to speak her mind, even against her Ministers.

The Queen [she writes] has this morning [Jan. 11, '48] seen a draft addressed to Lord Cowley, in which he is desired to advise the Sultan to give Abd-el-Kadara command in his army—a step which the Queen cannot approve, not because it is not good advice

* 1, 159. † 1, 242. ‡ 1, 254. § 1, 261, 262. || 1, 254.

Letters of Queen Victoria

to the Porte, but because it is uncalled for on our part, and might be considered by France as a hostile step towards her. What would we say if the French were to advise M. Ali to give Akbar Khan the command of his army?*

And again, with reference to the fall of Louis Philippe, she writes to King Leopold:

One does not like to attack those who are fallen, but the poor King, Louis Philippe, *has* brought much of this on by that ill-fated return to a *Bourbon Policy*. I always think he *ought not* to have abdicated; nay, one seems to think he *might* have stemmed the torrent *then* still.†

And to Lord John Russell, whom she rather disliked, she writes as follows:

The Queen addresses herself in this instance to Lord John Russell, as the person who may be considered to have contributed to the vote of the House of Commons, which displaced her late Government, and hopes he will be able to present her such a Government as will give a fair promise successfully to overcome the great difficulties in which the country is placed.‡

. . . There is a beautiful simplicity, with a delicate scratch concealed in it.

This, then, would seem to be her primary characteristic: a courageous and decisive simplicity. She was Sovereign, and she knew it; and other people should know it too. She depended on her Ministers, but she could do without them (as is apparent, in spite of her intense grief, at the time of Lord Melbourne's retirement), and she could contradict them (as is apparent in her dealings with Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell). They guided, but they never drove her. Fortunately, her extremely good sense and her really deep knowledge of politics, especially in foreign affairs, saved her pertinacity from ever becoming disastrous obstinacy, or, indeed, from leading her astray.

The second characteristic that stands out from these letters is her splendid conscientiousness. Not only did she insist upon seeing practically every document of any importance, and upon passing her own judgement in the matter,

* II, 172. † II, 204. ‡ III, 113, 114.

Letters of Queen Victoria

but that judgement was always characterized by equity and good feeling. That she was not biased by personal affection is shown by her dealings with the Prince Consort; that she did not refrain from forming sensible opinions because of anything like sentimentalism is shown by her remarks on Louis Philippe: yet, where an issue of right and wrong or considerations of kindness are involved, she does not hesitate to speak plainly. In nothing is this more plainly shown than in her attitude towards the "Papal Aggression." Frankly, she did not like Catholicism at all; she both despised and feared it; she was heartily at one with her people in resenting the restoration of the hierarchy. Yet she is perfectly fair. To Lord John Russell she writes as follows in the December of 1850:

[The Queen] for her own part . . . thinks it entirely against her notions of what is *becoming*, to ask the *Pope* for a *favour* . . . at a moment when his name is being vilified and abused in every possible manner in this country. It strikes the Queen as an *undignified* course for this Government to pursue. . . . The Queen deeply regrets the great abuse of the Roman Catholic religion which takes place at all these meetings, etc. She thinks it unchristian and unwise, and trusts that it will soon cease.*

Again, to the Duchess of Gloucester:

I would never have consented to say anything which breathed a spirit of intolerance. Sincerely Protestant as I always have been and always shall be; and indignant as I am at those who *call themselves Protestants* [i.e., the Tractarians], while they in fact *are* quite the *contrary*, I much regret the unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at the public meetings. I cannot bear to hear the violent abuse of the Catholic religion, which is so painful and cruel towards the many good and innocent Roman Catholics.†

This same conscientiousness appears in a multitude of ways, in her insistence upon the stainless character of all those about her person, in her attempts to protect public morality from the injury of divorce reports, above all in the splendid example that she set in her own domestic life. It does not appear from these letters that her personal religion was one of ardent feeling; she speaks, at least, the

* 11, 334. † 11, 336.

Letters of Queen Victoria

language of the time in her simple reliance upon Providence, and little else. She loathed the Tractarians and she disliked Catholics; but that she had an unconquerable instinct for goodness and against evil is apparent whenever she approaches a question in which such things are involved. Fortunately, too, her Consort was utterly at one with her in this, as in all else. Certainly, no purer Court than hers has ever been known.

That the Queen took immense pains with all her enormous business has already been remarked; but it may be as well to quote an example or two of this, than which none better can be given than the fact that this book has been made possible at all only by the labours of the Queen and the Prince Consort.

Her Majesty [write the editors in their preface] dealt with her papers from the first in a most methodical manner; she formed the habit in early days of preserving her private letters, and after her accession to the Throne all her official papers were similarly treated and bound in volumes. The Prince Consort instituted an elaborate system of classification, annotating and even indexing many of the documents with his own hand. . . In many places Queen Victoria caused extracts, copied from her own private diaries . . . to be inserted in the volumes, with the evident intention of illustrating and completing the record.*

Again, from another introductory chapter:

As an instance of the minute laboriousness which characterized the Royal household, it may be mentioned that there are many copies of important letters forwarded to the Prince for his perusal, the originals of which had to be returned, written not only by the Prince himself, but by the Queen under his direction. . . . The drafts of the Queen's replies to letters are in many cases in the handwriting of the Prince Consort, but dated by herself, and often containing interlinear corrections and additions of her own.† They conclude, in the preface:

The result is that the collected papers form what is probably the most extraordinary series of State documents in the world.‡

These details, then, show the Queen's laborious care, even after affairs had been settled; as to that same laborious-

* 1, v. † 1, 38. ‡ 1, v.

Letters of Queen Victoria

ness during their conduct we have simply innumerable evidences in these letters. She would spare herself nothing. Some remarks of hers upon an omission on the part of her Ministers to consult her properly, in even a comparatively small matter, are greatly to the point both as regards her hard work, her care for minutiae and her consciousness of Sovereignty. They are a model of dignity, zeal and rebuke, and are only one example of hundreds.

[The Queen] hopes Lord Hardinge will see how inconvenient and unpleasant it must be to the Queen to have important matters submitted at such short notice that they cannot even be discussed by her without detriment to the public service, and trusts that she may not again be placed in a similar position. She has now signed the paper, but only as a temporary measure, and upon the understanding that Lord Hardinge will submit to her, between this and the next mail, the arrangements that are now wanting. She has also signed the proposal about Canada, but must express her conviction that General Le Marchant, as Civil Governor of the Colony, cannot possibly attend to the command of the Brigade, which ought to have a distinct Commander. There may be Artillery in Canada, but is it horsed? and in batteries? We are rapidly falling back into the old ways!*

In regard to the Army, which she loved with all her heart, we have instance after instance of her really profound grasp of both details and principles connected with its management. Upon coming to the Throne she began by refusing to attend reviews unless she did so on horseback; the design for the Victoria Cross was chosen by herself, and the motto suggested.

The motto would be better "For Valour" than "For the Brave," as this would lead to the inference that only those are deemed brave who have got the Victoria Cross.†

She objects to the letters "V.C." as the proper ones to place after the names of recipients ("No one could be called a Victoria Cross");‡ but in this she was apparently persuaded to yield. So, too, she is zealous in all that concerns the Army and its honour; she objects to the frequent returning of healthy officers from the

* III, 240, 241.

† III, 203.

‡ III, 298.

Letters of Queen Victoria

Crimea, observing that it is losing her troops the sympathy of the French; she describes her pride and sorrow in decorating men who have lost limbs for the sake of their country. She is exceedingly angry when the Camp, which she desired to show to some guests, is found to be empty, contrary to her express orders; she writes a strong and sensible letter to Lord Aberdeen* at the outbreak of hostilities in the Crimea, pointing out that

the ten thousand men by which [the Army] has been augmented can hardly be considered to have brought it up to more than an improved *PEACE establishment*, and that even those ten thousand men are not yet obtained. . . . The Queen must, therefore, urge Lord Aberdeen to consider with the Cabinet whether it will not be essential to augment the Army at once, and by at least thirty thousand men.

So, too, upon the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, she seems to have shown an intelligence which her Ministers lacked with regard to the question of the Army in general, and, indeed, she made remarks on the general unpreparedness of England for a crisis which might almost have been written on the occasion of the Boer War, and which might serve as a text for the speeches of Conservative statesmen at the present day.

We have nearly gone to the full extent of our available means, just as we did in the Crimean War, and may be able to obtain successes; but we have not laid in a store of troops, nor formed reserves which could carry us over a long struggle, or meet unforeseen new calls. Herein we are always most shortsighted, and have finally to suffer either in honour and reputation, or to pay enormous sums for small advantages in the end—generally both.†

And again:

The Queen [she writes] is sorry to find Lord Panmure still objecting to a proper Brigade system, without which no army in the world can be efficient. We want General Officers, and cannot train them unless we employ them on military duty, not in clerks' duty in district or colony, but in the command of troops. The detachment of Regiments is no reason for having no system, and the country will not pay for General Officers whose employment

* III, 14.

† III, 305.

Letters of Queen Victoria

is not part of a system ; our Army is then deprived of its efficiency by the refusal to adopt a system on the part of the Government.*

With regard to her real capability, both with men and things, there can be no doubt. She was a superb ruler, though she made mistakes. Yet she seems to have been very seldom wrong with regard to reading character; her reliance upon Lord Melbourne, who, indeed, did treat her with astonishing tact and an almost fatherly kindness, and her pathetic grief at parting with him who had been her friend and adviser ever since she ascended the Throne, were fully justified by events. Certainly, she was wrong in her distrust of Lord Palmerston; fourteen pages are denoted in the index as instances where he incurred her displeasure; there is an appalling little note to Lord John Russell, which must be quoted *in extenso*.

The Queen sends this letter which she has just received from Lord Palmerston. No remonstrance has any effect with Lord Palmerston. Lord John Russell should ask the Duke of Bedford to tell him of the conversation the Queen had with the Duke the other night about Lord Palmerston.†

But she came to modify her views :

The Queen wishes to delay no longer the expression of her satisfaction, as to the manner in which both the war has been brought to a conclusion, and the honour and interests of this country have been maintained under the zealous and able guidance of Lord Palmerston. She wishes, as a public token of her approval, to bestow the Order of the Garter upon him.‡

So, too, with Sir Robert Peel. She took a violent dislike to him at first, and writes to Lord Melbourne:

He is such a cold, odd man, she can't make out what he means. . . . The Queen don't like his manner after—Oh ! how different, how dreadfully different, to that frank, open, natural and most kind, warm manner of Lord Melbourne.§

But seven years later:

The Queen read Sir Robert Peel's speech with great admiration. The Queen seizes this opportunity (though she will see Sir Robert again), of expressing her *deep* concern at losing his services, which

III, 300. † II, 215. ‡ III, 237. § I, 200.

Letters of Queen Victoria

she regrets as much for the Country as for herself and the Prince. In whatever position Sir Robert Peel may be, we shall ever look on him as a kind and true friend, and ever have the greatest esteem and regard for him as a Minister and as a private individual.*

With these two exceptions—and both these Ministers had some very trying business to do—it may be said that the Queen practically never altered her first impressions of men, and that she was right in not doing so.

With regard to her capability in affairs, it is astonishing to reflect where she learnt her wisdom. No doubt King Leopold did much to help her at first, and Lord Melbourne too, as well as the Prince Consort; yet it is surprising how seldom she was wrong, even when she acted on her own sole responsibility; and with what extraordinary tact she succeeded in using her strong influence and views in the right directions. She was not in the least afraid of reform—in fact there is one little ironical footnote observing how a reform suggested by her in the 'fifties was ultimately brought about two years ago; yet she was not rash. She hated war, yet she undertook it courageously. When Lord Aberdeen wrote to her announcing that war in the Crimea was inevitable, but that no explicit answer had as yet been received with regard to the intentions of Austria, she answered tranquilly:

The Queen has received Lord Aberdeen's letter of this day. To be able to form a judgement on the important question to which it refers, the Queen would require to be furnished with the exact terms of the "general assurance" which Austria has given with respect to it. The Queen, however, does not doubt for a moment that the gain of a day or two in making the summons to Russia, could not be compared to the advantage of being able to make the summons conjointly with Austria. She must, therefore, wish that the answer to the telegraphic message [to Vienna] should be awaited before the messenger [to Russia] is sent off.†

So, too, with a thousand other vital matters. Her dealings with France, in the very trying days of the fall of Louis Philippe, were a model of good sense and diplomacy.

* II, 100. † III, 16.

Letters of Queen Victoria

While she gave shelter to him and Queen Amélie, treating them with the greatest courtesy and compassion, she was never carried away into public language or acts which might embitter England's relations with her neighbour. In the complications of the marriage of the Queen of Spain, although her personal feelings were even more severely outraged, she showed her displeasure by silence rather than words. Again and again, as one reads, one wonders at the combination of tact and courage. She never evades responsibility for a moment, yet she never rushes light-heartedly to take up the burden. She is always dignified, always equitable, always equal to the occasion, and, above all, always Sovereign. The deference her servants gave her was not only that of courtiers to a Queen; it was that also of Ministers to a Monarch who knew her business and theirs, and demanded that they should know it too.

Even her weaknesses illustrate her strength! For example, there is a charming instance of her determination to have her way, and further, of her success, in the question at the very beginning of her reign as to the ladies she was to have about her person. There was a difficulty in the fact that since these ladies were not of the party then in power, it might seem to the public that they influenced the Queen against the Government. This, in a few words, was what Sir Robert Peel urged, with astonishing tactlessness under the circumstances, and what the Queen, with the informal support of Lord Melbourne, vehemently resisted. (Indeed, years after she confessed that perhaps the vehemence was too great, but excused it on the score of her youth.) It seems a small matter, but it was very serious indeed at the time, threatening even the resignation of the Government.

Soon after this [writes the Queen in her journal] Sir Robert said: "Now, about the ladies"; upon which I said I could *not* give up *any* of my ladies, and never had imagined such a thing. He asked if I meant to retain *all*. "*All*," I said. "The Mistress of the Robes and the Ladies of the Bedchamber?" I replied, "*All*." . . .

So it went on. The Duke of Wellington was sent for;

Letters of Queen Victoria

but the Queen was inexorable. Next day she wrote, at Lord Melbourne's suggestion, the following note:

The Queen, having considered the proposal made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel, to remove the Ladies of her Bedchamber, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be contrary to usage, and which is repugnant to her feelings.

Sir Robert Peel resigned; and then even Lord Melbourne seems to have faltered, but the Queen not at all.

Lord Melbourne said: "You are for standing out then?" I said: "Certainly!"

This is, in a way, a small point; yet it shows plainly enough that there were certain matters on which the Queen was utterly determined to have her way, and to insist that her rights as Sovereign must be respected, whatever confusion it might make amongst her Ministers.

Of her private life and character it is far more difficult to write, since her domestic relations were the most sacred part of herself. Of her personal religion we are not, of course, told much in these letters; we see her condemning views and principles which she thought injurious to the National Church, rather than expressing her own. For example, this kind of sentence frequently occurs in her letters dealing with ecclesiastical preferment:

This [arrangement] would again vacate, the Queen believes, a stall at Winchester, which she would like to see filled by a person decidedly adverse to Puseyism.*

And again, in a memorandum by the Prince:

The Queen expressed to [Lord Derby] her sense of the importance not to have *Puseyites* or *Romanisers* recommended for appointments in the Church as bishops or clergymen.†

But, for the rest, the Queen's religion seems to have been that of the majority of non-Catholic Englishmen, and to have centred itself upon the idea of a Divine Providence and of the Fatherhood of God, rather than to have been concerned with dogmatic definitions. She reserved her

* 11, 43. † 11, 456.

Letters of Queen Victoria

emotions for the immediate relations of life as she understood them. She was passionately affectionate. Notice, for example, the sincerity of this note to King Leopold, who had just left her after a visit to Windsor in September, 1837:

My Dearest, most Beloved Uncle,—One line to express to you, *imperfectly*, my thanks for all your *very* great kindness to me, and my *great, great* grief at your departure. God knows *how sad, how forlorn*, I feel! *How I shall miss you, my dearest, dear Uncle! every, everywhere! How I shall miss your conversation! How I shall miss your protection* out riding! Oh! I feel *very, very* sad, and cannot speak of you both without crying! Farewell, my beloved Uncle and *father!* may heaven bless and protect you; and do not forget your most affectionate, devoted, and attached Niece and *Child*,

VICTORIA R.*

She was, in fact, essentially and characteristically feminine. With all her independence, rising sometimes to something very like obstinacy, as she herself humorously confesses in one passage, it is yet plain enough that she leaned heavily upon the very advisers whom, occasionally, she snubbed. She leaned on them, that is to say, as a womanly woman does lean upon men. Fortunately, those advisers were worthy. For many years she appears to have consulted King Leopold, in spite of her half-humorous, half-indignant remark upon his desire "to rule the roast everywhere," in practically all her important affairs, frequently not asking advice but rather courting it. With Lord Melbourne, her counsellor at home, she was on terms of almost intimate affection; she trusted him, confided in him, and appealed to him with real feminine pathos.

This is certainly most awkward [she writes to him in 1840, when the Government was on the verge of dissolution], but the latter part about Peel is most absurd; to him I can never apply; we must do everything but that. But, for God's sake, do not bring on a crisis; the Queen really could not go through that *now*, and it might make her *seriously ill* if she were to be kept in a state of agitation and excitement if a crisis were to come on; she has had already so much lately in the distressing illness of her poor Aunt to harass her. I beseech you, think of *all* this, and the consequences it might cause,

* 1, 118.

Letters of Queen Victoria

not only to me but to all Europe, as it would show our weakness in a way that would be seriously injurious to this country.*

So too, at the beginning of her reign, she showed the same kind of confidence in Baron Stockmar, on whose verdict, indeed, rested largely the selection of Prince Albert as her husband. The Baron was an extraordinarily able man, and it was chiefly under his influence that the Queen and the Prince came to take such minute pains with the work which they took up. Possibly this was a mistake, yet it was better than that the Sovereign should stand aloof altogether from the business of the country. On the day of her accession the Queen had no less than four interviews with him; and from a phrase or two later, although no letters are given that passed between them, it is possible to see that King Leopold's wish that the Baron should be her confidential adviser was fully realized.

We see the same true femininity in her words about children, and the same domestic instincts in all that she writes of her home life. Although business pursued her everywhere, she writes even to Prince Albert to remind him that, as Sovereign, she cannot be long absent from affairs:

You forget, my dearest Love, that I am Sovereign, and that business can stop and wait for nothing.

Yet there is a kind of delighted absorption in her journeys to Scotland, in her furniture, in her singing lessons with Lablache, and in the details of home life, that shows her attitude in the matter. But all, of course, centred primarily round her husband, with whom, as all England joyfully recognized, she was sincerely and deeply in love.

In November, 1839, she had to read a public declaration of her intention to marry, before the Privy Council; and an eyewitness tells us that her hands trembled so that she could scarcely hold the paper.

It was rather an awful moment [she writes herself to the Prince on the evening of the same day] to be obliged to announce this to so many people, many of whom were quite strangers; but they told me I did it very well, and I felt so happy to do it.

* 1, 290.

Letters of Queen Victoria

Good Lord Melbourne was deeply moved about it; and Uxbridge likewise; it lasted only two or three minutes.*

Another eyewitness gives an account of the scene:

I cannot describe to you with what a mixture of self-possession and feminine delicacy she read the paper. Her voice, which is naturally beautiful, was clear and untroubled; and her eye was bright and calm, neither bold nor downcast, but firm and soft. There was a blush on her cheek which made her look both handsome and more interesting; and certainly she *did* look as interesting and as handsome as any young lady I ever saw.†

Then, presently, comes the marriage, prefaced by a tiny simple note to the Prince, written on the morning on the wedding-day, calling him her "most dearly beloved bridegroom," addressed, "His Royal Highness the Prince, the Queen," asking him how he had slept, and at what time he would be ready.‡ And the next day she writes to King Leopold:

I write to you from here [Windsor], the happiest, happiest being that ever existed. Really I do not think it *possible* for anyone in the world to be *happier*, or as happy as I am. He is an Angel, and his kindness and affection for me is really touching. To look into those dear eyes, and that dear sunny face, is enough to make me adore him. What I can do to make him happy will be my greatest delight.§

Eight years later she writes to the King again.

Most warmly do I thank you for your very kind and dear letter of the 26th, with so many good wishes for that *dearest* of days. It is indeed to me one of eternal thankfulness, for a purer, more perfect being than my beloved Albert, the Creator could *not* have sent into this troubled world. I feel that I could *not* exist without him, and that I should sink under the troubles and annoyances and *dégoûts* of my *very* difficult position were it not for *his* assistance, protection, guidance and comfort. Truly do I thank you for your *great* share in bringing about our marriage.||

And so the years went by, always in the same serenity and bliss, and her children were born one by one, until the

* 1, 249. † 1, 249. ‡ 1, 274. § 1, 274. || 11, 228.

Letters of Queen Victoria

end came, which for a while seemed as if it would be an end of all her activities as well.

On December 6, 1861, she writes to King Leopold:

[The symptoms] made one *very, very* anxious, and I can't describe the *anxiety* I have gone through! I feel to-day a good deal shaken, for for four nights I got only two or three hours' sleep. We have, however, every reason to hope the recovery, though it may be *somewhat* tedious, will not be *very* slow. You shall hear again to-morrow.*

Five days later she writes again:

The trial in every way is so very trying, for I have lost my guide, my support, my all, *for a time*, as we can't ask or tell him anything. . . . You shall hear again to-morrow, dearest Uncle, and please God! each day will be more cheering.†

Then on the 20th comes the extraordinarily touching, heart-broken letter:

My *own*, dearest, kindest Father,—For as such have I *ever* loved you! The poor fatherless baby of eight months is now the utterly broken-hearted and crushed widow of forty-two! My life as a *happy* one is *ended*! the world is gone for *me*! If I *must* live on (and I will do nothing to make me worse than I am), it is henceforth for our poor fatherless children—for my unhappy country, which has lost *all* in losing him—and in *only* doing what I know and *feel* he would wish, for *he* is near me—his spirit will guide and inspire me! But oh! to be cut off in the prime of life—to see our pure, happy, quiet, domestic life, which *alone* enabled me to bear my very *much* disliked position, CUT OFF at *forty-two*—when I *had* hoped with such instinctive certainty that God never *would* part us, and would let us grow old together (though he always talked of the shortness of life)—is *too awful*, too cruel! And yet it *must* be for *his* good, *his* happiness! His purity was too great, his aspirations *too high* for this poor, *miserable* world! His great soul is *now only* enjoying *that* for which it *was* worthy! And I will *not* envy him—only pray that *mine* may be perfected by it and fit to be with him eternally, for which blessed moment I earnestly long. . . .

The note ends:

Ever your devoted, wretched Child, VICTORIA R.‡

* III, 599. † Ibid. ‡ III, 602.

Letters of Queen Victoria

Finally, the volumes end with a letter to Lord Canning, of which the last paragraph is as follows—an almost perfect ending to the book:

The Queen's precious husband, though wandering occasionally, was conscious till nearly the last, and knew her and kissed her an hour before his pure spirit fled to its worthy and fit eternal Home.*

With regard to the secret of the Queen's extraordinary success and prosperity, illustrated as it was forty years later by the deep grief of her people at her own death, it may be said that it has been the object of the editors of these letters to indicate it by their selection. It may be summed up of her, as of Queen Elizabeth, that she succeeded because she was an almost perfect type of the Englishwoman of her day, with a genius for the particular form of Government which the law provided.

First of all she was intensely domestic; and domesticity is, above all things, the characteristic of the bulk of English life. The second chapter has an excellent paragraph on this point:

The result of the parliamentary and municipal reforms of William IV's reign has been to give the middle classes a share in the government of the country, and it was supremely fortunate that the Queen, by a providential gift of temperament, thoroughly understood the middle-class point of view. The two qualities that are most characteristic of British middle-class life are common sense and family affection; and on these particular virtues the Queen's character was based; so that by a happy intuition she was able to interpret and express the spirit and temper of that class which, throughout her reign, was destined to hold the balance of political power in its hands.†

But akin to love of domesticity in a country is devotion to the Monarchy; and it is the vital connexion between these two things that has so long retarded the advance of Socialism in England. For it is one and the same interest that finds its object in the love of families, both private and royal. Further, then, when the Englishman looked up from his own domestic affairs to those of his Sovereign, he was

* III, 609. † I, 28.

Letters of Queen Victoria

charmed to find that her tenderest interest, too, not only lay in domestic life but that that life was actually a model of purity which he would do well to imitate. But, more than this, the lovers of Monarchy delight to see that its augustness is recognized by its holders, and this is exactly where Victoria had shone and her predecessors had been thought wanting. Englishmen did not want an aristocratic gentleman more or less at the head of affairs, but at least a "family man," who was a King and revered the fact. And they got what was even more to their liking, a girl and a wife and a mother.

Next, there is no doubt that England admires hard work; and this, too, was found in Victoria. She was continually in evidence, and it soon became known that when she was not she was far from idle. She was continually in evidence. The pages of these letters are full of the echoes of a far-away clapping of crowds; she was for ever opening Parliament in person, riding out on horseback, reading declarations, decorating soldiers; the carriages of her Ministers were for ever driving to and from her houses. And she was continually working at home; her energy was enormous. What her Ministers knew of her, her people knew also. It was not a matter of the "First Gentleman in Europe," flashing by among outriders on the Brighton Road; or of a visionary old "Farmer George" among his harpsichords at Windsor; or of a rather ordinary stout gentleman with a multitude of illegitimate children; they saw instead a girl, living before their eyes the sane life that they loved, who rejoiced and suffered with her people, "one of highly vigorous and active temperament, of strong affections, and with a deep sense of responsibility, placed at an early age, and after a quiet girlhood, in a position the greatness of which it is impossible to exaggerate. [They saw] her character expand and deepen, schooled by mighty experience into patience and sagacity and wisdom, and yet never losing a particle of the strength, the decision and the devotion with which she had been originally endowed."*

* I, viii.

A FRENCH CHESTERFIELD

Les Agréments. Discours de Monsieur le Chevalier de Méré à Madame * * *. Paris. 1677.

De la Conversation. Discours de Monsieur de Méré. Paris. 1677.

De l'Esprit. Discours de Monsieur de Méré. Paris. 1677.

Conversations of the Mareschal of Clérambault and the Chevalier de Méré. English'd by A. Lovell. London. 1677.

Œuvres de M. le Chevalier de Méré. Amsterdam. 1692.

HOSTESSES innumerable have been busy with their invitation cards during the last few weeks; but probably few of them have paused to realize how much ingenuity and labour in the past has gone to make a Christmas party possible. No doubt, ever since the dawn of history, men and women have met together to eat, drink, gamble and make love; but it is only in quite modern times that "society" has been considered as an end in itself, a kingdom whose institutions, laws, ideals, are worthy of most serious attention. The honours of this discovery belong to France, the France of Richelieu and Louis XIV; and, like most discoveries, it was a child of that harsh stepmother, necessity. When the curtain went up on the seventeenth century, the old French monarchy was rapidly changing into an administrative despotism; and with the increasing centralization of the government came the exaltation of the capital. Fénelon, in his *Télémaque*, compares it to a huge, misshapen head, set on a feeble and ill-nourished trunk. Under Henri Quatre and his successors the trunk had grown more huge than ever before. Every one who was anyone, whether as landowner, lawyer, banker, writer or official, must come to Paris, and there must rub shoulders with every one who was anyone on other fields of enterprise. And the great problem was to reduce the resulting friction to a minimum.

The friction was all the greater, since France had only lately emerged from the seething-pot of the Wars of Religion. But war is not a school of manners; and no one can read the memoirs of the time without being struck by their frank brutality. The qualities most held in honour were willingness to take a side and fight for it; dash,

A French Chesterfield

resourcefulness and energy; all virtues priceless in the field but somewhat wearing in a drawing-room. But over drawing-room refinements the age had little time to waste. Ritschl complains that its theologians seem never to have understood that there were such things as feelings; and herein the lay world left the ecclesiastical far behind. A man's one and only business was to fight hard for his own hand. Does not Guillaume du Vair, the typical moralist of the time, discourse at large on the "sacred and inviolable maxim, established since the first beginnings of the world, that if we would possess any good we must acquire it for ourselves"? To fritter time and energies away over fancies and emotions was simply to proclaim oneself unfit for the serious work of life. Some place, it is true, was found for the robuster passions—love, for instance, or ambition—on the ground that they strengthened the will; but tender feelings, such as pity, which only paralysed and warped it, must be torn up root and branch. He was the best off who could pride himself, as the moralist La Rochefoucauld did pride himself in fact, on finding no trace of them in his heart.

Much the same fate overtook such qualities as decorum. Thackeray has declared that the conversation of a fine lady of Queen Anne's time would send Victorian matrons flying from the room; ten minutes among the heroines of Talemant des Reaux, the Paul Pry of the age of Richelieu, would have turned Lady Mary Wortley Montagu into a prude. How much elemental grossness the French had still to slough off may be seen from the following catalogue of social sins, drawn up by an acknowledged master of his craft: "There are certain things never seen in a well-bred man, but always found where breeding is not. Such are injustice, vanity, avarice, bad taste; a coarseness smelling of the Bar, the counting house, the provinces, the middle class. Such, also, are slavery to custom; indulgence in commonplaces, quips and puns; thinking more of fortune than desert, more of appearances than truth; trying to push oneself forward by dishonest means; being a liar or a cheat. Such, again, are letting oneself be easily duped; inability

A French Chesterfield

to read character, or know how and when to seize one's chance; being drawn into low horseplay by fashionable boon-companions; enduring affronts without resenting them; siding with the strong and neglecting the weak—above all, lack of that indescribable quality which ranks one well-bred man above another.”

The author of this curious catalogue was Antoine Gombauld, Chevalier de Méré, a Poitevin gentleman of good family and moderate estate. Born about 1610, he saw some service in the field, but soon threw up his commission for a bachelor existence in Paris. Here he managed to combine the usual pleasures of his class with an apostolic zeal for good breeding; as M. Gaston Deschamps says, he made himself agreeable on principle, and strove with frenzied conscientiousness to be up to date. He was, in fact, one of the first representatives of a new calling, the professional diners-out and specialists in good manners. These men made social intercourse the one aim and end of their existence; they studied the ways of a drawing-room much as mystical writers might study the laws of the Interior Life. “Un honnête homme,” cries Méré, “n’a rien à désirer pour sa gloire que d’être toujours honnête homme.” On this principle he translated all values, human and divine, into terms of etiquette; truth was true, and morality moral, precisely in so far as they ministered to the well-being of society. Religion itself he valued chiefly because “true devoutness and Christian humility” always lend a character new grace.

This curious standpoint is explained by the circumstances of his time. When he first settled in Paris, the tide of Philistine barbarity was just beginning to roll back, thanks chiefly to the efforts of Mme de Rambouillet and the *Précieuses*. Literature and art were creeping into fashion; and great ladies of the older school, whose education had been sadly neglected, stood in sore need of a pilot to steer them through this unknown sea. Méré had no equal at coaching a lady in just so much as she need know, so as to hold her own at a literary party. For years he laboured hard in the service of the Duchess of Lesdiguières. He told

A French Chesterfield

her all about distinguished authors; he supplied her with smart impromptus by the score; for her he translated telling quotations from foreign classics, old and new. She and her friends consulted him in every kind of feminine worry. He recommended them books; he put an academic polish on their letters; he was consulted about their love affairs; he even supervised their dress. From him proceeds the memorable dictum that cambric looks better when slightly tumbled than when it hangs neatly in stiff folds.

Still, the Chevalier was no mere Brummel. Once his position was established, he left these boudoir confidences alone, and applied himself to the more responsible task of launching neophytes in society. At least two of his pupils did their master credit. The great Pascal passed through his hands during the short time he spent in the world between his scientific youth and his Jansenist maturity. Méré undertook to show him life. He dragged the future author of *The Provincial Letters* to routs, to gambling-rooms, to tennis courts; it seems even likely that he made him face the terrors of the dancing class. But Pascal soon escaped to Port Royal, leaving his Mentor free to turn to a still more delicate piece of business. His old friend, Scarron, an elderly, crippled minor poet, suddenly married a very inexperienced girl of seventeen, and Méré undertook to "form her for the world." At first she gave her tutor much trouble; more than once he must scold her severely for giving her sick husband's whims precedence over the sacred duties of society. But he lived to see her become Madame la Marquise de Maintenon, second wife of Louis XIV.

Long before her marriage to the King, however, the Chevalier had left Paris and gone off to the country to retrench. His ancestral estates had never been large, and with them he had taken over a hereditary passion for the dice-box. "We were once fairly well off," he wrote to the famous Minister Colbert, "but my forefathers ran through their money so fast that little is left beyond the house from which I write. Even the title-deeds to that are gone; and I could bring no other proof of ownership than that

A French Chesterfield

my father lived here before me, and that no one tried to turn him out." Still, the house and the few farms round it were something, and the Chevalier determined there to end his days. Paris friends overflowed with condolences, but he put a manful face on the matter, and refused to look on himself as an afflicted being. "Here in the country," he wrote, "I feel extremely well. There is nothing to worry me, and I can count on five or six hours of sound sleep at night. I read, I meditate, I write my letters, I walk myself into an appetite. I have good wine, excellent fruit and the best butcher's meat in the world."

During these latter years the Chevalier put together most of his printed works. These are chiefly letters, answers to correspondents who had consulted him on knotty points of etiquette or literary style. Then there are records of conversations with his old friend, Marshal Clérambault, a great figure in the social world. Last come a series of lay sermons on wit, tact, taste and other kindred subjects. All these were eagerly read throughout the length and breadth of the land; several were immediately translated into English, as "treatises of great esteem among the principal wits of France." They mark an interesting reaction from the individualism of the preceding age. Guillaume du Vair and his "sacred and inviolable maxims" of self-assertion might do well enough for an epoch of civil war; but now, when all the ex-warriors were cooped up within the narrow walls of Paris, their self-assertiveness became intolerable. How, then, teach them to be considerate? How combine a reasonable amount of push with due regard for the feelings of one's neighbours? Méré pointed to the salons. They alone possessed the secret of making a man "both happy and amiable at the same time." Du Vair and La Rochefoucauld had been individualists; Méré believed in solidarity. Real happiness could only be gained by associating oneself with others in common amusements, common pursuits. No doubt, this meant a certain sacrifice. Méré always impressed upon his pupils that, in entering a drawing-room, they were setting foot within a world much larger than themselves, a world they did not make, over whose move-

A French Chesterfield

ments they had no control, and wherein they were an indistinguishable atom. Hence, their first duty was to sink their private idiosyncrasies in the general current of society; and, in proportion as they did so, they deserved to be called well bred.

Thus, the hall-mark of the *bonnête homme* was that he "covered his *Moi*." Second-rateness came away from a party, wondering whether it had taken every opportunity to shine; whereas a gentleman wasted no thought on his own performances. All he asked was whether the party, in general, had been a success. That is why Méré is so severe on all who tried to draw down too much attention to themselves, *précieuses* eager to show off their emotional intensity, professional jesters who needs must drag their fireworks into everything, epigrammatists who disturbed the placid ripple of conversation by elaborate impromptus "more fit for the Delphic Oracle than for civilized intercourse." On this point the Chevalier soon fell foul of his greatest pupil. Until he was thirty, Pascal had lived entirely among mathematicians and learned men; and his youthful scientific treatises bear abundant marks of the pit whence he was digged. For the most part he argued away in vigorous, if somewhat pedestrian style; though, if some resonant phrase occurred to him, he put it down without much troubling to consider whether it was too "luxuriant" for its homely context. Méré opened a campaign against these purple patches. Pascal learnt (to take only his own examples) that it was wrong to talk of "quenching the torch of sedition," and safer to call a king a king than to style him an august monarch. For the Chevalier made clear to him that to shoot scraps of sudden bombast into the middle of a tranquil argument was an outrage on society. "The secret of good breeding," he said, "is to do what is natural to us in a becoming way. But it is not 'natural' in me to talk of august monarchs; nor is it natural to my hearers to hear kings thus described. Such verbiage only ruffles them and distracts their attention from the point; worse still, it breaks the bond of sympathy I ought to have established with them. They feel that I am not one of

A French Chesterfield

themselves, speaking the clear, straightforward tongue of common sense; I have wrapped my meaning up in an unreal professional jargon, worthy of one who is 'more of an author than a man.' Some may think my fine language impressive; and it certainly gives me a better chance of showing off my cleverness. But the plain man does not feel in reading me what Pascal felt in reading Montaigne, that he only saw set down in print what had long been vaguely in his mind."

Still, the bond of sympathy required much more than careful picking of one's phrases. Writers and talkers must keep severely clear of questions, which some of their audience found uninteresting and others might not even understand. Méré was hard on the epigrammatists; he was harder still towards the poor scholars and professional men, who talked too much on their own subject, because they had nothing else to talk about. Pascal has caught his master's spirit exactly, when he writes, in one of his little imaginary conversations: "What? So-and-so is an excellent mathematician, you say? Well, I don't care about mathematics; he would take me for a proposition. And the next man's a good soldier? Then he would treat me like a fortified town." Soldier and mathematician both wore their profession chalked upon their forehead; whereas the very first mark of a gentleman was that he had no "trade." He might be unfortunate enough to have to earn his bread at a calling; but "*P'étendue de son esprit le dépaysa*" from the dust and grime of his office, whenever he went into society. As Pascal says, he "hung out no sign-board"; nobody could guess from his manner whether he was noble, banker, writer or official. His distinguishing mark was his "universality"; there was something about him of every class, and everything of none.

But these characteristics were not put on and off with the gentleman's dress-clothes. Even during business hours he did not forget the claims of good breeding. Not his to behave "*comme un artisan de profession, qui n'a pour but que de finir son ouvrage. Un galant homme doit moins songer à se perfectionner dans les choses qu'il entreprend*"

A French Chesterfield

qu'à s'en acquitter en galant homme." This last article carries much farther than perhaps appears at first sight. Méré's definition of a "professional" by no means agrees with that of the Marylebone Cricket Club. Money has nothing to do with the matter. Pascal's soldier is an *artisan*; so is an epigrammatist or a *précieuse*; in fact, anyone who gets his name inseparably connected with the doing of one particular thing. A poet who cannot be thought of apart from his verses, a crack shot who diffuses an air of stubble fields and powder, a gambler who is redolent of dice-boxes and green baize, break the laws of *honnêteté* quite as much as a professional pugilist. Indeed, the amateur champion bears a double guilt. He sins against himself, in that he deliberately develops one particular aptitude at the expense of others; whereas the chief essential of good breeding is a perfect equilibrium of all our faculties alike. He sins against society, in that he inflicts the consequences of this disproportion on his fellows. One thing he does so superlatively well that nobody dare play against him; everything else he does so badly that nobody can play against him. Whereas the kind of man society wants is, as Pascal said, the man who can join in whatever happens to be going on, and do it neither better nor worse than anyone else. "Man is full of needs, and only likes those who can satisfy them all. That is the meaning of *ne quid nimis*."

Games and accomplishments, however, were a secondary matter; the real business of the salons was the art of conversation. And it was here that the *artisans* made their most desperate stand. Nobody knew better than Méré that a mathematician or a soldier can show his cloven hoof, without actually dragging in the Infinitesimal Calculus or Vauban's last new scheme. Their mind still runs along professional channels, even when they talk about the weather. Pascal himself had been a great sufferer from the specialist disease. All his youth had been spent among upholders of what he himself has called the "geometrical spirit." When he first appeared in a drawing-room, he scarcely dared to open his lips, unless he was sure that all he said had been

A French Chesterfield

correctly reasoned out from unexceptionable first principles. Méré politely told him that he was a pedant for his pains, and plied his pupil's soul with exhortations against that ugly vice. "The pedants," he said, "delight in laying down rules, most of which are false. They roll up what is not worth saying into mysterious definitions, harder to grasp than the things themselves. It costs them infinite pains to tell one something about a subject, without going into its whole length and breadth; for all their knowledge is so joined together that every part depends on all the rest. Their mind is wound up like a watch. The hands cannot pause at ten o'clock, if the works go on till twelve; and yet there is no surer sign of ill-breeding than not knowing when to stop. Of a thousand things in one's mind it is often proper only to allude to one, and quite casually to that."

Pascal retorted that, if this was pedantry, its interests were very often those of truth. Méré answered that, whether that was so or no, adherence to strict logical rules was impossible in society. Few readers had the power, and fewer still the wish, to keep up with long straight marches from point to point; what they liked was to be carried along a "hidden, natural train of argument, in no way suggestive of art or study." Pascal objected that what this natural train should be must depend on individual caprice, and individuals varied so much, as to make it quite uncertain whether what pleased one would please another. Méré replied that this was an excellent argument against pinning one's faith to an abstract demonstration, but no argument at all against trying to fall in with the respective moods of individual listeners. To do this, however, one must "sacrifice to the Goddess of Grace," and look for guidance to little signs beneath the notice of a pedant. "You have never shaken off," he told his pupil, "the geometrical habit of trusting to long demonstrations drawn out line by line. Thereby you let slip a golden opportunity. A man of keen perceptions and quick wits often gleams invaluable hints from the looks and carriage of his neighbours. If you ask him on what principle he goes, he will probably say that he cannot tell, and that the signs are only evidence for

A French Chesterfield

him. You think you do much better with your mathematical methods. I assure you, on my honour, you are wrong; since the signs you think so much of are only good for prigs and fools." And when the pupil characteristically asked for a definition of these signs, his despairing Mentor could only bid him fall in love with a woman of the world.

Whether Pascal took this advice is still matter for dispute. All that is certain is that he began to pay a new attention to the Chevalier's little signs. On his first entry into the drawing-rooms he had simply been bewildered by their unfamiliar bustle: now he was coming to realize the force of Méré's dictum that society is like a foreign language. For a while one hardly understands a word, but by and by the meaning of things begins to dawn. As his experience broadened, he felt increasing confidence in his own capacity to interpret the fashionable zodiac. His final conclusions on the matter are recorded in that curious passage in his *Pensées*, where he discusses why mathematicians are so seldom men of action, and why men of action care so little for mathematics. "Geometers never see what is before their eyes. They are brought up among the principles of science, clear and tangible every one, and all the arguments they employ have been carefully tested beforehand. Hence they are puzzled, when they have to deal with evidence of a different kind. Here the points are almost imperceptible; they are not so much seen as felt; a man will hardly be got to notice them at all, if he does not do so naturally. They are so numerous and so delicate that the very nicest judgement is needed to seize them and draw the right conclusions; for they cannot be set down in order, like the propositions of mathematics. The mind must take them in at a glance, rather than by any conscious process; geometers only make themselves ridiculous, when they insist on applying their axioms and definitions to matters incapable of being so handled. Not but what the mind *does* reason about them after a silent, instinctive fashion of its own, beyond the power of most to grasp and of any man to explain."

These silent instinctive modes of reasoning play a great

A French Chesterfield

part in Méré's books. Pascal was not the only sufferer from the logical disease during the early seventeenth century; in a loose untechnical sense many hundreds were "geometers," who had never opened a Euclid in their lives. Society was a new institution; they felt raw and uncomfortable in a salon; they had no inherited fund of tact to tell them how to address a lady or enter a drawing-room with ease. In all their perplexities they caught at argument, much as drowning sailors catch at a hen coop; they solemnly proved to themselves and their neighbours that whatever they did was justified by all the laws of logic. Méré made a gallant effort to persuade them that life was too short for this perpetual dialectic. The man who was always explaining the how and why of his conduct was an ill-bred bore; every flush on his self-conscious face bore witness to the fact that he had never learnt the first duty of a gentleman, to keep his *Moi* covered in society. Besides, experience proved that the instincts of an average man led quite as straight as his syllogisms. Méré was not learned enough to talk about "sub-conscious thought" in the style of Professor William James; but in a dim way he felt that tact and taste were "based on very solid foundations, although somewhat chary of giving their reasons." He would certainly have endorsed the famous counsel Lord Mansfield gave an inexperienced colleague on the Bench, never to give the grounds of his decisions; for the judgments themselves would often be right, but the reasons were certain to be wrong. Those who were least able to "give their reasons" were often the most successful in society. The Duchess of Lesdiguières, for instance, talked, looked, dressed, better than any other woman of her time; but neither she nor anyone else could explain how she reached these desirable results. "Vos grâces sont si libertines," wrote the Chevalier to her, "qu'elles renvoient bien loin l'art et l'étude."

Whether this sentence did not bear with it a condemnation of his own profession as an "excellent master of good breeding," the Chevalier never stopped to ask. But he certainly did his best to make his pupils "send away art

A French Chesterfield

and study," so far as he reasonably could. Most of them soon got tired of arguing; they found it so much easier to let a manual of etiquette do their thinking for them. And of such manuals there was a plenty before the world, many of them invested with very high authority. At this very time the great essayist, Guez de Balzac (1596-1651), was calling on his countrymen to revive the "urbanity" of ancient Rome. Such an invitation was by no means ungrateful to the France of Richelieu, already beginning to fancy herself the political heiress of the Cæsars. Moreover, Balzac handled his classics with a delicate touch. From Virgil and Horace he took no more than suited his purposes, no more than enabled him to say that their ideal of good breeding was the same as his own. And since all civilizations, other than those of Augustus and their own time, were a sealed book to his hearers, they were easily persuaded that what was common to these two must indeed bear the hall-mark of universal reason. For in those days no one talked of evolution or development. "Les grâces d'un siècle," says Méré himself, "sont celles de tous les temps. Car le monde ne va ni ne vient, et ne fait que tourner."

Not that the Chevalier by any means agreed with Balzac's leading idea. Only the charm of that master's style, he said, could have induced Frenchmen to prefer *l'urbanité romaine* to *la galanterie française*. Few Roman heroes could bear the test of scrutiny under a microscope. Cato was an excellent man, but his ridiculous severity put his claims to good-breeding out of court. Scipio's great qualities were hidden under a rind of countrified stiffness. Cicero was a disagreeable compound of prig and attorney. Virgil showed himself deplorably ignorant of the usages of polite society. Augustus treated Cleopatra worse than Virgil's hero treated Dido. But quite apart from these flaws in his patterns, Balzac's whole principle was a mistake. Imitation, pure and simple, led straight to one or other of two opposite errors. The easy-going rested on their oars, so soon as they fancied they had reached the same level as their models. Ardent young souls dashed off

A French Chesterfield

on a frenzied search for authorities and leading cases, such as was sure to land them in a quagmire of scrupulosity and nervous fuss. Without a precedent they dared not set one foot before the other. Méré's own correspondence is full of their qualms. Was blue the colour to wear, or yellow? Did society think green too loud? Ought one to return a call on the third day or the fourth? When they got a pen in their hands, the disease grew even worse. Balzac himself confessed to Méré that it once took him four whole days to dash off a note to the Mayor of Angoulême. And one of the Chevalier's own pupils solemnly wrote to ask whether *Est-il vrai qu'on parle?* was really "licentious," as opposed to the stricter *Est-il vrai que l'on parle?* "So ill-founded a scruple," answered the exasperated master, "would dishonour the very ablest pen."

Still, Balzac's main error did not lie simply in making too much of imitation; it lay in supposing that *honnêteté* could be reduced to any code of rules whatever. "Neither rules, nor maxims, nor even science, turn out good labourers or great men. What is needed are judgement, tact and quickness, the power of seeing in a moment what is the right thing to do, and drawing all the help one can from times and circumstances. These things no generalities can teach. Could they, then, be taught at all? The Chevalier felt very doubtful. "Would to Heaven we could make them as easy as mathematics." Not only rules, but masters, were a failure. "At first sight," the Chevalier said to Marshal Clérambault, "one would think that if a tutor were as well-bred as Pignatelli is said to have been a good riding-master, he would turn out first-class gentlemen as easily as Pignatelli turned out good horsemen. Why is it that this is not the case?" All the Marshal could suggest was that we know much more about the movements of the body than about those of the mind. That being so, the Chevalier decided that the only thing to do was to trust the mind itself. As *honnêteté* could not be pumped into the pupil from without, it must be left to grow up from within. Good taste came naturally to no one, except, perhaps, the Duchess of Lesdiguières and a few ladies "extrêmement

A French Chesterfield

nées." But it could gradually be acquired by long and patient exercise. At first, of course, the pupil would only try his hand at easy problems under the direct supervision of a master; as he grew older and more experienced, the master's eye would be gradually withdrawn. He would then be able to judge for himself along the lines of "an indefinable something, that goes quicker and sometimes straighter than reflection. Judgement points out the means of perfection, and the heart comes in to put them in practice. For breeding is no barren theory; it must act, and it must rule."

The heart must come in, for Méré was a devout believer in the virtues of enthusiasm. "Pour bien faire une chose, il ne suffit pas de la savoir; il faut s'y complaire, et ne s'en pas ennuyer." A great part of his time was taken up in vindicating the feelings from the aspersions cast on them by the elder generation. Their view of the matter is immortalized in Descartes' *Treatise on the Passions*, written in 1646. There emotion is proclaimed an excellent servant but a wretched master. It is good in so far as it strengthens and sustains the will; it is bad in so far as it tries to take the lead itself. But a well-trained will has its passions under perfect control, and can switch them on or off at pleasure. Supposing, for instance, reason tells Bélisandre that Elmire would make him a good wife, his will might very properly call up the passion of love; though, if he reversed this process, and let his passion dictate to his will, he would be unworthy of the name of rational man. "Sir," the philosopher would say to him, as Seneca actually says to Scarron in Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead*, "you follow your temperament more than your reason." And that was the most freezing term of contempt in the whole Cartesian dictionary.

The most telling attack on this thin-blooded rationalism was delivered by Pascal in his *Essay on Love*, written under Méré's influence. But the Chevalier himself produced more than one characteristic defence of the emotions as auxiliaries to good breeding. "So far from getting rid of the passions," he wrote to a Cartesian disciple, "they are so useful that

A French Chesterfield

we ought to increase their number, if we could. A man who is touched at nothing, whose feelings are never roused, is a weariness to himself and a nuisance to his neighbours. Whereas to be moved by everything that attracts reasonable people is a sure road to their hearts. Not that all the passions are alike. Some sit well on every one, others are always a blemish. Anger, for instance, is quite admissible, so long as it is not disproportionate to the cause of offence. Sadness of a gentle kind often produces excellent effects. But chagrin, which is a mixture of anger and sadness, is always disagreeable. The anger destroys all sympathy with the sadness, because one feels that the chagrined man would revenge himself if he dared. And the feeling that he does not dare spoils the effect of his anger."

Quaint as such precepts sound to-day, they did good service in their own time. Méré's pupil, moral looking-glass in hand, carefully watching the artistic effect of his own moods, may not at first sight seem a very engaging figure; but in the long run he was probably much easier to live with than the Cartesian, who deliberately suppressed his feelings, or the disciple of Balzac, who only indulged them when he could find a warranty in Ovid or the Epodes. Even an artificial simplicity is better than no simplicity at all. And how incredibly hard men found it not to be affected Méré's whole career has shown, with his eternal diatribes against prudes, pedants, *précieuses* and prigs. Nowadays it would require unusual courage, and a still more unusual mastery over the obvious, to write books recommending young people to be natural in society; in the seventeenth century this was a brilliant novelty well worth saying. And, perhaps, the Chevalier's best praise is that his *Conversations and Discourses* have so utterly lost their savour; for this shows that the world has thoroughly assimilated all that he tried to teach. Méré may be well content to see his *Œuvres Complètes* lie buried under the ruins of the various superstitions they destroyed.

ST CYRES

The RELIGION of CHARLES II in Relation to the Politics of his Reign

Lord Acton. The Secret History of Charles II. The Home and Foreign Review, I, 146.

Giuseppe Boero. Istoria della Conversione di Carlo II. Roma. 1863.

Vincenzo Armani. Lettere [unpublished].

IN glancing through a book by Mr Gilbert Chesterton, entitled *Twelve Types*, my eye was caught by an essay on Charles II, and I paused to read it, and to see what new light this brilliant if not very profound writer might be able to throw upon that always interesting character. To my intense surprise, I found that Charles had been selected as the type of the perfect sceptic. "Among other things Charles II represented one thing which is very rare and very satisfying: he was a real and consistent sceptic." The last scene of the King's, one of the most beautiful and touching in all history, was set forth as the logical finish to a career of unbroken scepticism.

When he took the Sacraments according to the forms of the Roman Church in his last hour, he was acting consistently as a philosopher. The wafer might not be God; similarly it might not be a wafer. To the genuine and poetical sceptic the whole world is incredible, with its bulbous mountains and its fantastic trees. The whole order of things is as outrageous as any miracle which could presume to violate it. Transubstantiation might be a dream, but if it was, it was assuredly a dream within a dream. Charles II sought to guard against hell fire because he could not think hell itself more fantastic than the world as it was revealed by science. The priest crept up the staircase, the doors were closed, the few of the faithful who were present hushed themselves respectfully, and so, with every circumstance of secrecy and sanctity, with the cross uplifted and the prayers poured out, was consummated the last great act of logical unbelief.

Now, no doubt, it would be absurd to take Mr Chesterton too seriously, especially in a field with which he is so

The Religion of Charles II

little familiar as that of history. The desire to say something startling was, no doubt, much stronger in his mind than any craving to find out the truth. Still, the view which he has here set forward is not altogether a new one. It was held, in a less exaggerated form, by Lord Macaulay, and admitted, with regard to some of the less crucial actions of the King's life, even by Lingard. While no further evidence was available than was in the possession of these historians, it was, perhaps, to some extent tenable. But, in the face of the evidence which we now have, and with which Mr Chesterton ought to have made himself familiar before he ventured to write on such a topic, it can only be characterized as being as outrageous, as fantastically contrary to truth, as ever the world can have appeared to Mr Chesterton, or to the most sceptical of his friends.

If it were only a matter of our estimate of King Charles himself, the thing would be of small consequence; but in his case, more than with any other monarch who has sat upon the English throne, it is necessary, if we desire to understand the real forces which were working in the politics of the period, to form our opinion clearly about the religion of the King. That religion, if religion it can truly be called, had very momentous consequences, the French alliance and all that flowed from it; and we shall never hold the key which will unlock the secrets of the diplomacy of the time, until we have made up our minds on the preliminary question, whether Charles was sincere in his belief, and his desire to see that belief once more tolerated, if not supreme, in England, or whether his statements made to Louis, and the alliance which resulted from them, ought to be regarded as only the most conspicuous instance of his cynical disbelief in all religion of every kind.

There is a good deal of evidence bearing on the subject which, perhaps because it is for the most part only easily accessible in Italian, has not received the attention it deserves, and it is this evidence which will form the subject of the present article. It shows, as it seems to me, conclusively, that Charles, so far from being a sceptic or an unbeliever, was, like all the Stuarts, keenly interested in religious questions.

The Religion of Charles II

He had become, unhappily for his own peace of mind, a convinced Catholic before ever he came to the throne, and from that belief he never afterwards varied. He had to choose between this world and the next, with the added difficulty that his choice, if he followed his conscience, affected not only himself and his family, but would, in all probability, throw his kingdom again into the miseries of civil war, and lead to fresh and even more cruel persecutions for those who shared his own religious beliefs. It is easy to condemn and even to despise him for his want of courage; but we ought, at the same time, to recognize the real difficulties of the position, and perhaps to wonder whether we ourselves, if we had been placed in circumstances as difficult, would have passed through the ordeal more creditably than did the King.

In his youth Charles had, of course, been educated in the principles of the Anglican Church, principles for which his father had given his life and his throne; but it does not seem that he ever held them with anything like the same devotion and conviction which had characterized his sire. He was willing, for instance, as his father never would have been, to yield to the demands of the Scots in 1650, and to assent to the Covenant. At the same time he quite realized that, if he was ever to sit upon the throne of England, it could only be as a member of the national Church, and we find him taking his mother to task about this same period, for attempting to persuade his younger brother, the Duke of York, to become a Catholic.

It was in the year 1651, just after the disastrous battle of Worcester, that the moment came when his religious views became more clear. He had taken refuge, after the hiding in the oak at Boscobel, at Moseley Hall, the residence of a Catholic gentleman named Whitgreave, with whom was living an English Benedictine priest, Father John Hudleston, in the capacity of tutor to his nephews. Here the King remained in hiding for three days, living for the most part in the ordinary rooms, though, at one time, when danger was specially apprehended, the priests' hiding-hole was brought into requisition. The three boys, who

The Religion of Charles II

only knew that a Cavalier friend of their tutor's was hiding in the house, kept watch at the garret windows for soldiers and other dangerous persons who might be seen approaching. On the second day Charles had a long talk with Father Hudleston. He asked especially how Catholics were faring under the Puritan government. Father Hudleston replied that they were doubly persecuted, alike for their religion and their loyalty; yet they did not neglect the duties of their Church. He then took Charles upstairs into the attic, the usual place for the chapel in a Catholic house in those days of persecution, and showed him the chapel, "little, but neat and decent." The King, looking respectfully upon the altar, and, regarding the cross and candlesticks upon it, said "he had an altar crucifix and silver candlesticks of his own, till my Lord of Holland had them, which," added the King, "he hath now paid for." Then they came downstairs again, and began to look over Father Hudleston's books. One of these appeared to interest the King especially. It was a short treatise in manuscript, written by Father Richard Hudleston, who was also a Benedictine monk and the uncle of Father John, and was entitled *A Short and Plain Way to the Faith and Church*.

This treatise His Majesty read through attentively, and when he had finished, expressed his opinion upon it in very definite terms: "I have not seen anything more plain and clear upon this subject. The arguments here drawn from succession are so conclusive, I do not conceive how they can be denied." He also took up a copy of Mr Turberville's Catechism, and said it "was a pretty book, and he would take it along with him."

He left Moseley Hall that same night, and after many adventures succeeded in reaching Shoreham, and thence escaping to the Continent. From that time onwards he seems to have been intellectually a Catholic, and the cause of his conversion was this little pamphlet of Father Richard Hudleston, which he saw at Moseley Hall. That, at least, is very definitely asserted by Father John Hudleston, who certainly ought to have known the truth, in the letter addressed to the Queen, published after Charles's death and prefixed to the pamphlet in question. But intellectual

The Religion of Charles II

conviction still left him a long way from being a Catholic in reality. He placed himself more or less under instruction with M. Olier, the founder of the Sulpicians in Paris; he wrote kind letters and made many promises to Catholic Convents on the Continent; he went so far as to call himself a Catholic in private conversations and among intimate friends; but he never could make up his mind to take the actual and final step. If he could have been received privately, and still allowed to perform the offices of religion demanded by the Established Church, he would, no doubt, have availed himself gladly of the permission. But that was, of course, impossible, and so he drifted on. He had no mind to lose his throne and position. If Henri IV held that "Paris was well worth a Mass," Charles II, in like manner, held that the throne of England was worth more to him than fidelity to his religious opinions, and so he remained, to the very last hours of his life, a Papist at heart but too timid to declare himself; shielding his fellow Catholics when he could do so without too much danger to himself, but often, on the other hand, whenever pressure became too strong for him, acquiescing in their torture and death; and consoling himself for his inability to follow the religion in which alone he had come to believe, not only by constant indulgence in unlawful pleasures, but by continual mocking at the ministrations of the Established Church, of which he was nominally a member, but which he heartily despised. No wonder that he won for himself among his contemporaries, the reputation of a sceptic and unbeliever, which has stuck to him so persistently ever since, and which yet, as I shall hope to show, is so very far removed from the actual truth. It is not, it must be confessed, a heroic picture that I have to present, but it does afford an interesting psychological study, and it puts before us the story of one who must have been, beyond most men, a very miserable man, although, to the outside world, he was known as the "Merry Monarch."

Matters were in this state when the events of 1660 called Charles to the throne. He came to it, there can be little doubt, intending at the earliest possible moment to

The Religion of Charles II

declare his religion, and to take the necessary steps, as his predecessor Queen Mary had done before him, to bring back the kingdom to the obedience of the Holy See. He might well be excused for utterly misapprehending the difficulties of so doing, for he had lived so much abroad that he could know but little of the true temper of the English people, so that he could hardly be expected to realize that his first Parliament, "more episcopal than the Bishops, more royalist than the King," was at the same time just as bitterly anti-papal as any of its Roundhead predecessors could possibly have been. It cannot have taken long for Charles to discover that any immediate step was utterly out of the question.

Nevertheless, all the King's actions from the very beginning of his reign were aimed consciously in this direction. Almost his first act was to make arrangements for the reopening of his mother's palace and chapel at Somerset House, thus providing the Catholics of London once more with a place where Mass could be heard without fear of persecution. This was done with a great want of tact; and, though hostile feeling was inevitable under the circumstances, much more was aroused than was in any way necessary. In consequence, probably, of this hostility an order was issued that no one was to attend the Queen's Chapels except those who were actually attached to the royal service. This was apparently only a blind to save the King if he were attacked in Parliament, for no hindrance seems in practice to have been put in the way of any attending who desired to do so, and the chapel was crowded at all the services. The penal laws against Catholics still remained on the statute books, but in practice their execution was very much restrained.

The next important matter to be taken in hand was the King's marriage. The names of various Protestant Princesses were suggested, but Charles would not hear of any one of them, declaring that the very thought of marrying a Protestant made him sick. He would not hear of any but a Catholic bride; and accordingly, after some abortive negotiations with the King of France, a marriage

The Religion of Charles II

was duly arranged with the Princess Catherine of Portugal, whose father was, as yet, by no means sure upon his throne, and was consequently willing to give a good dowry with his daughter in the hope of securing the support of England.

The new Queen arrived at Portsmouth from Portugal on May 13, 1662. Contrary to the usual custom in such cases, the marriage had not been performed by proxy before she started. The ostensible reason given for this was that Portuguese susceptibilities would not allow of the ceremony being gone through with a proxy who was not a Catholic: rather an odd scruple, considering that they apparently had no objection to a bridegroom who was in the same position. The real reason probably was that the Pope had not yet recognized the right of Catherine's father to the throne of Portugal, so that he would have been described in the dispensation necessary for a mixed marriage only as Duke of Braganza, which was not consonant with his dignity. Be that as it may, the fact remains that no marriage had taken place in Portugal, so it became necessary to solemnize the ceremony immediately on her arrival in England. Charles hurried down to Portsmouth to meet her, and the marriage took place in Catherine's bedroom, performed by Lord d'Aubigny, her Almoner, no one else being present except Father Philip Howard, the Portuguese Ambassador, and two or three Portuguese noblemen and ladies. Sheldon, the Bishop of London, who had come down for the purpose of performing the ceremony, thus found himself forestalled, and if he had chosen to make mischief, serious trouble might easily have ensued. He contented himself, however, with a formal declaration that the marriage had been properly performed, without saying by whom it had been done, and in this way public scandal was averted. Sheldon was rewarded for his complaisance in this matter by promotion to the See of Canterbury, when that fell vacant a year or two later.

The fact that there were now two Catholic Queens in England necessitated the provision of a second Chapel Royal for the new Queen's use, and this was accordingly erected at St James's, in the building now known as the

The Religion of Charles II

German Chapel, the Queen Dowager being left in undisturbed possession of Somerset House. The charge of the new Chapel was given to d'Aubigny, who had with him two distinct houses of religious, the one a convent of Portuguese Franciscans, of the reform of St Peter of Alcantara, who lived in a convent just where the Guards' Club now is, and the other of English Benedictines, under Dom Bennet Stapylton, among whom was included that same Father John Hudleston of whom I have already spoken.

In each of these two chapels the Catholic service was now performed quite openly and with a good deal of splendour, and attended by crowds, not only of Catholics but of curious sightseers. Among these latter we find Mr Pepys, who, the first time that he ventured in, stood gazing at the bottom of the Church until he was told sharply either to kneel down or to go, whereon he took his departure. A few years later he was much more at home when he went to midnight Mass on Christmas Day, and stayed from "nine at night to two of the morning, in a very great crowd, and there expected but found nothing extraordinary, there being nothing but a high Masse." Even at two o'clock, when he left, there were still people receiving the Sacrament, so the crowd must indeed have been great. Pepys had expected to have seen a "child born and dressed there," and so far the service had been a disappointment; but he had liked the music, and also looking at "my Lady Castlemaine, who looked prettily in her night-clothes."

Towards the end of 1662, when he had been on the throne two years, Charles felt himself strong enough to venture on a forward step, though a very secret one. He determined to open communications with Rome, and to let the Holy Father know of the sentiments by which he was swayed, and his desire for the reconciliation of himself and his kingdom with the See of Rome. He was very conscious of the extreme need for secrecy that such a scheme involved. To communicate with Rome at all, no matter what the object might be, would be the deadliest of sins in the eyes of almost all of those by whom he was surrounded. Even

The Religion of Charles II

his own brother James, at that period still a staunch Anglican, could not be taken into his confidence. No one in England seems to have known what was going forward, except only the two Queens and Lord Clarendon, who was then Lord Chancellor; and Clarendon was admitted only to a very limited knowledge indeed.

The agent chosen to carry out this project was one Richard Bellings, an Irishman attached to the service of Henrietta Maria. He was directed to leave England, ostensibly on his own private business, but to go to Rome at once, so soon as he was secure from hostile observation. He carried letters from both the Queens to various Cardinals in Rome, asking them to help in his mission; and his object, in the first place, was to ask that the Cardinal's hat might be conferred on d'Aubigny, the King's own kinsman and his consort's Almoner at St James's. So far as Clarendon knew, that was the whole purpose of the mission. The real object, however, which was only to be brought forward if Bellings found himself well received, and was not under other circumstances to be divulged even to the Cardinals at Rome, was to lay before the Pope a formal statement on the part of the King, which might serve as the basis for negotiations as to the possibility of a Concordat. This document was in Latin, and is of sufficient importance to make it worth while to give it in full.

A Proposition made on the part of Charles II, King of Great Britain, for the reunion, which is so much to be desired, of his three Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland with the Apostolic and Roman See.

His Majesty the King, and all those who aspire with him to the unity of the Catholic Church, will accept the profession of faith which Pius IV compiled from the Council of Trent, and also all the decrees set forth either in that Council, or in any other of the General Councils, on the subject of faith or morals, and further all that has been decided by the last two Pontiffs on the matter of Jansenius; only reserving, as is done in France and certain other places, certain rights and certain customs which usage has consecrated in each particular Church. They understand these decrees in the sense of all

The Religion of Charles II

those restrictions which other Œcumenical Councils, acting in all prudence, and after due consideration, have imported into them, of which the said profession of faith is an example. Whence it follows that nothing which is not contained in these must at any time be imposed either upon the King or on any of his Catholic subjects, and that, if at any time any of them should express his opinion on any one of these points, he is not to be considered as thereby committing a crime or as favouring heresy. On these conditions his Majesty is prepared at once to break with all Protestants and other religious bodies not in union with the Roman Church. Especially he declares that he detests the deplorable schism and heretical teaching introduced by Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Memnon, Socinius, Brown, and other wicked men of like sort, for he knows by bitter experience and better than anyone else in his dominions, how great are the evils which have been introduced by the so-called Reformation, which ought rather to be called a deformation. For it has overthrown all settled government, and has introduced Babylonian confusion, both in Church and State, so that all three kingdoms, and especially England, have come, in civil matters, as well as in ecclesiastical, to be simply the theatre of a series of terrible disturbances enacted before the eyes of the world.

This remarkable declaration on the part of the King is followed by a series of notes, in which there is laid down in detail the various practical arrangements, which, in the King's opinion, might be carried out in the event of his proposition meeting with acceptance. These details have now only an antiquarian interest and need not delay us long. It was suggested that all existing holders of Church preferment should be allowed to retain their benefices, on submitting to ordination by a special commission sent for that purpose from Rome. Autonomy was to be safeguarded as far as possible and appeals to Rome allowed only on great questions. Those of the clergy who were already married were to be allowed to retain their wives, though, for the future, no marriage after ordination was to be permitted. The plan had evidently been very carefully thought out; and, apart from the obvious Gallicanism of the main proposition, perhaps contained nothing which Rome could

The Religion of Charles II

not, in theory at any rate, have granted; but it was, of course, absolutely inconceivable that any project of the kind could have been carried through with success at that period. Rome presumably understood the situation better than the King, and returned an answer in this sense; but though we know from a letter of King Charles to the General of the Jesuits, which I shall have occasion to quote later on, that an answer was sent, we can only guess at what it may have contained, for no copy of it is known to have survived. Probably it never went beyond the King's hands, and was by him prudently destroyed, and no results of any kind followed from the mission.

In 1664 Charles made his next attempt. It consisted of secret overtures to France, something on the lines of the later secret clauses of the Treaty of Dover, but they were not pushed to any successful result.

The next few years were not very propitious to any forward step in the direction of the King's wishes. They were years of disaster, during which his thoughts were perforce directed to other matters. The Dutch War was followed by the Plague, and the Plague by the Great Fire of London. But in 1667, when times were more propitious, we find his thoughts still bent in the same direction, and ready to make a fresh effort to realize his hope. This brings us to the strange history of James de la Cloche.

In 1646, when he was as yet little more than a boy, Charles had formed his first attachment, while he was in Jersey, to a lady distantly related to himself, who was with the Court at that place. The result of this attachment was the birth of a child, Charles's eldest illegitimate son, who was brought up on the Continent and educated as a Protestant. In 1665, while the Plague was at its height, this boy came, at his father's request, to England, with the idea, no doubt, that some position might be found for him about the Court. James, however, did not like London, and asked and obtained permission to continue his studies in some foreign University. This was granted by his father, with the condition that he should change his name. Hitherto, he seems to have been known as James Stuart;

The Religion of Charles II

henceforward he was to bear the name, longer if less distinguished, of James de la Cloche du Bourg de Jersey. Two years later, on July 29, 1667, when he was still less than twenty-one years of age, the boy was received into the Catholic Church at Hamburg, thereby forfeiting a settlement made on him by his father, which allowed him £500 a year on the King's death, provided he lived in London and remained an Anglican.

As is so often the case with young converts in the first fervour, nothing would satisfy the new Catholic but the dedication of his entire life to God, not merely as a priest but as a religious. He must start off at once for Rome, in order that he might offer himself as a novice for the Jesuits. He went accordingly to Christina, that strange woman, who had given up her throne for her faith and was now living at Hamburg, and partly edifying, partly scandalizing Europe by her mixture of piety and eccentricity, and showed her the papers in his possession, by which he proved his birth and position. Armed with these and with a further certificate of identity from Christina, he set off for Rome, where he arrived some time early in 1668. He joined the novitiate at S. Andrea al Quirinale on April 11, and forthwith wrote to apprise his father of all that had taken place.

The moment when the letter arrived was one of special interest in England. The Duke of York, who had hitherto been staunch in his Anglicanism, and consequently opposed to his brother's schemes, was on the point of conversion to Catholicism. His was a very different character from his brother's. They were both summed up very brilliantly by Lord Clarendon, when he said that "Charles could if he would, but James would if he could." In nothing was this difference between the two brothers more manifest than in their dealings with the Catholic Church. Charles could have become a Catholic at any time after 1650, but he lacked the will power, and hung on, clinging to his worldly position. James, on the other hand, though he was much slower in making up his mind, was much more honest of purpose, and determined to do his duty,

The Religion of Charles II

when he saw it clearly, regardless of what the consequences might be. That resolve, honourable to him as it undoubtedly was, lost the crown to the Stuart dynasty, brought untold disaster upon the Catholics in England, and almost plunged the country into all the horrors of civil war.

The news that his son had become a Catholic, and had offered himself for the priesthood in the Jesuit Order, coming as it did precisely at this juncture, gave Charles the idea that he might, perhaps, be utilized to help on the great desire of his heart, and he wrote forthwith to the General at Rome, making request that his son might be allowed to come to him in England. His letter is pathetic enough. In the midst of the cares of his position he had prayed earnestly that some one person might be sent to him to whom he could confide the difficulties of his position and the needs of his soul, without letting the real state of affairs be known to the Court. There were priests in London and attached to his Queen's service, but they were so well known that it was not safe for him to have any intercourse with them. His life would be forfeited were the actual state of affairs to become known. If, however, his son could be ordained privately and sent to him, he could minister to him and give him the Sacraments of the Church; and meanwhile none would guess his condition or wonder at the King's intercourse with him. He concludes with a solemn statement, on the faith of a King, that he was actuated by no other motive than the desire to save his soul, and that he would not in any way seek to dissuade his son, if he was firm in his purpose so to do, from remaining in the Jesuit Society and carrying out his religious vocation. At the same time he wrote in the same sense to his son, urging him, however, to think well before he irrevocably bound himself by accepting holy orders, and bidding him remember the position to which he was born, and that he might even, should both the King himself and the Duke of York die without living issue, find himself of right entitled to ascend the throne of England. At the same time Charles promised to further, and abide by his choice, whatever it might be, when it was once freely made.

The Religion of Charles II

So rapid an ordination, considering the youth and untried character of the recipient, was, of course, out of the question, but the General so far acceded to the King's request as to allow his novice to set off for England. He travelled, as the King had suggested, under a feigned name, as the Chevalier de Rohan, and arrived in England about the beginning of November, 1668. His stay there was very short and almost at once he left again, being charged with some most important business, to be done through the General at Rome, but too secret to be committed to writing. We can guess, however, what this business was. James II, in his autobiography, tells us that just at this time he made an application to the Pope himself to be allowed to be received privately into the Church, continuing to act, so far as the outside world were aware, as a member of the Church of England. He had been informed by the priests in England that this was altogether impossible and could never be allowed, but he declined, considering the magnitude of the interests involved, to accept this from any except from the Pope himself.

This, then, no doubt, was the mission with which the young Jesuit was charged. He was, through the General, to find out how far such a course could be allowed, or whether the English priests were right in saying that the idea would not be entertained for a moment. He started off from England and arrived at Rome, for the King's letter to the General is still extant among the archives of the Jesuits. But from that moment he disappears from history. He had evidently told his father that it was his fixed determination to resign all worldly honours and to live and die a Jesuit, for that is implied in the King's words; nevertheless, nothing whatever is known in the traditions or the archives of the Society of anyone who bore the name either of James Stuart or of de la Cloche. So far as the Society is concerned, he vanishes away completely and altogether.

Just at this juncture, however, there arrived at Naples two travellers of position. The one was, or gave himself out to be, a Knight of the Order of St John of Jerusalem. The other was much younger and passed as an Englishman.

The Religion of Charles II

He travelled under the name of Don James Henry de Boveri Rohan Stuart, and was on his way to England. After a few days the Cavalier left, it was said for Malta, but the younger man stayed on at Naples, and a month or two later was married to one Teresa Corona, the pretty daughter of an innkeeper, in whose house he was staying. He was well supplied with money; and the rash boasts of his father-in-law about his rich and generous son-in-law, coupled with some appearance of mystery on the part of the young man himself, led to his being arrested as a suspicious character, not improbably engaged in illicit coining. Once arrested, he produced papers which asserted that he was the natural son of the King of England, and he requested that reference might be made to the General of the Jesuits. The Viceroy placed him in the Castle of St Elmo, and afterwards sent him to Gaeta, ordering him to be treated with all due consideration, pending the receipt of a reply to a letter which he had sent to the English King. By and by this answer arrived. Charles, so the Viceroy gave out, utterly disclaimed all knowledge of the young man, and declared him an impostor. It was, therefore, rumoured in Naples that, now that he had been exposed, he would be publicly whipped through the streets as a common rascal; but, somewhat to the general surprise, this was not done, but, on the contrary, the young man was set at liberty. He left Naples almost immediately, saying that he was going to visit his mother, but returned after two months, once more well supplied with money; and, falling sick of a violent fever, died at Naples almost at once. He made a most pious and edifying end, claiming to the last that he really was what he had given himself out to be, and left behind him a most extraordinary will, commending his unborn child to his father's care, and calling upon his cousin, the King of France, to see justice done, but at the same time betraying an almost complete ignorance of England and of the real state of affairs, an ignorance which is hardly consistent with the truth of his claims.

The question whether this Neapolitan adventurer was,

The Religion of Charles II

indeed, young James de la Cloche has been answered for the most part in the negative. The Jesuit Father who originally published the papers had never heard of his existence, and he accordingly had no doubt but that the said James continued steadfast in the Society, living, no doubt, under some as yet unidentified *alias*, and possibly finding means to interview and help his father in later years. In this conclusion he was followed by Lord Acton, who based his opinion on the eccentricities of the will, and held that the man who died at Naples was merely an adventurer who had somehow possessed himself of all de la Cloche's papers and secrets. It would be pleasant to think so; but, unfortunately, the whole evidence, some of which was not in Lord Acton's possession, leaves us in little doubt of the truth. The posthumous son, of whom mention has already been made, came to Rome in 1711, claiming to be a Stuart of royal, though illegitimate, descent. He was arrested as an impostor, but when his papers and other proofs had been carefully gone into, was set at liberty and his claim allowed. He went on to several other Continental Courts, was everywhere received as what he claimed to be, and eventually died in poverty and obscurity at Genoa some time after 1752.

It is not difficult to see what must have actually happened. James de la Cloche, still a fervent Jesuit novice, duly started off from Rome to bring the answer to his father's inquiry. He got as far as Naples on his journey, and while there fell hopelessly in love with a pretty face which he saw at church. He had been willing and anxious up to that moment to give up all for the religious life; but now, like a true son of his father, he could think of nothing but the face which had enthralled him, and was ready to sacrifice everything to win her for his bride. After all he was perfectly free; he had not as yet taken any step that bound him; he was only in the first days of his novitiate, and there was no reason in conscience why he should not do as he pleased, since his intentions by the girl were perfectly honourable. Charles, under the circumstances, had no choice but to disown him publicly, but must, at the

The Religion of Charles II

same time, have written privately to the Viceroy, explaining how matters really stood; and it was in that way, we may suppose, that he came to be set at liberty and left in possession of the papers that had caused the trouble.

Our interest, however, is, for our present purpose, concerned rather with the fate of the answer the young man was carrying back than with the fortunes of the youth himself. Somehow or other the answer did get through, although the bearer thus remained behind. One can only suppose that the self-styled Knight of Jerusalem was, in reality, the Jesuit priest told off to accompany James to England, and that, knowing the importance of the message with which they were charged, he pressed on alone when he found it impossible to get his companion to accompany him. Certainly the answer did reach London, and without any undue delay, for on January 25, 1669, a meeting was arranged at the Duke of York's lodgings in St James's Palace, at which the King and the Duke were present, and also Lord Arundel of Wardour, Lord Arlington and Sir Thomas Clifford. There the King told them all what it was that he intended to do. He said:

how uneasy it was to him not to profess the faith which he believed, and that he had called them together to have their advice about the ways and methods fittest to be taken for the settling of the Catholic Religion in his kingdoms, and to consider of the time most proper to declare himself; telling them withal that no time ought to be lost. He expected great difficulty in bringing about what he desired, but said that he chose rather to undertake it now, when he and his brother were in full strength and able to undergo any fatigue, than to delay it till they were grown older and less fit to go through with so great a design. This he spake with great earnestness, and even with tears in his eyes, and added that they were to go about it as wise men and good Catholics ought to do.*

The immediate results of this meeting was the secret alliance with France and the war with Holland.

Dr Lingard, when discussing Charles's conduct on this occasion, suggests that he was not in earnest, but, being the most accomplished dissembler in his dominions, was

*Autobiography of James II.

The Religion of Charles II

deliberately deceiving both Louis of France and the Duke of York. Lingard was not in possession of the facts which have here been given, and there can be little doubt that he was utterly mistaken in this view. Charles was much too clever to place himself in such a position, where he had everything to lose and nothing whatever to gain. Louis cared comparatively little about Charles's religion, though he cared a great deal about his political support. The bribe, if bribe it was, was thrown away on him. On the other hand, Charles, if his words at this meeting had become generally known, might easily have lost everything. Why should he run such a terrible risk quite needlessly? The friendship of the Northern States was more important, politically speaking, both for Charles and for England, than the alliance with France; and the only key which makes the situation reasonable is to suppose that Charles, for once in his life, was in deadly earnest, and that his desire to regularize his religious position was the real motive which governed his political action at this period.

Things, however, developed themselves but slowly. James's absence from England, in command of the Fleet, rendered it unnecessary for his conversion to be made public, and for some time no suspicions even were aroused, though before very long events happened, one after another, which set people talking and gradually brought the nation into a perfect frenzy of alarm. The first of these was the death of Anne Hyde, the wife of the Duke of York and daughter of Lord Clarendon. It became known that she had died a Catholic and had refused the ministrations of the Bishop of Worcester on her death-bed. Then, in December, 1672, the Duke of York was at home, and it was evident to the King that if he did not, as was customary, receive Holy Communion in the Anglican Church on Christmas Day, it would be impossible to keep the fact of his change of religion longer from the public knowledge. The Duke utterly declined, as might have been expected from his character, to sacrifice his conscience, and his absence was the signal for the bursting of the storm. Its immediate result was the passing of the Test Act, and the

The Religion of Charles II

consequent resignations of the Duke of York and of Lord Clifford, the Lord Treasurer. Not unnaturally, people lost their heads, and suspected papists and popish plots in the most unlikely places; and in the thick of the excitement came the news that James, about whom no one had suspected anything of the kind, since he had never left London, had been actually married, by proxy, to a Catholic wife, and that, therefore, a Catholic dynasty was an extremely probable event. Men went absolutely wild with apprehension and were ready to believe any story, however monstrous and improbable. The hour produced the man, and Titus Oates and the horrors of the Catholic persecution were the natural and, perhaps, inevitable result. Charles's chance of declaring himself became more hopelessly remote than at any previous time.

During those miserable years we only now and then get a glimpse of what the King was really thinking. To his Court he took refuge behind the mask of a scepticism that scoffed at all religion; to drown his thoughts he plunged into the one vice that amused him and seemed to the world to have found in that all that he desired. He made efforts, more or less feebly, to shield the victims of Oates's perjuries, but sooner or later always yielded to the storm and signed the warrants for their execution. Most men imagined that he cared so little about serious things that he could do all this with a light heart as well as a smiling face; but now and again the veil is lifted, and we get a glimpse of his real feelings. Take, as an instance, the pathetic story of the King, when safe from observation in the Queen's apartments, going from one to another of the pictures of the seven Jesuits who had been put to death, kissing their feet and saying that he knew they were innocent of the crimes which had been laid to their charge, and that he trusted he might not be held guilty of their innocent blood.

Things brightened, no doubt, before the end, and life became a little less impossible. The mad fury of the anti-Catholic troubles had been succeeded, to some extent, by reaction, as men realized to what an extent they had been

The Religion of Charles II

deceived by Oates's perjuries, and persecution more or less had ceased, but still no one could hold the times propitious for any fresh action on Charles's part, and so he drifted on in the same hopeless manner, until the last fatal illness came upon him. The events of that illness are, no doubt, familiar to all, and there is no need to recount them at any length. They are told most simply and artlessly by Father John Hudleston, the one and only English priest exempted by name from the recent legislation on account of his previous services to the King's cause, who was the priest who actually reconciled Charles and gave him the Last Sacraments; nor is there any simpler or more touching account of a pious death-bed anywhere to be found.

Even if we grant that Charles's scepticism had sometimes been real in his days of health, no one, I think, could read that account and still think that he was reading of a sceptic's end. Rather he will be driven to admit that although in life Charles had been dissolute, cowardly and untruthful—a character which offers little if anything for our admiration—in death, at least, he was humble and sincere. To suggest that that death-bed repentance was not real, and that the King passed away as unreal as he had lived, would be, it seems to me, as untrue to the historical evidence as it would, undoubtedly, be ungenerous to Charles himself. Rather would one give him the credit of being sincere, at least in that supreme moment, and of having done his best, late though it was, to undo the sins and errors of a misspent life.

I have tried to set down a view of King Charles which is not, I think, quite that which is generally held. Many of my readers will, no doubt, disagree with what I have said. Some, maybe, will be able to some extent to refute me. But if there should be any whom I have been able to convince, they will feel, I hope, with me, that neither the character of Charles nor the problems of his reign lose in interest or complexity on the view which I have tried to advocate.

ARTHUR STAPYLTON BARNES

FATHER IGNATIUS RYDER

A Reminiscence

WITH the death of Father Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder, a distinguished figure has passed from our midst, and we lose the last of those Oratorian Fathers whose names are immortalized in the concluding section of the *Apologia*. Father Ryder is best known to the general Catholic reader as the author of one of the very best pieces of controversial polemic penned in our own time—his reply to Dr Littledale's *Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome*. His straightness, his thoroughness, his very wide theological reading, his absolute candour—an intellectual quality so rare among the adepts in scholastic dialectics—his sense of humour and power of satire, all combine to make this little volume a veritable masterpiece in argument, and in some sense a work of art. Father Ryder wrote also some excellent fugitive essays for the leading non-Catholic periodicals, and for this REVIEW, which will, it is to be hoped, be reprinted in a collected form. I remember my father speaking of him in 1881 as by far the best theologian in England, and I do not know who could dispute the title with him up to the time when his health broke down. His analysis of the Church's Infallibility in three pamphlets brimful of theological learning published just forty years ago will always remain helpful and instructive documents for every theologian, whichever side he may take of the controversy of which they formed a part.

Yet those who had the privilege of knowing him always felt that his literary output bore but a small proportion to the gifts of the man, and that his controversial work represented but a small part of his mental powers. A nearer view of him is to be obtained from a brief volume which he gave to the world a quarter of a century ago, a collection of short poems. This is less well known than his reply to Dr Littledale, but it presents a far truer picture of one whose whole nature and temperament were those of a poet. If, in the few pages which shall here be devoted to his memory,

Father Ignatius Ryder

I adopt partly the form of reminiscence, with illustrative extracts from his letters and poems, it is because in no other way can I indicate that personal equation which is necessary to the appreciation of a remarkable man, and which his printed writings do not adequately convey. The very sensitive fastidiousness, which made him so slow to publish, which made his known works, therefore, so inadequate a representation of their author, was a part of the refinement of intellect, of the old-world hatred of advertisement, of the love of literary art for its own sake and apart from all thought of fame, which were among the qualities which made him memorable. If he gave us comparatively little, it was not that he had little to give, but largely because as the French proverb has it, "The better was the enemy of the good." His literary ideal was so high, his self-criticism so unsparing, that much which might have secured him a wider reputation was set aside. Quantity was sacrificed in preference to letting the world see anything which he himself felt to fall short of his own high standard in quality.

Father Ryder's name was very familiar to me forty years ago when he published his strictures on my father's views, expressed in this REVIEW, as to the exact extent of Papal Infallibility. Those were days of great excitement in the theological and ecclesiastical world. The invasion of the States of the Church, a prolonged drama of iniquitous spoliation which lasted over ten years, had aroused a sentiment of intense loyalty to the Holy See among Catholics. Nowhere was that loyalty more conspicuous than at the Birmingham Oratory, in no public discourse more eloquently expressed than in Cardinal Newman's sermon on "The Pope and the Revolution." But there was a real danger lest the Temporal Power, so brutally assailed, should be spoken of in the excitement of the time as of right an inseparable adjunct of the Papacy, by those whose feelings were stronger than their reason, and who seemed to forget how many centuries the Papacy had existed without it. And a similar danger of exaggerated statement was apparent in France among the friends of M. Veuillot, of the *Univers*, in respect of the extent of Papal Infallibility. Father Ryder was one of those

Father Ignatius Ryder

who had misgivings lest this tendency might very seriously confuse the long-recognized theological teaching, and he wrote a pamphlet called *Idealism in Theology*, very witty as well as very learned, in which he joined issue with my father's arguments—arguments which, though resting on a clear theological basis, and falling short of Louis Veuillot's positions, tended in the same direction. He stamped the general line of his argument on the memory by one of those witty epigrams which were so characteristic of him, describing a prerogative of infallibility which should attach to every word of the Pope as "a gift which, like Midas's touch of gold, would be very wonderful but very inconvenient."

I remember the first echoes that reached me and my brothers, as boys, concerning this daring young man, brilliant indeed, but dangerous and really impertinent, who had entered the lists against our father. The first sentiment among us was horror at his audacity. Then came mollifying rumours. Some things had not been meant quite in the sense at first supposed. The bold young man had really read his theology to some purpose. His private letters, moreover, showed him to be very witty. He was still young. He might some day learn the error of his ways.

The fact was that, as so often happened, my father's keen human sympathies and kindness had been at work. His intense and undying love for Father Newman, who had first sent him Father Ryder's pamphlet, had also been doing its part. A correspondence which began mainly in the desire for explaining theological issues and saving waste of time in controversy had grown more intimate and more personal. Ryder, as he often told me, was amazed to find the real W. G. Ward, as shown in his letters, so unlike the embodiment of relentless logic and dogmatic positiveness which his theological articles had made him appear. In this as in other cases a public controversy had ended with my father in something very like a private friendship. Ryder's subsequent pamphlets were far gentler in tone. And in his last published letter to my father he wrote: "You must allow me to thank you publicly for what the public does not know—

Father Ignatius Ryder

the chivalrous good humour of your private letters to one who was publicly your foe."

That their relations had become friendly and even familiar is clear from the few letters from Father Ryder which my father preserved—it was his habit to burn all letters he received, and these must have survived accidentally or for purposes of theological reference. An occasional touch of pleasantry, almost of jocosity, enlivened their correspondence, even before the public controversy had ended. In the course of a letter complaining of the expense of publishing theological pamphlets Father Ryder writes: "I wonder whether a rejoinder in verse would sell—entitled, we will say, 'Ward's Reformation in Six Cantos,* or Pighius Redivivus'?" And when my father communicated to him his intention of giving a very brief summary of the controversy at its conclusion, Father Ryder wrote on May 17, 1868: "It relieves me to hear that your summary will be so short. As to its probable effect on me, I can only say that I hope we shall be able to swallow and be swallowed after our kind good-humouredly, like the excellent little fishes in *Ethel's Book of Angels*."

In the following years we heard of Father Ryder chiefly as the regular intermediary between Father Newman and my father. The final estrangement between these two, owing to the opposite lines they had taken on the question of the proposed Oratory at Oxford, had led to their direct correspondence practically ceasing. But my father's feeling for his former leader remained to the end the strongest of his life, and indirect communications took place through Father Ryder. When the *Grammar of Assent* appeared, an old point of sympathy between Newman and my father as to the true philosophy of religious belief was revived; and the latter expressed his pleasure in the work to Father Ryder, who wrote in reply: "I am glad you like the Father's book. I thought you would. He is pleased to know you like it, and says it is very good news. I feel sure he would be pleased if you wrote to him about it"—a suggestion on which my

* This refers, of course, to the well-known book, Ward's *Cantos on the Reformation*.

Father Ignatius Ryder

father acted, bringing the pleasant reply from Newman which is printed in *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*.

At the time of Newman's answer to Mr Gladstone in 1874, again an interchange of still more kindly letters ensued between Newman and my father, owing largely to Father Ryder's good offices. I well remember my father's happy smile as he said one day: "Here is a kind letter from Newman—at last the old signature again, 'yours affectionately.'"

When Father Ryder's answer to Dr Littledale appeared, under the title of *Catholic Controversy*, in 1881, just a year before my father's death, Ryder thus replied to his letter of congratulation:

I am very glad you think *Catholic Controversy* good of its kind, and I can quite understand that a man of your hearty theological appetite must feel tantalized by the presentation of so many sips and scraps, the mere preludes and frustrations of a meal. Many thanks for your correction, the worst blot as yet discovered. There are several, but I leave them for friends to find. I have not yet got over my initial horror of my child, my irreformable child, but I am very grateful for any corrections or emendations which may avail if ever he comes to a second edition.

Three times a meeting between my father and Father Ryder was planned, but my father's uncertain health led in each case to its postponement, and they never did meet.

My own acquaintance with Father Ryder began in 1885. Cardinal Newman wrote me a very kind letter on reading my book, *The Wish to Believe*, and a visit from me to the Oratory was the consequence. I saw much of Father Ryder on occasion of this visit and came to know for the first time his striking and handsome presence, which his friends well remember, and in the course of long talks became familiar with the exceptional qualities of his conversation—so full of humanity, of humour, of information derived from wide and varied reading. It was a personality at once extremely sympathetic and fastidiously refined—with the refinement of the scholar, and with something also about him of the great gentleman. We corresponded a good deal afterwards at intervals. In the two succeeding years we ex-

Father Ignatius Ryder

changed views on the Irish question, which was naturally then to the front, and which greatly exercised a small dining society of which the late Lord Emly was president and I was secretary, our common friend, the late Mr R. H. Hutton, being a constant attendant at its meetings. I have found two letters from Father Ryder bearing on the subject, the second of which has special interest as showing the great Cardinal's activity of mind in extreme old age. The first letter is dated February 3, 1886, and runs as follows:

My dear Ward,—I am very glad to see your handwriting again. I have given your message to the Cardinal, with which he was very much pleased. He spoke of you very kindly and warmly. I hope you will not miss an opportunity of paying him another visit. I must put off till then fairly going into these political questions. On the strength of your recommendation I have routed out the last *Spectator*. Well, I cannot say it evoked my enthusiasm. I am not sure that these moderate Liberals are not the most responsible of all for the present mess. What does *The Spectator* want? It will not have Home Rule; it shrinks from coercion, and it denounces the poor late Government for its lack of a definite Irish policy. You must not think from this that I do not care for Hutton. I like to hear him on literary and directly ethical points, but on politics he is more Gladstonian than Gladstone himself, in that which is most characteristic of Gladstone, namely the sitting between two stools. . . .

A petition to Rome on the Irish question was planned by our dining society—I forget its exact purport—and we asked the Cardinal's judgement as to its wisdom. This is the subject of Father Ryder's other letter dated April 14, 1887:

I have read your letter to the Cardinal. We had a long talk over it. I have seldom seen him more interesting and bright. It ended in his saying that it was impossible for him to give an opinion, except with the draft of your petition before him. My advice to you is to draw up something, bring it down with you and talk it over.

I find it hard to give you an idea of his talk. He agreed with me in feeling the difficulty of avoiding on the one hand, as you proposed doing, all reflection on A. B., and exhibiting at the same time a justification of what looked at first sight like interference with another's cause. . . . On the whole I think the conversation tended to throw cold water on the project, but I do wish you would come

Father Ignatius Ryder

and talk it out; the Cardinal is in fine form and must be particularly well.

Our petition never came off, but it gave me a good reason for more than one visit to the Oratory. In the following year extreme old age did at last show signs of finally prevailing with the Cardinal, though a wonderful rally in the autumn, after death had been regarded as imminent, is chronicled in the following letter from Ryder, dated November 3, 1888:

I have a very good account to give you of the Cardinal, from whom I have just come. He is really recovering. The doctors consider the dangerous crisis over, but death has been very near, and it was necessary to give him the Last Sacraments. It was simply weakness, drowsiness and repugnance for food, but that in an intense degree. He had been sitting up to-day in his chair, and is now lying dressed upon his bed. He is really recovering strength and appetite. I gave him your message, and he talked of you and your wife with much feeling, and charged me to thank you very much.

In the following year *Lux Mundi* appeared, and Canon Gore's essay in that volume brought the question of Biblical Criticism to the front. I treated it in a tentative way in an article for *The Nineteenth Century*, entitled "New Wine in Old Bottles," which the Cardinal allowed me to send him in proof. At about the same time a certain Father Bartolo brought out a book on the extent of Papal Infallibility, in which a far more liberal view was taken than that of Ryder himself, which had incurred so much adverse criticism at the time of his controversy with my father. Yet Father Bartolo's book had the formal approval of Cardinal Manning. It was indeed a moment of reaction after the very stringent views which had been generally current during the pontificate of Pius IX. The two publications above referred to are alluded to in an interesting letter from Father Ryder to myself, dated June 7, 1890:

The Cardinal had your article read to him, and enjoyed it very much, I am told. I have not read more than Gore's essay out of *Lux Mundi*, and one other, which I am afraid has not left any impression on my mind. I wonder if you remember enough about my controversy with your father to understand my sensations at seeing a book come out with the enthusiastic approval of the Archbishop

Father Ignatius Ryder

which leaves me in the position of an ancient Whig in regard to modern Radicalism. There is no point of mine against your father which Bartolo does not assert and go beyond me. He gives up the infallibility of dogmatic facts and canonization, etc., and he comes forward like Richard III between two bishops, Manning and Hefele. I wonder what old X thinks, who preached my funeral sermon in *The Westminster Gazette*, giving me a berth with Luther and Jansenius. If I were mischievous, I could make folks' ears tingle, but I content myself with saying, "Tempus spargendi lapides, et tempus iterum colligendi." There is a time for uttering big things, and again a time for swallowing them. I am sure in Pius IX's time Bartolo would have been on the Index within a month of publication, and THE DUBLIN would have sung his Requiem; . . . seriously, what a lesson it is against strong language.

The Cardinal died in August, and in the following November Father Ryder was elected his successor as Superior of the Oratory. His reply to my congratulations was very characteristic:

My troubles [he wrote] are mainly as yet in anticipation. At present I am sensible of a mild gratification at having been so far thought well of, abstracting altogether from the consideration of my deserts. I have hitherto been a more or less somnolent inside passenger, and a coachman's seat seems very strange to me. I need all the prayers my friends can spare.

Ryder and I worked hard together, in company with R. H. Hutton, of *The Spectator*, writing letters and articles in defence of Cardinal Newman against Dr Abbott's attack entitled *Philomythus*, which was published in the following year. I have quite a multitude of letters on this subject, but their interest is controversial rather than personal. Dr Abbott's evasions in the controversy aroused the anger of Father Ignatius. "You must simply stand over the shifty man until he confesses," he wrote. His own treatment of the subject in *The Nineteenth Century* was exhaustive and extremely able. He wrote while he was at work on it, however, in his usual tone of self-disparagement.

I ought to have written before to thank you for your work in *The Spectator*, "*pro mortuo nostro*." Please express to Mr Hutton the pleasure his articles have given us. Your points from Eusebius are just what were needed to break the force of the rampant aggression. I see he avails himself of the dodge which he imputes to Newman

Father Ignatius Ryder

of indefinite adjournment, but of course more is wanted. I am working slowly and clumsily, I am afraid, through the business with the idea of backing up, to use a cricket expression. Probably before I can get done, you or some one else will have done it much better.

A few days later he writes:

I am depressed with the difficulty of being bright and brief and thorough on such a ponderous dog.

On the anxious problem of our time raised by the speculations and discoveries of the critical and historical sciences in their relation to theology, he wrote me many wise things. His general attitude is summed up in a characteristic sentence from a letter of 1895: "The Church as a wise householder brings forth from her store things new and old: but the cry of 'new outlooks,' 'new departures' to my mind suggests the nervous action of Sister Anne."

I recall two other good sayings on the same subject—one in print and one in a letter to myself. The former refers to the contrast, emphasized in the words I have just cited, between the normal and cautious development which the needs of the times may demand within the Church, and the cry of "liberty" and "progress" which was being raised by the more advanced "Liberal" Catholics. He wrote to this effect:

The Catholic Church, like every old building, accumulates dust, and the process of dusting thoroughly and carefully from time to time is a most necessary one. But the writers in question, instead of applying their duster to this useful purpose, prefer instead to flourish it out of the window as a flag of liberty.

The other *mot* to which I refer concerned a very extreme Biblical critic whose conclusions he thought subversive of all that theologians had ever held or tolerated. This writer was at the same time a man of the most exemplary piety and devotion to the Church. Ryder thus summed up the attitude: "I do indeed deeply respect A.B. and really admire the reverent *decorum* with which he puts out all the lights on the altar."

My imperfect and undeveloped suggestions as to the normal relations between the Church and advancing science in the Epilogue to my *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*, led to some adverse criticism, and I was very anxious for his opinion, and

Father Ignatius Ryder

greatly strengthened by the favourable verdict expressed in the following letter on December 17, 1897:

I have this moment finished *Wiseman*. I hasten to express my view that you have in your final chapter been eminently successful in handling a most delicate and necessary subject. I can understand persons who do not see that you are *necessarily* occupying for the moment a *non-Catholic* position for the sake of directing attention from the one point of view available, being put out somewhat, but this is their fault, not yours. I cannot understand anyone being so quick to condemn and publicly as Father A.B. would seem to have been. However, you must not mind a little wincing when you have to go so near the quick.

His last letter to me on this subject is interesting and touching. It refers to an able paper on the general situation by his friend the late Father Blakelock:

I thought you would like Father Blakelock's paper. I was much interested in it, but had nothing to do with its concoction. It owes its genesis to the writer, inspired more or less by Father Bacchus.

Yes, we live in strange times, concerning which I am often tempted to take up my prophecy.

Don't you think that in the interests of the better sort of Catholic you ought occasionally to look us up? You were under promise to come last year, and never came, and this year is fast waning. Letters on such a complicated situation do not go for much. You would find Fathers Bacchus and Blakelock both worth talking to, and, for myself, though an aged stump upon which the moss of conservatism is gathering day by day, I am not without a vein of liberal sap.

K—'s article impressed me most painfully, I honestly preferred A—'s article. There was a man, a man in a passion, who was inclined to sell his soul for its gratification. The other was a *petit maître* with no soul to sell that I could detect.

I think you should come and talk, not that both you and I have not to take heed lest we fall, but that I think we have both inherited in our measure from J. H. N. a portion of intelligent patience useful for the times.

You will reproach me, perhaps, that I have not been to see you as you have often asked me. The simple truth is that the few weeks I can get away from home are devoted to my brother and sister. It sounds silly, but I can't bear to curtail them. I will not miss an opportunity of an intercalation of Eastbourne, if it offers as it may. Meanwhile it is your duty to come here. I am most grieved at what

Father Ignatius Ryder

you told me of X. He is such a good fellow, but I felt he was going too far with the tide. . . . If Mrs Ward is not sick of congratulations, I should like to thank her for her book, which is a gleam of sunshine in a naughty world.

He paid us a visit at Dorking in the autumn of 1901, and was as delightful a companion as ever. We had much music, which he greatly enjoyed, and when I went to see him at the Oratory in November and he arrived in the evening after a tiring day at Bishop Brownlow's funeral, he proposed that I should repeat some of the songs he had liked. He was taken suddenly ill while I was actually singing to him—a fact which I mention to explain a reference in one of the two singularly characteristic letters which he wrote during his partial recovery.

I am doing very well, every one says [he wrote on December 8]. I have been driving out three times last week, and I am going to Mass in the Boys' Gallery to-day. But my weakness is colossal. I could fall down headlong and be swept up into the corner. You are my siren who lured me to destruction by your sweet singing. Mrs Ward and the children mourn over my bones until by a benevolent fairy I am electrocuted into life—a good subject for a religious comic opera. I find it so difficult to say anything that I say things I should not as though they were justified by the difficulty of saying them. Be prepared for this.

A letter of December 28 told of further progress:

I said Mass on Christmas morning, and for the first time realized what a wretched derelict I was. I have been more or less prostrate ever since, but I am glad I did it. I am not really the worse. I purpose trying again New Year's Day, if I am allowed. It felt like a strange rite with no sort of continuity in the prayers. I had to be dragged through, prompted at every step. My nurse went this morning, and, God forgive me for an ingrate, I was glad to see her back. I am valeted so far as is necessary by a retired soldier who has two medals, a charming fellow who has been understudying the part; standing in the shadow like the second murderer in a play. Tell Mrs Ward I aspire to a prayer of which I am not worthy. An old woman was told she must die. Upon which she folded her hands and exclaimed, "O God, back me up in this job."

His recovery, however, never advanced much further. Of the years of trial before his death I will not speak. It is

Father Ignatius Ryder

when we reach in retrospect the time when their memory is brought back to us that I propose rather to turn to those thoughts in his poems which represent what was abiding in his Christian faith, in his philosophy of life, in his hopes for the future—the thoughts of the joy that crowns suffering, of the life of eternal youth that follows old age and death. And these are to be found in the poems.

Let me first, as a prelude, cite one or two of the slighter ones which bring their writer before us in his habit of graceful thought concerning the surface of life. The following, on "Adverse Criticism," which I owe to the kindness of his sister, Mrs Henry Clutton, has never seen the light:

What flowers I had in one fair knot were bound.
And so I laid them on a public stall,
Wondering would anyone take note at all,
Or taking note, to praise them would be found.
A keen-eyed critic turned the nosegay round,
Then cried, "No true flowers these!" and let it fall;
"They're weeds that grow against the Church's wall!
And what coarse thread about the stalks is wound!"
'Tis true, I fear me, dandelions and grass
I culled, mistaking them for garden bloom,
And half-believing that they so might pass;
And now my critic has pronounced my doom.
Half undeceived I shall not grudge my lot,
If friends may find one true Forget-me-not.

Another brief poem—one of his happiest short flights—has found its way into modern anthologies. It was written as an inscription for a photograph book:

A book of friends who still are friends,
With friendship waxing stronger,
A book of friends that once were friends,
But now are friends no longer.
I wonder as I turn the leaves
What further changes yet may be,
Or e'er the master bind the sheaves,
And friends are friends eternally.

He wrote, too, of the friends that are dead, as well as of those that are estranged—a poem longer and more serious, called *Animæ Fidelium*:

Father Ignatius Ryder

No brightness of the sky
To tell us where they lie;
The winds that winnow by
Make no report;
Their cradle and their bier
The earth says, "They were here,
But now no more appear
In their resort."
Their foot-prints all around
Yet make it holy ground;
The way they went, the sound
Has died away.
The words which they have writ
Of pathos or of wit
The paper may not quit,
But where are they?
Ah, vainly still we ask:
It is not nature's task
To tear away the mask
Where God is hid.
Go, bow your troubled face
Closer in God's embrace,
And let His love displace,
All fears forbid.
Your loved ones are not gone;
Live but for God alone,
And you shall find your own
Upon His breast:
Safe in the inner shrine,
Within the arms divine;
They are not grown less thine,
Because more blest.

Turning to the deeper thought in his verse, I will cite two poems and two only, which are truly characteristic. His poet's sense of the joy of life, of the glory of early memories, of the suggestion of Immortality in the dreams of childhood, which Wordsworth has stereotyped in our minds once for all, ever went very deep with him. His own subsequent lingering illness adds painful associations to the first of the two, which is yet too beautiful and real to leave unquoted, and which recalls Byron's saying that melancholy is often but the "telescope of truth." I refer to his poem on *Old Age*, too long to be given here in full, but containing the following lines:

Father Ignatius Ryder

Would to God that I might die
Ere the light has left the sky,

* * * *

Better far to leave behind
Much I care for than to find
All I care for passed away.
With the light of yesterday.
Let me go, since go I must,
Ere time's fingers in the dust
Have writ all my joys as done,
And the moments as they run
Only their sad selves repeat,
With naught of music save the beat.
When I bid the world "goodbye,"
I would greet it with an eye
For its shifting colours keen,
Its interchange of shade and sheen,
The eager green of kindling spring,
And autumn's russet mellowing;

• • • •

When I go, ah, let me leave
Here and there a heart to grieve
For a part of its old life,
That a comrade in its strife,
A sharer in its daily mirth,
Treads no longer on the earth.
Now and then my name should slip
Among my friends from lip to lip,
Coupled with, "It was his way
Thus to look or this to say";
With perhaps a whispered prayer
That might reach me other where.
Whilst I live I fain would be
All there ever was of me,
No fragment of existence merely,
For what I had been cherished dearly,
Whose formal death you scarce deplore,
The real was so long before.
Forgive me, Saviour, if I plead
That though Thy pangs were hard indeed,
And all Thy body racked and wrung,
Some pains Thou hadst not, dying young.
I know that 'neath the olive's shade,
A secular weight on Thee was laid;
The bitterness of ages past
Into Thy cup of life was cast,

Father Ignatius Ryder

And all time's miseries yet to come
Wrought in Thy mystic martyrdom;
Yet scarce was middle age begun,
When Thou hadst all Thy labours done.
The Eternal Years in mortal span
Waxed from the child into the man:
It was not meet that God should wane
From man into the child again;
And so the feet that Mary kissed
The withering touch of age have missed,
And not a golden hair was grey
Upon Thy Crucifixion day.
High on the crest of manhood's hill
Thou didst Thy ministry fulfil,
Winning Thy victory in the light;
Whilst I upon the slopes of night
Creep shuddering down, no victory won,
Or none that I dare count upon.
Yet if it be Thy will, 'tis best
I so should enter on my rest;
Piecemeal, as some, Thy martyrs died,
But Thou wert standing by their side.
Oh, stand by me when round me press
The sorrows of my loneliness.

* * *

Methinks myself I pity so,
That so I might myself assure
That one must pity me yet more.
Although too late from wasted soil
To win return of wine or oil,
I know there is another sea,
Unwearied of Love's infinity,
To fill, when other loves depart,
The thirsty hollows of the heart.

I have left to the last the poem which is perhaps in its conception the most beautiful of the collection. The lines just cited remind us of a great trial which he has endured and from which he has now been delivered. The following speak of that youth which he had lost and mourned, and which he has now found never to lose it again. It is headed, *Ecce Nova Facio Omnia*.

There was a summer in the past,
With leaves that rustled overhead,
Which made as though it meant to last,
But now is gone and dead.

Father Ignatius Ryder

And in that summer children, too,
As careless and as kind to see
As any here, as you or you,
Or any like to be.
And still these children move about,
Though covered with a quaint disguise,
And strive to light their lamps gone out
At newer children's eyes.
Now and again in summer hours
They dream they have their summer back,
And catch amid the trees and flowers
The ancient sunny track.
"Surely," they cry, "this way is best,
A little further on must be
The home, the voices, and the rest
Of our lost infancy."
"A little further on," to mark
The footprint of a child that springs,
Spurning the earth like mounting lark
Upborne on eager wings,
In token that 'mid scenes of earth
Such quest as ours is all in vain,
Though where God's newly born have birth
Old times may live again.
Yea, haply where God's angels stand.
By gift of His exceeding grace,
A little soft familiar hand
May lead us to our place.
To learn 'mid glories manifold
No heart of man e'er dreamed it knew,
A joy that shall be new and old,
From the old things made new.

I could wish to have said more, and to have cited some more of his own words. But for the present the above extracts from his poetry, his letters, his sayings, must suffice. They give at least, in faint outline, the picture of the great theologian, the true Christian poet, the literary artist, whom we have lost.

WILFRID WARD

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

I

EXILES FROM EDEN

S*O long we exiles weep our exiles' lot
That Eden is forgot.*

Forgot her streams, the radiance of her sward
Where feet of angels went,
Her air that angels clove,
Only in whirling dreams we see the sword,
The flaming sword, that drove
Our steps to banishment—
(How long, how long, O Lord!)

Forgotten, too, the spheric choir that rang
Of shining morning stars
Singing Creation's song;
But dreams re-echo still the portal's clang,
And hollow echoes throng
Of bolts and clamping bars—
(How long, O Lord, how long!)

*Is there no end to exile, no release,
No giving back of peace?*

Too long we have endured the rack, the pinch
Of pain, the edge of strife,
The poison and the cord,
The ice of Poverty that, inch by inch,
Leaves devastate and scored
The gardens of our life—
(How long, how long, O Lord!)

Extremest expiation has been wrung
From quivering flesh and soul
To purge an ancient wrong;
Enough, enough! the blood of old and young,
The tears of weak and strong,
Cry out from pole to pole—
(How long, O Lord, how long!)

The Garden of Eden

II

HEIRS OF EDEN

MISTS of pregnant moisture fold
Close in slumber field and wold :
Bulb and seed in slumber curled
Thrill throughout the underworld—
Loose a tendril, stretch a root,
Push a pale and groping shoot,
In whose consciousness remote
Rainbow-pinioned visions float.

Drowsy motion wakes and stirs
In the prisoned gossamers,
Soft as silk that fairy weaves
Cradling the uncrinkled leaves :
Waves of warmth and shower-sound
Send their ripples through the ground :
All the life of Nature strains
Up to unseen suns and rains.

Close our bond of kin with earth.
Primal powers stir to birth
Groping blindly for the goal
In the darkness of the soul :
Down in undiscovered deeps
Where the buried secret sleeps
Dreams of distant futures stray,
Visions of diviner day.

Rhythmic thrill of hidden suns
Through our prisoned darkness runs :
Over life's illumined verge
Sounds of infinite waters surge :
By that force whose fires incite
Seed and man to find the light—
By our kinship with the sod—
We are sons and heirs of God.

The Garden of Eden

III

DEATH IN EDEN

At the full of its bloom,
At the noon of its light,
In the Garden, a gloom,
On the fruitage, a blight :

On the flowers, a stain,
Through the thicket, a rust,
And beauty is slain
And is shrivelled to dust.

Then swift in the thick
Of the farthest retreat
The woodland is quick
With the moving of feet.

What stirs in the gloom
And what flits up the glades ?
Is it Shadow of Doom
From the kingdom of Shades ?

Or a life so intense
That its fires are whirled
In circles immense
On the things of this world ?

We are numb at its name,
We are blind at its flash,
And matter takes flame
And burns down to the ash.

Our climbing is done,
We have wasted our breath,
For Eden is won,
And in Eden is death.

The Garden of Eden

IV

HARVEST OF EDEN

Now is our pilgrimage done, full is our measure,
Over the wilds we have won right to the Treasure,
Fronted the steepes and attained Peace of the Garden,
Sought from the Angel, and gained ransom and pardon.

Eden is glory of Earth, ours to inherit—
Here is the glory of birth, born of the Spirit—
Eden the gate of the Goal, shut to the craven—
Here is the home of the soul, ultimate haven.

Out of the beauty that wings Earth with her brightness,
Summers and Autumns and Springs, Winters of whiteness—
Out of the blossom of deeds, labour of growing—
See! we have gathered us seeds, meet for the sowing.

Scatter your harvest afar, nothing shall perish—
Dew of the Spirit, and Star, water and cherish!
So shall your seeds and your fruits, born of Earth's vernal,
Make in the Infinite, roots—blossom eternal.

ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

THE ROMAN CHURCH

down to the Neronian Persecution

- Saint Paul's Epistle to the Philippians. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Bishop of Durham. Eighth edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.
- The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170. By W. M. Ramsay, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.
- Die Apokryphen Apostelgeschichten und Apostellegenden. Von R. A. Lipsius. Braunsberg: C.A. Schwetschke und Sohn. Vol. II, 1887.
- Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha. Acta Petri, etc. ed. R. A. Lipsius. Lipsiæ apud Hermannum Mendelssohn. 1891.
- Didascalix Apostolorum. Fragmenta Veronensia Latina. Primum edidit Edmundus Hauler. Lipsiæ in Ædibus B. G. Teubneri. 1900.
- Die Chronologie der Altchrist. Litteratur bis Eusebius. Von Adolf Harnack. Erster Band. Leipzig: J. G. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung. 1897.

AN attempt is made in the following pages to reconstruct the history of the Roman Church up to the beginning of the Neronian persecution. The available material is little more than a handful of isolated facts collected from different sources. These we have tried to use like an archæologist who, out of a few heaps of ruins, produces a "conjectural restoration" of some ancient building. The reader must be prepared for guess-work, often of a very precarious kind. But though we have not hesitated to go beyond the facts at our disposal, we have tried to ascertain and follow the directions in which they seem to point. So far as we have succeeded in this difficult and delicate task, our conclusions may claim to rank as probabilities.

The sources of information may be classified thus: (1) pagan historians, viz., two passages from Tacitus and a couple of sentences in Suetonius; (2) New Testament writings, viz., five Epistles of St Paul and the last chapter of Acts; (3) some early Christian traditions or legends.

The Roman Church

Instead of describing events in their chronological order we have grouped them under headings which more or less fit in with the classification just given of the sources.

1. *The Roman Church and the Roman Government*

IT is Suetonius who affords us our first glimpse of the Roman Church at a time when, so far as external appearances went, Christianity was little more than a new Jewish sect. In his *Life of Claudius* he tells us that this Emperor expelled the Jews from Rome on account of the persistent riots which were stirred up among them by one Chrestus.* Some writers have been unable to recognize in these riots a repetition on a larger scale, befitting the capital, of disturbances which were taking place in other cities of the Empire when the Gospel was first proclaimed in the synagogues. They have accordingly surmised either that the Roman Jews were disturbed by vague Messianic rumours, not necessarily connected in any way with Christianity, or were set at variance among themselves by some local fire-brand named Chrestus. But it is hardly worth while to go out of the way to imagine such strange coincidences as these merely to escape believing that when the Gospel was first preached at Rome there were riots among the Jews.

Suetonius gives no indication of the date of this expulsion. Orosius assigns it to the ninth year of Claudius, which, if his reckoning of imperial years started from September after each Emperor's accession, would be A.D. 49, to A.D. 50.† It is true that our confidence in Orosius is impaired by the fact that he gives Josephus as his authority, and this writer says nothing whatever about the matter. But, after all, a person is not necessarily misinformed because his memory has tricked him about the source of his information. Something of this kind seems to have happened to Orosius, for two independent lines of investigation both show that he was not very wide of the mark.

* "Judæos impulsore Chresto assidue tumultuantes Roma expulit."—*Claudius*, 25.

†Hastings's *Bible Dictionary*, vol. 1, p. 417.

The Roman Church down to

(a) Agrippa II, who from the great influence that he enjoyed with Claudius would probably have been able to intervene successfully on behalf of his countrymen, was away from Rome during the years A.D. 50 to A.D. 52.* (b) St Paul's first visit to Corinth where he met Aquila, who had "lately come from Italy . . . because Claudius had commanded all the Jews to depart from Rome,"† took place within the same years. The expulsion of the Jews from Rome seems, therefore, to have been pretty nearly contemporaneous with the Council of Jerusalem.‡

Suetonius's account of the expulsion of the Jews teaches us two things concerning the origin of Christianity at Rome. In the first place, the Christian propaganda must have met with considerable success. The huge Jewish community at Rome with all its multifarious interests would not have been thrown into tumultuous confusion because two or three missionaries gathered round them a small group of converts. If this had been all, the mobbing of a few individuals would have been retaliation enough. Riots that exasperated the Government to such a pitch that it issued orders for several thousands of persons to leave the city must have been excited by a persistent, and to a large extent successful preaching of the new religion. Thus, a casual sentence in a pagan writer reveals to us the existence in Rome of a considerable Christian community before St Paul had even set foot in Europe.

We learn in the second place that at Rome, as elsewhere, during the reign of Claudius, Christians were looked upon as Jews, and dissensions between Christians and Jews as dissensions among Jews.§ This view was probably borne

*T.C. Art. Claudius.

†Acts xviii, 1, 2.

‡49, 50, 51 are the dates given respectively by Turner, Ramsay and Lightfoot for the Council of Jerusalem.

§ "There [*i.e.*, in the passage of Suetonius] we have, according to the generally accepted view, a proof that the Christians were still considered under Claudius to be a mere Jewish sect; and dissensions between Christians and Jews were described in the authorities employed by Suetonius as 'continued disturbances among the Jews.'"—Ramsay, *The Church in the Roman Empire*, p. 231.

the Neronian Persecution

out by facts. It is not likely that at Rome before the Council of Jerusalem any very serious effort was made to preach the Gospel to pagans. Up to this time it was the exception, not the rule, to "turn to the Gentiles."

The order to quit Rome, even if it was fully enforced,* soon became a dead letter, but indirectly it seems to have had very momentous consequences. Christians and Jews alike had received a lesson which would naturally make them careful to avoid coming into collision again. The Jews, instead of mobbing the Christians, would keep frigidly aloof from them, and the Christians, instead of trying to gain a hearing in the synagogues, would concentrate their efforts on the conversion of the Gentiles. In this way the Roman Church would speedily become the predominantly Gentile community to which we are introduced in the Epistle to the Romans. Thus in the capital under the eye of the Government, Christianity lost its semblance of a Jewish sect and stood revealed as a new and, therefore, illegal religion. The seeds of future persecution were sown when Jews and Christians settled down peaceably in Rome after their expulsion.

Some ten years later St Paul was brought as a prisoner to Rome. He sent for the leading men among the Jews that he might explain to them his position and why he had appealed to Cæsar. So completely by this time had the two religions drifted apart that these men were able to affect ignorance and curiosity about the new sect. All they pretended to know was "that it is everywhere spoken against."† These last words are significant, and probably give the clue to a right understanding of an event which had happened a short time before, when a Roman lady of high rank and irreproachable character was prosecuted on a charge of foreign superstition.

* According to Dio Cassius (lx, 6) Claudius shrank from the disturbances which the expulsion of the Jews would excite and confined himself to forbidding their assemblies. This prohibition suggests that the tumults took place in the synagogues.

† Acts xxviii, 22.

The Roman Church down to

Pomponia Græcina, a distinguished lady, wife of Plautius, who returned from Britain with an ovation, was accused of some foreign superstition (*superstitionis externæ*) and handed over to her husband's judicial decision. Following ancient precedent, he heard his wife's cause in the presence of kinsfolk, involving, as it did, her legal status and character, and he reported that she was innocent. This Pomponia lived a long life of unbroken melancholy. After the death of Julia, Drusus's daughter, by Messalina's treachery, she wore the attire of a mourner, with a heart ever sorrowful. For this, during Claudius's reign, she escaped unpunished, and it was afterwards counted a glory to her.*

The combination of a charge of "foreign superstition" with a life like Pomponia's led many scholars to suspect that she was a Christian. The surmise received a striking confirmation when de Rossi discovered in the crypt of Lucina inscriptions showing that within a generation or two after Pomponia's death many of her family were Christians. Other circumstances also point in the same direction. In the first place Tacitus, apparently, did not find in his authorities the name of the superstition which Pomponia was supposed to have taken up. The absence of definite information upon this point suggests some novel and unfamiliar cult which her accusers did not exactly know how to name. Further, the fact that other persons were not involved in the same charge points also to this conclusion. Roman citizens who preached any of the well-known "foreign superstitions" when not left unmolested, seem to have been proscribed *en masse*.

Assuming Pomponia Græcina to have been a Christian, her story throws light on two important points. It shows that as early as A.D. 57, the date of her trial, the distinction between Judaism and Christianity was already beginning to be realized by the outside world; and also that infamous reports about the Christians were already in circulation and had attracted the attention of the Government. This, according to many writers, among whom may be mentioned Bishop Lightfoot† and Mr Furneaux,‡ is the significance

* Tacitus, *Annals*, xiii, 32 (Church and Brodrib's translation).

† S. Clem., vol. 1, p. 3. ‡ In his commentary on the *Annals* of Tacitus.

the Neronian Persecution

of the fact that Pomponia was tried by her husband and relatives. The domestic tribunal was an ancient institution revived by Tiberius in order to check the growing depravity of Roman matrons. By handing over Pomponia's case to this tribunal the government showed that the real charge against her was one of conjugal infidelity evidenced by the alleged immoralities of the sect to which she belonged. Perhaps her acquittal somewhat delayed the persecution.

The storm soon burst. When it was understood that Christianity was something new and distinct from Judaism, the morbid curiosity of the populace would be roused. The mysterious character of the new religion, the spell which it seemed to cast over its recruits, altering the whole tenor of their lives and estranging them from their old associates, would provoke suspicion and distrust. Wild stories of impious and flagitious orgies would spring up, as it were, out of the ground, and be greedily swallowed by a populace which found the chief occupation of its idleness in the obscenities and butcheries of the public spectacles.

In A.D. 64 a terrible fire destroyed the greater part of Rome. The report got abroad that the conflagration was the work of Nero. To get rid of this report he sought for persons who would be believed capable of such a deed. His choice fell upon a class of men "detested for the abominations which they perpetrated, vulgarly known as Christians." He gave out that they were the real authors of the fire. A "vast multitude" of them was hurried off to execution, "not so much on the charge of incendiarism as of hatred to mankind." Such is the account given by Tacitus of the Neronian persecution. We need not follow him into the details of the punishment inflicted on the Christians. To do so would take us beyond the scope of the present article. What we wish to discover are the causes at work before the persecution which led up to it. These are revealed in the words "*quos per flagitia invisos vulgus Christianos appellabat.*"*

* "*Ergo abolendo rumori Nero subdidit reos, et quæsitissimis pœnis adfecit, quos per flagitia invisos vulgus Christianos appellabat.*"—Tac. *Ann.*, xv, 44.

The Roman Church down to

Suetonius also speaks of the Neronian persecution, placing it among a list of measures enacted in the interests of order and decency. One of the items in this list is, *The Christians, a class of persons addicted to a novel and pernicious superstition, were punished.**

The reader will have observed how these four passages from Tacitus and Suetonius fit in with one another, and indicate the successive stages in the development of a situation. The expulsion of the Jews from Rome on account of incessant riots "stirred up by one Chrestus" belongs to and probably marks the close of the first stage when Christianity was not distinguished from Judaism. The prosecution of Pomponia Græcina belongs to the second stage when Christianity, no longer confounded with Judaism, became an object of popular hatred and calumny. The final stage is reached when the State determines to suppress the new religion.

II. *St Paul and the Roman Church*

THE earliest information we have in the New Testament concerning the Roman Church is derived from St Paul's Epistle to the Romans. This Epistle was written from six to eight years after the expulsion of the Jews from Rome under Claudius. Its opening words bring before us the natural sequence to the expulsion, viz., the transformation of the Roman Church from a Jewish to a predominantly Gentile community.

Paul a servant of Jesus Christ through whom we have received grace and apostleship unto obedience of faith among all the nations . . . among whom are ye also called to be Christ's: to all that are in Rome, beloved of God. . . Oftentimes I proposed to come unto you . . . that I might have some fruit in you also, even as among the rest of the Gentiles. I am debtor both to Greeks and Barbarians, both to the wise and the foolish. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you also that are in Rome.†

And towards the end of the Epistle the Apostle excuses

*"Afflicti suppliciis Christiani, genus hominum novæ, et maleficæ superstitionis."—Nero, xvi. † Rom. i, 1-15.

the Neronian Persecution

himself for proffering advice to men "filled with all knowledge, and able to admonish one another," on the ground that he is "a minister of Jesus Christ unto the Gentiles."*

The obvious inference from these passages is that the great majority of the Roman Christians were Gentiles. No purpose could have been served by addressing them as such, if a large proportion of them were neither *Greeks nor Barbarians* but Jews. Still the Jewish Christians, however much they were in a minority, cannot have been a negligible factor in the life of the Roman Church. Their early moral and religious training must, of course, have been very superior to that of men reared in pagan homes, and the greater number of them had probably received the Gospel before it was even offered to the Gentiles. Thus by the double right of merit and seniority they were the natural leaders of the community. What are we to suppose was the temper of this minority in regard to the admission of Gentile converts to an equality with themselves? The passages just quoted, to show that the Roman Church consisted mainly of Gentiles, answer this question. We cannot suppose that St Paul wished to exasperate the Jewish minority. But if there had been any tendency among its members to keep aloof from or to patronize the Gentiles, or to form a party of their own, they would have fiercely resented hearing the community to which they belonged, of which they were the original nucleus, addressed as a Gentile community pure and simple.

The tone of the Epistle, the time when it was written, the fact that the church to which it was sent was not founded by St Paul, are so many proofs that the Jewish Christians at Rome were not Judaisers in any noxious sense of the word. In spite of the questions which the Epistle handles, its tone is not polemical, but rather that of a homily or a theological treatise, expounding and developing principles already accepted by its readers. It was written when St Paul was on the point of setting out for Jerusalem, knowing well the dangers which awaited him in that city and that even his life would be in peril. Nothing is more unlikely than that

* Ib. xv, 14-16.

The Roman Church down to

at such a time he should have challenged an angry controversy in a distant church. He was very scrupulous about interfering with Churches not founded by himself, and was therefore most unlikely deliberately to mix himself up with their dissensions. Yet this is what we must assume he was ready to do if he sent an Epistle, like that to the Romans, to a Church where there was an active Judaizing faction. Thus everything seems to point to the conclusion that the peace of the Roman Church was not disturbed by Judaisers.*

There is not much to be learned from the Epistle concerning the past history of the Roman Church, except that it had already been in existence for a considerable number of years. The reason which St Paul gives for not yet having visited the Romans, in spite of his having had "a longing these many years" to do so, suggests that this Church had been founded by some other Apostle or apostolic man:

From Jerusalem and round about even unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ; yea, making it my aim so to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was already named, that I might not build up another man's foundation, but as it is written, *They shall see to whom no tidings of Him came, and they who have not heard shall understand.* Wherefore also I was hindered then many times from coming unto you; but now, having no more place in these regions, and having these many years a longing to come unto you, whensoever I go unto Spain (for I hope to see you in my journey, and to be brought on my way thitherward by you, if first in some measure I shall have been satisfied with your company); but now I go to Jerusalem.†

The question is what is included in the *wherefore*. Are we to understand that St Paul had not been able to visit the Romans simply because he had work to do elsewhere? or, had he been deterred also by his rule "not to build upon

* It is uncertain whether the "weak in faith," for whom St Paul intercedes towards the end of the Epistle, were Judaisers. Whatever they were, it is evident that, so far from being an influential party, they could hardly hold their own. They were being hardly dealt with on account of their scruples, and the Apostle wished them to be treated more considerately. This is how we come to hear of them.

† xv, 19-25.

the Neronian Persecution

another man's foundation"? The following considerations seem to favour the latter view. The first is the stress laid by the Apostle on his observance of the rule just named. The second is the manner in which he seems to insist that his visit, when it does come off, will be, so to say, only a casual one on his way to Spain. The matter, however, is not of any real importance. It is necessary to read the New Testament through the most ultra-Protestant glasses, in order to be able even to entertain the idea that for a number of years the Christians in Rome were left entirely to themselves, without either an Apostle or some delegate of the Apostles visiting them, and forming them into a church. Whoever it was who undertook this work would be regarded as the founder of their church, and, if he did not continue to reside in their midst, would probably exercise over them the same kind of authority which St Paul maintained over the Churches which he planted.

We now pass to the last chapter of Acts where St Paul's arrival at Rome is described. He was landed at Puteoli where there was already a Christian community. He remained at Puteoli seven days, and was then taken to Rome. Meanwhile the news of his landing in Italy had reached the Roman Christians, and they sent out a deputation to meet him. On arriving at Rome he was handed over to the military officer who was to have charge of him pending his trial. The history of his imprisonment is summed up by St Luke in a single sentence:

He abode two years in his own hired dwelling, and received all that went in unto him, preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching the things concerning the Kingdom of God with all boldness, none forbidding him.

We must now turn to the Epistles written during those "two years," viz., Colossians, Ephesians, Philemon and Philippians. The first three were dispatched at the same time.* The Epistle to the Ephesians, which was a circular

* And, as is generally supposed, in spite of the opposite view having been maintained by Lightfoot, before Philippians.

The Roman Church down to

letter intended to go the round of many churches, gives no information concerning the affairs of its writer. To the Epistle to Philemon we owe the story of the fugitive slave Onesimus, who was converted by St Paul and sent back to his master. In Colossians a complaint escapes the Apostle, which shows that he had to suffer other things besides imprisonment:

Aristarchus, my fellow prisoner, saluteth you, and Mark . . . and Jesus which is called Justus who are of the circumcision: these only are my fellow workers unto the Kingdom of God, men that have been a comfort unto me.*

From these words it would seem that, with three exceptions, those of St Paul's personal disciples who were Jews† had failed him. The probable cause of this defection we shall consider presently.

From the Epistle to the Philippians we learn that what had befallen St Paul was making for the furtherance of the Gospel in Rome.

I would have you know, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather for the progress of the Gospel: so that my bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole Prætorium, and to all the rest; and that most of the brethren in the Lord, being confident through my bonds, are more abundantly bold to speak the word of God without fear.‡

But there was a depressing side to the picture which the Apostle gives of the outbreak of missionary zeal in Rome.

Some, indeed, preach Christ even of envy and strife . . . not sincerely thinking to raise up affliction for me in my bonds. What then? only that in every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached; and therein I rejoice, yes, and I will rejoice.§

Who were these opponents of St Paul who preached

* iv, 10, 11.

† It is clear that St Paul is only complaining of Jews. For Luke, Epaphras and Demas join him in sending salutations to the Colossians, and Timothy's name is coupled with St Paul's in the beginning of the Epistle.

‡ Philip. xii, 14.

§ Philip. i, 15, 18.

the Neronian Persecution

Christ out of envy and strife? They have often been supposed to be his old enemies the Judaisers, whose teaching he had denounced to the Galatians as subversive of the Gospel. It is alleged that he could well have adopted a milder tone towards these sectaries in Rome, because it was not there a matter of perversion of men already Christians, but of a knowledge of Christ, however imperfect, being brought to the heathen, for whom, in the words of Bishop Lightfoot, it was "a step in advance to have known Christ, even if they had only known Him after the flesh."

But for our own part we feel the objections to this view insurmountable. In the first place the evidence from the Epistle to the Romans points, as we have already seen, to the absence of a strong Judaising party in Rome. In the second place it is difficult to imagine that St Paul would not have been alive to the, at all events, apparent inconsistency between his present attitude of toleration and the principles which he had laid down in the Epistle to the Galatians,* and the handle he would be thus giving to his adversaries. In the third place it is very doubtful whether he would have thought that converts made by the Judaisers in Rome did gain very much. Whatever they might learn about Christ, they would be placed in a position of direct and conscious antagonism to the true Gospel; for it must be remembered that the supposed Judaisers were acting in direct opposition to St Paul, and that in consequence their false principles would be kept well in the foreground of their teaching. Finally, the establishing or strengthening of a form of Judaising Christianity at Rome, would have been too great a calamity for the Church as a whole to be compensated for by any advantages which might accrue to individuals. The Church at Rome was in process of becoming, if it was not so already, the foremost

*And also in the Epistle to the Philippians itself, if we understand the passage, "Beware of the dogs, beware of the evil doers, beware of the circumcision" (iii, 2) to be directed against Christian Judaisers. In this case the "dogs" in Philippi, in Rome, are preaching Christ. But perhaps the Philippians were being warned against Jews, pure and simple, who were trying to make proselytes among them.

The Roman Church down to

Gentile Church. If the Judaisers became a power there, the evil would spread far and wide. St Paul's life was still in danger. Is it possible, one may ask, that, when so much was at stake, the Apostle would have discouraged his friends, and encouraged his enemies, by meekly owning that the latter were after all doing a good work, and that it behoved him to stifle his natural feelings of resentment and rejoice in their success?

The opposition which St Paul met with in Rome can easily be accounted for without having recourse to the *odium theologicum*. His position was a most awkward one. He was in a Church which was "another man's foundation." His apostolic commission and his commanding genius must have given him an enormous influence, while his imprisonment would hinder him from undertaking corresponding duties and responsibilities. It is hardly to be wondered at if some of the leading men in the Roman Church began to resent his presence among them. Finding that their own influence and importance was growing less, they would endeavour to recoup themselves by increased missionary activity. Some of them would try to turn their own converts into partisans, and to come between St Paul and his. They might be acting in all good faith, so far as this can be said of men who fail to fathom the depths of their hearts and to discover in them the secret springs of self-love and ambition. Perhaps some of them insisted that St Paul, whatever he might be, was, after all, not one of the *Twelve*. There were those, we may be sure, who, taking it for granted that anything which they could not understand was dangerous, found much to carp at in his teaching. St Peter tells us that there were in his brother Apostle's Epistles "things hard to be understood" which "the ignorant and unsteadfast" wrested to their own destruction. He does not tell us, but we can easily imagine, that the ignorant and steadfast had also a good deal to say about these "hard things."

But although the opponents of St Paul were not Judaisers, it is more than likely that they were by birth Jews. The Jewish, compared with the Gentile converts, owed little

the Neronian Persecution

or nothing to St Paul, and they probably enjoyed considerable influence in the Roman Church. It is among them, therefore, that one would naturally look to find persons who resented St Paul's authority and regarded him in the light of an intruder.

If it could be assumed that when St Paul complained to the Colossians that of the circumcision only Aristarchus, Mark and Justus were his helpers, he was referring to the state of things in the Roman Church, it would be clear that the Jewish Christians as a body were unfriendly to him. But we have no right to make any such assumption. It is more probable that he was only speaking of his own personal disciples, who were also his fellow countrymen. These were men not bound to St Paul by such strong ties of gratitude and dependence as their Gentile comrades were. Finding themselves in a community which was not of their master's founding, and where there was plenty of scope for their energy, they may not unnaturally have felt inclined to act for themselves; to have their own converts, their own following, instead of playing the humbler part of messengers and intermediaries. Some such state of things as this seems to be implied by St Paul's own words. He does not complain of a revolt, but of a refusal to co-operate.

St Paul's trial must have taken place soon after he wrote to the Philippians. That it resulted in his acquittal we know from the Pastoral Epistles, which are full of allusions to events which cannot be fitted into the period covered by St Luke's narrative in Acts.

III. *St Peter and the Roman Church*

THE bare possibility of St Peter having visited Rome until shortly before his death is very generally denied. This is one of the cases in which the argument from silence is credited with an irresistible strength. No allusion to such a visit escapes St Luke in Acts, or St Paul in the Epistle to the Romans and the four Epistles he wrote from Rome during his first captivity.*

*The only exceptions to this general unanimity which we have come across among non-Catholic scholars are (1) Mr Sadler, in his commentary

The Roman Church down to

But this imposing array of negative evidence, when looked at closely, turns out to be very incomplete. A period of about twenty years, beginning with St Peter's deliverance from King Herod, and terminating with St Paul's acquittal at Rome, has to be covered.

We know for certain that St Peter was not in Rome at the time of the Council of Jerusalem, and when, shortly before or shortly after the Council, St Paul reproached him at Antioch.* We must also infer, if we accept the argument from silence, that he was not there when the Epistle to the Romans was written, and during the two years of St Paul's captivity. But there are three periods upon which neither St Luke in Acts, nor St Paul in his Epistles, throws any light, viz., the interval between St Peter's escape from Herod and the Council of Jerusalem; between the Council and the Epistle to the Romans; and between the Epistle to the Romans and St Paul's arrival at Rome.

Two important traditions testify to St Peter's presence in Rome during the reign of the Emperor Claudius. The first is the tradition of his twenty-five years' Roman episcopate; the second that of his victory over Simon Magus. Both are found in Eusebius; the former in the *Chronicle*, the latter in the *Church History*.

For reasons too technical to be given here, the tradition of the twenty-five years is usually believed to have been taken over by Eusebius from the lost chronicle of Julius Africanus;† and there are not wanting grounds for supposing that Africanus derived it from still earlier Christian chronologists. But this is not all that can be urged in favour of its antiquity. There are fairly good reasons for surmising that, in substance at least, it has a still more

on Romans (pp. 9-11), who thinks it likely that "St Peter visited Rome during the long period of his active missionary life, of which no mention is made by St Luke, very probably during the six years between his deliverance from prison . . . and his presence at the Council"; Professor Harnack (*Chronologie*, vol. 1, p. 244), who thinks a visit to Rome in the time of Claudius quite possible; and Dr Bigg, who in his Commentary on the Epistles of St Peter and St Jude (p. 87) fully endorses Harnack's view.

* Gal. ii, 14.

† A.D. 221.

the Neronian Persecution

venerable tradition which can be traced back to the first quarter of the second century.

According to an ingenious hypothesis, first propounded by Lipsius, which seems generally to be accepted, the starting-point of twenty-five years was reached by a calculation, based on one of the traditionary dates of the Passion and an extremely ancient tradition, which made the Apostles stay twelve years in Palestine before they separated and went forth to preach to the nations.* This story of the *Division of the Apostles* at the end of twelve years is first met with in a fragment of the lost *Preaching of Peter* preserved by Clement of Alexandria:

If anyone in Israel is willing, having repented through my Name, to believe in God, his sins shall be forgiven him. After twelve years go forth to the world, that no one may say, "We have not heard."†

Now it seems unlikely, either that the tradition of the Division of the Apostles twelve years after the Ascension was silent about St Peter's destination at the end of these years, or that every recollection of the destination, originally assigned to him by this tradition, should have been lost,‡ as would be the case if it had been anywhere else than Rome. We conclude, therefore, that it is highly probable that the tradition of St Peter coming to Rome about the year A.D. 42 is as ancient as the twelve years' tradition.

If, however, we regard this inference as precarious, we still have the testimony of Africanus, which gives the tradition a very respectable antiquity.

We have next to consider the historical value of the legend

* Lipsius, *Die Apokryphen Apostelgeschichten*, vol. II, p. 27; cf. Dobschütz, *Das Kerygma Petri*, p. 53; Sanday and Headlam, *Romans*, pp. 30, 31; Harnack, *Chronologie*, vol. I, p. 242. See also Dom Chapman's series of articles on the early Roman episcopal lists in the *Revue Benedictine*, 1901-1902.

† The date of the Preaching, according to Dobschütz, is about A.D. 125; Zahn gives a slightly earlier date.

‡ Rome seems to have been the only place with which St Peter's name was connected after he left Palestine. The view that he preached in Pontus, Galatia, and the other districts named in 1 Peter seems to have been only an inference drawn from 1 Peter by Origen (cf. Euseb. H.E. III, 1).

The Roman Church down to

of St Peter's contest with Simon Magus in Rome. It has to be shown, in the first place, that this legend cannot be summarily ruled out of court as possessing no historical value whatever; and, secondly, that it testifies to the belief that St Peter was in Rome during the reign of Claudius.

A romance known as the *Acts of Peter*, which belongs to the same class of apocryphal literature as the *Acts of Paul* and the *Acts of John*, was very popular during the third and fourth centuries. It apparently consisted of two parts, the scenes of which lay in Jerusalem and Rome respectively. Of the Jerusalem part only a fragment survives, which was discovered in a Coptic papyrus, and identified and published with a German translation by Schmidt.* What seems to be nearly the whole of the second part has come down to us in an ancient Latin version; and a considerable portion of the original Greek of this part is also extant. Beyond noting that the compiler of these Acts limited the sphere of St Peter's apostolic labours to Jerusalem and Rome, we are only concerned with the second part.

This opens with an account of St Paul's departure from Rome for Spain, which is speedily followed by the arrival of Simon Magus, who, by his lying wonders, seduces the minds of the Roman Christians. Meanwhile St Peter, the twelve years which he had been commanded to spend in Jerusalem having now expired, has a vision, in which he is told what Simon, whom he had driven out of Judea, is doing in Rome, and is ordered to go there himself. On arriving in Rome, the Apostle, by his preaching and miracles, brings the Roman Christians back to the faith, and Simon is entirely vanquished. On one occasion a dog is sent to summon the magician to St Peter's presence. The obedient animal rushes into the house where he is staying, and stretching out its paws, delivers its message with a loud voice. Meanwhile St Peter waits outside, preaching and working miracles. By his command a statue of Cæsar, which, to the great alarm of its owner, a demoniac has dashed to the ground, is sprinkled with water and becomes

**Die alten Petrusacten. Texte und Untersuch.* ix, i (N.F.)

the Neronian Persecution

whole and entire again. He takes a dried fish hanging up in a window and places it in a basin of water. Forthwith it comes to life, swims about and eats bits of bread which are thrown to it. Another time a woman, having a baby seven months old in her arms, is sent to Simon, but commanded to say nothing herself. The child, speaking with a man's voice, delivers the Apostle's message. At last Simon, finding himself discredited on all sides, gives out that he will return to God his Father. Crowds assemble on the Via Sacra to see him go up to heaven. He rises higher than the temples and mountains, then, when St Peter prays, falls to the ground and breaks his leg in three places. The people stone him. His friends carry him away on a litter first to Aricia, then to Terracina, where he dies. The Acts then go on to recount the story of St Peter's martyrdom. The date of these Acts cannot be later than the close of second century, for the compiler of the Muratorian Fragment seems to have been acquainted with them.

Now the fact that the legend of St Peter meeting Simon Magus in Rome first appears in a writing like the Acts of Peter creates a strong prejudice against its possessing any historical value. It owed its subsequent popularity to these Acts, and their compiler was quite equal to inventing it. Still, he may have confined himself to profusely embellishing some ancient tradition. And this is what we are inclined to think he did, because the same story is found in two other ancient documents, and in both cases in forms which suggest entire independence of the Acts.

In the *Philosophumena*, probably written about the year A.D. 235, we have the following version of the story:

Simon deceiving many in Samaria by his sorceries was put to shame by the Apostles, and being laid under a curse, as is written in Acts, abjured the Faith and attempted these things. Having travelled even to Rome he fell in with the Apostles; and to him deceiving many by his sorceries Peter offered repeated opposition. . . . At last when conviction was imminent he gave out that if he were buried alive he would rise the third day. And having had a trench dug by his disciples he directed himself to be interred there. They

The Roman Church down to

did what they were ordered, and he remained where they laid him until now. For he was not the Christ.*

In the *Didaskalia*, which is assigned by critics to the second half of the third century, we have a third version of the story, put in the mouth of St Peter:†

But when we divided among ourselves the twelve parts of the world, and went forth to the Gentiles, the devil stirred up the people to send after us false apostles. Accordingly Simon and those who were with him followed the steps of me, Peter. And when he had come to Rome he worked great destruction in the Church, dissuading many and bringing them over to his side (*deexhortans multos et adoptans sibi*), and was seducing the Gentiles by his sorceries. On one occasion when I went forth I saw him flying through the air. I stopped and called out, "In the power of the Holy Name of Jesus I cut off your power." Forthwith he fell to the ground and broke the ankle of his foot. Many then left him, but others who were worthy of him remained with him.

The story which Hippolytus tells differs so entirely from the one in the Acts that it is impossible to suppose it to have been taken from them.

Between the story of the Acts and that of the *Didaskalia* there are very close resemblances; they run, in fact, on parallel lines. There are, nevertheless, divergences which suggest two independent versions of the same legend, instead of the Acts being the source from which the author of the *Didaskalia* derived his narrative. In the Acts, for example, St Paul first preached in Rome, then Simon Magus arrives, and last of all St Peter; while in the *Didaskalia* there is no mention of St Paul, and St Peter instead of following Simon to Rome is followed by him. But these are minor points. A more important matter is the relative sobriety of the narrative in the *Didaskalia*. This suggests that we have here not only an independent but also a more primitive version of the story than is found in the Acts.

In the Acts themselves there are what seem like traces

* vi, 20.

† We have followed the Latin translation (slightly abridging it) which was discovered recently by Hauler (*Didaskalia Apostolorum: Fragmenta Latina Veronensia*). An English rendering of the Syriac version will be found in the article on Simon Magus in Hastings's *Bible Dictionary*.

the Neronian Persecution

of an earlier version. In the first place Simon is represented as falling from an enormous height, yet he only breaks his leg. Such a trifling mishap suggests that the compiler of the Acts was dressing up some story which did not make Simon soar above "the temples and the mountains," and that when he came to the final catastrophe either his imagination flagged, or he was afraid to tamper with a fixed tradition. Again, the bringing of St Paul to Rome before Simon Magus and St Peter has all the appearance of a clumsy interpolation. St Peter is sent to Rome at the end of twelve years, during which he had been commanded to stay in Jerusalem, because "Simon whom *thou* drovest out of Judea has once more forestalled you [*præoccupavit vos*—note the plural] in Rome." Not to speak of the chaotic chronology which takes St Paul to Rome within twelve years after the Passion, the words *præoccupavit vos*—the *vos* must mean the Apostles—are quite unsuitable if St Peter's brother Apostle had been in Rome before Simon. They are more likely to have been heedlessly transcribed than deliberately chosen by the compiler of the Acts of Peter.*

We gather, then, from the conjoint evidence of *The Didaskalia* and the *Acts of Peter*, that long before the close of the second century some such story as the following was in circulation. St Peter immediately after the dispersion of the Apostles, and Simon Magus immediately after his discomfiture in Palestine, both went to Rome. The latter deceived many persons by his magical arts, exhibiting, among other

*The following coincidences suggest the possibility of Eusebius (H.E. II, 13, 15) having partly derived his account of Simon Magus in Rome from the same source as the compiler of the Acts. (1) The devil, "wishing to be beforehand in seizing the imperial city [cf. the προὔρπασθαι of Eusebius with the *præoccupare* of the Acts], conducts Simon thither." (2) St Peter speedily follows as in the Acts. (3) Simon is detected in his evil deeds, not in Samaria, but, as in the Acts of Peter, in Judea—"Quem tu ejecisti de Judea" (*Actus Petri*, v); "ego Petrus hunc Simonem a Judea fugavi, multa mala facientem" (ib. xvii). Eusebius is not likely to have made use of the Acts of Peter. He certainly regarded them as possessing no authority (H.E. III, 3) and probably classed them with the Acts of Andrew and of John as heretical writings (H.E. III, 25; cf. Schmidt, *Petrusakten*, p. 25).

The Roman Church down to

things, what modern books on psychical research would call the phenomenon of levitation. He once displayed this power in the presence of St Peter, but when the Apostle invoked the name of Christ he fell to the ground and broke his leg.

Some forty years or more ago three most competent witnesses, one of whom was a man of high scientific attainments, averred that they had seen the spiritualist, Dr Home, "sail in the air, by moonlight, out of one window and in at another, at the height of seventy feet from the ground." As might be expected, the scientific world was very angry when it heard of this story, and its indignation was voiced by the eminent physiologist, Dr Carpenter, who, besides trying to pick holes, though not very successfully, it would seem, in the evidence, attempted a *reductio ad absurdum*. If, he argued, people believed in Home's feat, they had "no reason for refusing credit to the historical evidence of the demoniacal elevation of Simon Magus." Of course, as Mr Andrew Lang points out, there is no parallel between the two cases. "We have no contemporary evidence at all about Simon's feat, while for Home's we have the evidence of three living and honourable men whom Dr Carpenter might have cross-examined." *

For psychical researchers the story of Simon is, of course, quite worthless. But as evidence for the prosaic fact that two individuals met at a given time in a certain city, it has some value. The case of Dr Home shows that it may rest upon a real foundation. If the spiritualist of the nineteenth century persuaded people that they saw him fly through the air, it is quite possible that the magician of the first century did the same. Here we must leave the matter. The story cannot be traced back to contemporary witnesses; yet it is very ancient, and, in its primitive form, apparently contained nothing which contemporary witnesses might not have supposed that they saw.

A few words must now be said about the account of Simon Magus given in the *Philosophumena*. This is gener-

* *Cock Lane and Common Sense*, by Andrew Lang, p. 326.

the Neronian Persecution

ally supposed to place the final contest between St Peter and Simon at a time when St Paul was likewise at Rome, that is during the reign of Nero. Hippolytus says that Simon having been detected by *the Apostles** in Samaria, went to Rome, where he (again) fell in with *the Apostles* and was opposed by St Peter. The plural, "Apostles," is usually taken to indicate the presence of some other Apostle besides St Peter, presumably St Paul. This, however, seems very questionable. The fact that St Peter alone is named seems to imply that it was in his person that Simon again encountered *the Apostles*, the word being repeated to emphasize the parallel between what happened at Samaria and at Rome.

It must also be noted that Hippolytus says nothing about Simon's aerial flight. Can this be taken as a proof that he was unacquainted with this story? Hardly, we think. His chief concern was with Simon's doctrine; he only gives a summary outline of his career. The flitting through the air, which only ended in a broken ankle, need not have been more in his eyes than a badly managed conjuring trick.

As an indication of the strength and fixity of the tradition which brought St Peter to Rome about this year, A.D. 42, the story of his meeting the Jewish philosopher Philo there deserves to be quoted:

It is also said [writes Eusebius] that Philo, in the reign of Claudius, became acquainted at Rome with Peter, who was preaching there. Nor is this improbable, for the work of which we have already spoken . . . clearly contains the customs of the Church which are observed to this day.†

The work to which Eusebius alludes was *The Contemplative Life*, in which Philo gives an account of the Jewish ascetics known as the Therapeutæ. It had somehow come to be believed that these Therapeutæ were the Christian converts of St Mark at Alexandria. Philo was at Rome in A.D. 40 on a mission to Caligula on behalf of his fellow-

* i.e., St Peter and St John (Acts ix, 14).

† H. E. II, 17.

The Roman Church down to

countrymen, who were being maltreated. He probably did not return to Alexandria till after the accession of Claudius (A.D. 41), who issued an edict in favour of the Jews. Philo's supposed interest in Christianity, and the fact that he was in Rome at the time when, according to tradition, St Peter was also there, probably gave rise to the surmise that the two actually met. The surmise, as happens every day, quickly became a positive statement. There are too many apocryphal stories of celebrated persons meeting for this particular one to merit any special attention, except for the reason already given—it presupposes a belief in St Peter's early arrival in Rome.

A further illustration of the strength of this tradition is the fact that Eusebius assumes as a matter of course that St Mark's Gospel was written in the time of Claudius. After recounting how "the power of Simon was quenched and immediately destroyed together with the man himself" by "the divine word" brought by Peter to Rome, he at once continues, "and so greatly did the splendour of piety illumine the minds of Peter's hearers that . . . they besought Mark that he would leave them a written monument of the doctrine which had been orally communicated to them." Eusebius gives us his authority for this account of the origin of Mark's Gospel. "Clement in his eighth book of the Hypotyposes . . . and with him agrees . . . Papias."*

Now while on the one hand Eusebius probably went beyond the authorities whom he cites in giving so definite a date to the composition of St Mark's Gospel, on the other hand he is not likely to have linked it so closely to the story of the overthrow of Simon Magus, unless some definite tradition to this effect had come down to him. It is impossible to say when or where this tradition arose, and, in face of the consensus of critics that the second Gospel at the very earliest was not written till shortly before St Peter's martyrdom, it must be regarded as erroneous. Still, the fact that it sprang up is an additional proof of the prevalence of the tradition it presupposes of the early date at which St Peter's connexion with Rome began.

* H. E. ii, 15.

the Neronian Persecution

We have next to consider whether there is anything intrinsically improbable in this certainly very ancient tradition. When St Peter escaped from Herod Agrippa, there were many circumstances which might lead him to Rome. Apart from the proverbial ease with which a man can lie hid in a great city, the Apostle would probably have been safer from pursuit in Rome than anywhere else. Throughout the East the Jewish Communities were able to exercise not merely civil, but even, though perhaps not quite legally, criminal jurisdiction over their own members.* But in Rome they had no such powers. There "the Jews never obtained . . . a publicly recognized distinctive position, and publicly recognized separate courts."† Moreover, the Apostle might be attracted to Rome by the fact that he would find there great numbers of Palestinian Jews, the descendants of prisoners of war who had been sold as slaves and afterwards liberated. He would naturally be more at home and better able to exercise his apostolate among such men than among the Hellenistic Jews of the East. Again, it is by no means unlikely that there were already converts to Christianity in Rome who would be eagerly demanding the presence of some Apostle. Finally, it should be remembered that Simon Magus played the part of an antichrist with some success. There is, therefore, nothing intrinsically unlikely in the tradition which made St Peter go to Rome for the express purpose of unmasking him.

The argument from silence calls for a few further remarks. To begin with the Epistle to the Romans. It seems safe to assert that the silence of this Epistle can have no significance for the time before it was written. If St Peter was not actually in Rome when St Paul was writing, there was no reason why his name should be introduced. The question becomes more difficult when we come to the time when the Epistle was being written and dispatched. Nevertheless, supposing St Peter was in Rome at that very time, it is quite possible that St Paul would purposely refrain from bringing his name into the Epistle, lest by doing so he

*Schürer, *The Jewish People*, etc., II, ii, p. 173.

†Mommson, *The Provinces*, vol. II, p. 173.

The Early Roman Church

should seem to include him among the persons to whom it was addressed. It is worth noting in this connexion how careful St Paul was to give a certain informal or unofficial character to this Epistle addressed to "another man's foundation." This is shown by the way in which on more than one occasion he half excuses himself for writing to the Romans at all; and perhaps also by the fact that he refrains from addressing them in their corporate capacity. The Epistle is "to all that are in Rome, beloved of God," not "to the Church of God which is at Rome."*

The silence of the Epistles written from Rome seems to lose all significance when we remember the difference between an ancient letter conveyed by a trustworthy messenger and a modern one sent by post. The latter contains all the news which the writer wishes to send, the former may be expected to omit what could just as well be delivered by word of mouth. There is nothing, therefore, in the argument from silence to outweigh the positive evidence, such as it is, in favour of the traditional view of St Peter's early arrival in Rome.

FRANCIS BACCHUS

*The Epistles written before Romans are to "the Church of the Thessalonians," to "the Church of God which is at Corinth," to "the Churches of Galatia." In Philippians, however, and Colossians the word "church" is not used in the address; and, naturally, not in Ephesians which was a circular Epistle.

CATHOLIC RECORDS in the DIOCESE of CHESTER

TO the history of the Catholics in England during the later period of the penal laws belongs the interest which attaches to the beginning of a great movement. Monsignor Ward, in his book entitled *Catholic London a Century Ago*, has told the story of the South, but progress was quicker in the North of England, where continuity with the past had been more faithfully preserved, and where the number of Catholics was greater. Our information for this part of the country is derived from the Registers of the Anglican diocese of Chester, in which are preserved the answers given by Protestant clergymen to questions put to them by their Bishops as to, *inter alia*, the number and influence of Catholics in the various parishes. We are thus assured of the accuracy, or at any rate of the freedom from exaggeration, of our authorities. The diocese of Chester, from the time it was constituted in 1541 till 1836, when the process of division of old and the creation of new dioceses under the schemes of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners began, comprised the whole of Lancashire and Cheshire, a southern portion of Westmorland and Cumberland and a large triangular piece of the North Riding of Yorkshire, which had its apex at Knaresborough and Ripon. The Archdeaconries of Chester and Richmond, into which it was divided, included respectively the portions of the diocese which lay south and north of the Ribble. The Visitations from which we take our information were held by Bishop Beilby Porteous in 1778, by Bishop Henry William Majendie in 1804, and by Bishop Bowyer Edward Sparke in 1811. The questions were accompanied by circular letters; that of 1778 ran as follows:

Sir,—Being desirous to obtain as accurate and particular an account as I can of the state of my Diocese, that I may be better enabled to be useful in it, and to discharge properly the many and great duties incumbent on me, I send you the following questions,

Catholic Records in

under each of which I must beg the favour of you to write an answer, after making all necessary inquiries, and at the end of the whole to sign your name. By doing this as accurately as you are able, and delivering your answers to me at my Visitation, you will greatly assist and oblige,

Your affectionate Brother,

B. CHESTER.

Lambeth, April 6, 1778.

The first two questions were as follows:

1. What is the extent of your parish? What villages or hamlets does it comprehend? What families of note are there in it?

2. Are there any Papists in your parish, and how many and of what rank? Have any persons been lately perverted to Popery, and by whom and by what means? How many and who are they? Is there any place in your parish where they assemble for worship and where is it? Does any Popish Priest reside in your parish or resort to it? Is there any Popish school kept in your parish? Has any Confirmation or Visitation been lately held in your parish by any Popish Bishop, and by whom and when? And how often is this done?

We have similar letters in 1804 and 1811, followed by a series of questions almost identical in terms with those already quoted. The object of these questions was not, as might at first be supposed, to facilitate the persecution of recusants. A large measure of toleration had been granted to Catholics by Acts of Parliament passed in 1778 (Sir George Savile's Act) and 1791; and apart from statutory protection we must remember that, according to Sir Reginald Palgrave, during the whole period of sixty years of George III's reign only one priest was ever brought to trial. Even he escaped condemnation through the connivance of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, who would not accept evidence of his being a priest unless the witness had been present at his ordination.

We can assume, therefore, that the only motive for such inquiries was a genuine desire for full information as to the spiritual condition of the parishes of this large and scattered diocese. We must remember, too, that there were corresponding questions put as to the existence of Protes-

the Diocese of Chester

tant Nonconformity: therefore the object of the circulars was not to obtain a knowledge of Catholics only. Besides, although Catholic priests were required by law to be registered in the Government books, the Bishops do not inquire whether they have complied with this formality or not; whilst in treating of Nonconformist ministers they are careful to ask whether they have taken out the requisite licence from Quarter Sessions. The whole tone of the Visitation Articles points to nothing more than a laudable desire for complete diocesan information. To the questions as to Protestant Nonconformity equally full replies were given. Other questions require the rector to state the population of his parish, its moral condition, what services are held in his church, whether he keeps due residence, whether he employs an assistant curate, and, if so, at what stipend, what schools are maintained, what are the customs in his parish as to marriages, and so forth. The last question was a general one, giving the clergyman an opportunity of laying any complaint before, or giving any information to, his Diocesan, that he might wish; but the chief use made of it was to lodge complaints against the legally permitted custom of volunteer drills on Sundays, which was held to be a profanation of the Lord's Day.

The tone of the replies is in general surprisingly friendly. Several incumbents go out of their way to commend the priest as "a respectable candid man," "an inoffensive quiet person," and the like. In one case we find an emigrant abbé teaching French in a Grammar School under the Vicar's control; "and," notes the Vicar, "he is the principal instructor in that tongue in this part of the country."

In most parishes the numbers of the Catholics are so precisely stated that the source of the rector's information can hardly have been other than the priest himself. In fact, several rectors acknowledge the assistance given them in this way; in only one case, hereinafter to be mentioned, do we find such assistance specifically refused, and this was due to the offensive wording of the inquiry. The kind

Catholic Records in

treatment of Catholics may be contrasted with the tone of one rector, who cheerfully replies to the query about Nonconformists, "None of y^e above rubbish in my parish, or perhaps I ought to say, schismatics, Sectaries, &c." Corresponding references to the Catholic laity are quite different. The clergy often state that the Catholics are "poor men," "of humble rank," etc., etc., and we shall find a case where a vicar plumed himself upon his lenient treatment of a Catholic woman.

In a great number of parishes the incumbents had no Popery to record. Of this type there are two classes: those who go conscientiously straight through the Bishop's queries, and report, "There are no Papists in my parish, no place of worship where they resort, no priest resident in the parish, and no school kept by a Papist. I have never heard of any Confirmation or Visitation by any Popish Bishop"; and those who curtly say, "No Papists in my parish." The truth of many of these reports is supported by evidence that the information has been obtained from Catholic priests. But there are cases where clergymen have saved themselves trouble by an inaccurate return of "No Papists." For example, the Catholics of Chester in 1804 possessed a good-sized chapel in Queen Street, and had a resident priest, the Rev. T. Penswick, afterwards Vicar Apostolic. Yet the only Catholics reported by the Protestant clergy of Chester are: "Forty or fifty of the lower ranks" (report of the Vicar of St John's), and "a hairdresser and his family" (report of the Rector of St Peter's). The other six incumbents returned, "No Papists." We cannot believe that the whole of the worshippers in Queen Street lived in these two parishes.*

*From even earlier returns than those with which we are about to deal we find that in 1767 (eleven years before any toleration was legally granted) there were working in the Cheshire portion of the diocese five priests, namely:

Chester: John Cowling.

Puddington: Richard Reese (Chaplain to John Stanley Massie, Esq.)

Eastham: Anthony Carroll (Chaplain to Sir R. Stanley, Bart.)

the Diocese of Chester

From the returns of 1778 we obtain reliable information as to the number of priests in the district, the chapels they served; whether public or private, and, less accurately perhaps, the number of worshippers. There seem to have been fifty-three priests altogether. There were five at St Helens; five at Kirkham; four at Winwick (i.e., one each for Culcheth, Sidworth, Garswood and Brinn); three at Goosnargh (comprising the Hill, Goosnargh and News-ham); three at Liverpool; two each at Sephton (Sefton), Ormskirk, Burscough, Lydiate Hall, Aughton Eccleston, Douglas and Manchester; and one at each of the following places: Chester, Whitewell, Melling, Strangeways (Hindley), Bedford (Leigh), Appleton, Formby, Balders-ton, Accrington, Burnley, Holme, Brindle, Standish, Chipping, Woodplumpton, Tatham and Warton. The priests mentioned by name are: Rev. Joseph Williams and Rev. Raymond Harris, Lumber Street, Liverpool, and Rev. John Price at Chorley Street in the same town; Father Duckworth at Strangeways; Mr Moore at White-well; Mr Thomas Butler at Melling; Mr Marsden at Chester (Foregate Street). At the five missions in the parish of Kirkham, namely Kirkham, Westby Hall, Singleton, Salwick and Goosnargh, the following names are given: Mr Bannister, Mr Cureden, S.J., Mr Errol, Mr Husbands, Mr Wilcox. Only one school is mentioned by name, that under the care of Mary Lucas at Aughton.

The distribution of the Catholic population is very interesting, as showing the change that has come over the country in the past century. Under Kirkham, with its five priests already mentioned, we find a population in all of 1,380 souls, a contrast to Liverpool, which returns only 400. At Standish Gate, Wigan, there are 1,194; at Preston,

Alderley: John Mackay (blind and incapable of duty, Chaplain to Mrs Stanley).

Sutton: Mr Hulme.

Considering that they were not only unprotected, but threatened by the law with forfeiture of goods and lifelong imprisonment for the exercise of their sacred functions, their names ought not to be forgotten.

Catholic Records in

1,000; and Garstang, including Scorton and Claughton, claims 1,000; Goosnargh has 580; Leyland, Standish, Eccleston, Warrington, Lytham, Formby and Alston are all equal in importance, if not excelling Liverpool in this respect, having from 400 to 500. St Helens, with its five Chapels, returns 800; Ormskirk and Burscough give 755; Fernihaugh and Samlesbury 337; whilst at Chipping, Woodplumpton, Weldbank (Chorley), Brindle and Richmond, the numbers are from 200 to 300. Kirkby Kendal has 150. Smaller populations of 100 and less, in many cases without a chapel or resident priest, are found at Aughton, Much Woolton (Childwall), Lydiate Hall, Claughton, Clapham, Bedford, Appleton, Croxteth, Buckley, Balderston, Accrington, Whitewell, Great Budworth, Latham Eccles, Cockerham, Holme, Helsington, Warton, Chester and Eastham.

We see also the extent to which Catholicism depended upon the gentry, for in most of the above-named places it was the gentry who provided the chapels, or mainly supported the priests supplying them. Thus, we find William Manley, Esq., at Aughton, Mr Halsall at Lydiate Hall, and Mr Scarsbrick at Ormskirk. At St Helens there were B. L. Eccleston, Esq., of Blackbrook Hall; Mrs W. Eccleston, of Hardshaw Hall, Thos Eccleston, Esq., of Gowley Hill, and J. O. Pope, Esq., of Eccleston Hall. Croxteth (Walton) was supported by J. Harding Fazakerly, Esq. Mrs Formby is mentioned in connexion with Formby, and the family of Crossbrook with Orrell (Holland). John Simpson supports the chapel at Samlesbury, Lady Stourton at Accrington, Charles Townley, Esq., at Burnley, Mr Hateley at Brindle, W. Gillibrand at Chorley, W. Dicconson, Esq., James Nelson, Esq., and D. Halliwell, Esq., at Eccleston, and Mrs Nelson (Fairhurst) at Douglas. At Standish we find Ed. Standish, Esq., Manor House, and at Eccles H. Trafford, Esq. Great Budworth was served from Dutton Lodge and Cockerham from Thurnham Hall. Westby Hall, Mr Clifton's house, is the residence of the Jesuit Father Cureden, whilst Mr Westby, of Mowbreck, evidently had a chaplain in the person of Mr Ban-

the Diocese of Chester

nister, who supplied Kirkham. Mr J. Hummer appears at Goosnargh, and Messrs Gerrard, Dalton, Hesketh and Richard Butler are mentioned as being at Preston. Mr Ingleby is spoken of at Clapham, which was served monthly. Melling was supported by the Hon. F. Charteris, of Hornby Castle; Warton by G. Townley, Esq., of Leighton Hall; and Sir W. Stanley, Bart., maintained Hooton (Eastham).

Of the various comments made by the clergy in submitting their reports, we may select a few that are deserving of notice. They are generally à propos of a "conversion" or a "perversion." In the extensive parish of Kirkham there were no less than five Catholic chapels. At one of these, Westby, the priest in charge, Father Cureden, S.J., seems to have been a zealous worker. Hence his collision with the Vicar, whose report runs as follows:

Three years ago Nixon's wife, of Westby, was converted to Popery. Mr Talbot, who bears the name of Mansel, an ex-Jesuit, who resides with Mr Clifton at Lytham Hall, assured me that the conversion was voluntary, and that he would take care that the person herself would acquaint me with it very soon. After waiting some time for her appearance, without effect, I called upon Mr Cureden, the Priest at Westby, desiring he would send me the above-mentioned woman as residing then in his neighbourhood. She soon after came with her husband to inform me that her change of sentiments was her own free choice. Whether her husband, who was before a Papist, attended her, lest his influence should be necessary to enable her to persevere in her resolution, is scarcely a doubt, as it is confidently alleged by credible witnesses in their neighbourhood that he detained her from church by force, and it was near twelve months before his threats of further violence produced the desired effect.

From Samlesbury we have a similar story:

Charles Radcliffe, a Papist in my Chapelry, has taken an apprentice girl above a year ago, but of another town, of eight years of age, for the term of thirteen years, born of Protestant Parents. Some time since the mother of the child applied to me for redress, informing me that the master, to whom the child was by indenture bound, refused her the liberty of going to church, and was mindful

Catholic Records in

to take her to Mass. The next morning I went over to the man, and gently asked him whether he would be pleased to permit his apprentice to go to church for public worship, or if he intended to dispute it with us. He returned me for answer that he was determined to spend a hundred pounds before he would be outdone by the mother, or any other person taking her part. I then made it my business to see the male Surety of the child on the occasion, and we have done all we possibly can to bring Radcliffe over, but he still continues refractory. I am in a very warm climate, and have great reason to wish that measures might be taken to oblige him to submit.—W. STOCKDALE, Curate of Samlesbury.

Mr Radcliffe seems to have been a militant Catholic. If this be a true statement of the case, his zeal certainly outran his discretion, and we can understand Mr Stockdale's complaint of being in a warm climate. Occasionally the incumbent's opinion of the priest is neither hostile nor friendly, but one of haughty contempt, e.g., the Vicar of Holme reports:

Six or seven persons. A priest visits. I am not personally acquainted with this priest, but I can assure your Lordship, from undoubted authority, that neither his abilities nor conduct will ever much hurt the Protestant Cause.

The Rev. Thomas Maddock, Rector of Liverpool, has a kind word of appreciation for the priests:

Both they and their congregations behave peaceably, orderly and with due submission to the Laws and those who are set in authority over them. And I must do them the justice to say that they have of late been particularly loyal to the King, and liberal in their contributions to the exigencies of the State.

This testimony is corroborated by the Vicar of St Thomas's, who says: "The priests are of inoffensive lives, and are well affected to the present Government."

Much the same report comes from the Curate of Childwall, the Rev. Thos Donnett, whose commendation even extends to the flock. "They are," says he, "an orderly, well-governed people, and have been remarkably loyal to the present Royal family during the American Rebellion."

the Diocese of Chester

From Balderston, near Blackburn, however, comes a complaint of the dreadful results which may be expected to follow from the relaxation of the Penal Laws, effected by Savile's Act (passed that very year).

More than one of the Papists have given me trouble in trying to convert some of my flock. What effect a free toleration may have among these people is yet unknown. But I am afraid it will occasion many such pretended conversions. My reason for such apprehensions is this. Some time ago I visited a man in a lingering sickness, whose wife and sons were Papists: but going one day to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to him, I was refused admittance, being told by his sons that their priest had been with him, and had converted him, and that I did not need to give myself any further trouble. Having met with this repulse, I wrote a severe and threatening letter to the priest for intruding himself into my office, which had the desired effect. I was again admitted into the sick man's presence, who told me that the priest had been tampering with him, but had made no impression on him, that he remained steadfast in the Protestant profession, and would do so till his dying hour. Now, if this had happened since the repeal of the Penal Laws (and such cases may frequently happen), I should have been set at defiance, and the Papists would have reported that the man had died a true Catholic.

As a last "complaint," from the records of 1778 we may give the report of the Vicar of Nantwich. He tells us that a priest is visiting one Thomas Street, of Woolstone Wood, in his parish; and though the Vicar had sent him two or three tracts, has written to him and spoken to him, the man is adamant to his arguments. "He is a bigot," concludes the Vicar, sadly. Attempts at proselytism were not all on the Catholic side.

The returns of 1804 introduce us to a new condition of affairs. In 1778 the dependence of missions on the Catholic gentry was, as we have seen, very marked. But the abolition of the Penal Laws, which took place during the intervening years, removed the necessity of aristocratic protection. Thenceforth a mission was started wherever a congregation could be got together, and by a gradual development from small beginnings, churches, or "chapels"

Catholic Records in

as they were then called, were commenced, and priests supplied with a residence of their own through the generosity of the people, frequently helped by the charity of Catholics abroad. These early congregations of Catholics were, however, soon affected by the Industrial Revolution which tended to bring them to the centres of industry, where many from Ireland also flocked; and hence to-day, places that once boasted a Catholic chapel and a fair congregation are deserted, while towns like Birkenhead or Rochdale, which in 1778 had no Chapel at all, now possess a large Catholic population.

In the returns themselves we find an extraordinary advance all along the line. A very noticeable feature is the presence of French names among the clergy, mainly due to the expulsion of priests from France and the Low Countries at the time of the French Revolution. The Bishop of the North-western District at this time was William Gibson. Reports of him are to be found all over the diocese. He is spoken of by one clergyman as "Dr Gibson of Douay College." The tone of the replies seems more mournful than in 1778, on account of the energy displayed by Catholic priests. But there are still kind words. Thus the Rector of Accrington says:

Dunkenhalgh, aforesaid, is the seat of a Popish peer [Lord Petre], has a Popish Chapel in it and a residentiary priest, Mr Hodgson, who is a respectable candid man, and by no means gives offence to any of the neighbouring Clergy. There are no Popish schools, Confirmations or Visitations in the parish. Mr Lomax [Richard Grimshaw Lomax, of Clayton Hall, Esq.] is also a Roman Catholic. Besides these two very respectable families, there are but very few others; none of any rank or condition, and no recent converts that I know or have heard of.

At Audlem we find the case to which we have already alluded, where the French priest gave instructions in the parish school, apparently with the sanction of the Vicar. At Broughton there is another refugee from Douai, a Father Anthony Lund, who is recorded to be ministering to a congregation of "461 Papists, mostly husbandmen and weavers." The Vicar styles him "formerly Regius

the Diocese of Chester

Professor at Douay," and it would be interesting to know by what authority the title is given him.

The report of the Vicar of St John's, Chester, of which we have already spoken, deals with the parish which now contains the Catholic Church of St Werburgh—the Mother Church of Chester. The original chapel in Queen Street was considered by contemporary observers "a substantial and elegant building," and accommodated 300 worshippers. It is now a school for girls. The Vicar (a Mr Richardson) complacently ends his report with the remark, "None perverted since I became Minister," which dates back to 1785. He adds that there was a Catholic Confirmation October 3, 1803, but that he could not discover the Bishop's name.

From Childwell in Lancashire comes a complaint that information has been refused.

There is a number of Papists in the parish, but what their exact number may be I cannot ascertain, as the Roman Catholic Clergyman has taken offence at the word "Papist" being applied to him and his flock, and has on that account refused to give me answers to the above queries. But from what I can collect from others, the number of Papists is not increasing, nor are any, I believe, perverted to Popery. The name of the priest is Dr Brewer; he has been resident in Woolton in this parish for twenty-three years. There is a Nunnery at Woolton; the number that constitute it, are like many other schools, fluctuating and variable. There was a Confirmation at Woolton last year, but I cannot learn the name of the Popish Bishop.

We find at Chorley a priest evidently active in the work of conversion. The Vicar reports:

There are many papists in my parish, but I cannot exactly ascertain their numbers. Since the death of the late priest, Mr John Chadwick, a new teacher, whose name is Thos Thompson, seems by weekly lectures called "New Instruction," and by publishing a small tract entitled, "A Summary of the doctrines of the Church of Rome," to have enlarged the number of hearers at Weldbank, the name of the place of their resort: he resides himself about one mile distant from Chorley. There is a school taught by a papist in my parish, but children of different persuasions attend it.

Catholic Records in

The Vicar adds that a Confirmation is believed to have been held by "a Popish Bishop or other authorized person of that persuasion."

At Church Holme the parson evidently prides himself upon his broad-minded tolerance of a foolish Catholic:

A woman of no rank who attends church can hardly be called a Papist. But that great Absurdity and Stumbling Block, Transubstantiation, keeps her from the Sacrament. I treat her with lenity not only as Charity dictates, but that we may give no countenance to that force which Papists themselves use, and extend to persecution. I have never heard of any Popish priest interfering here.

From the parish of Clitheroe we have the first mention of the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst. Unfortunately for our present purpose the College itself was situated in the parish of Mitton in the archdiocese of York. The Vicar reports the presence of twenty-six Catholics actually within his parish. These, with some who came in from the outlying districts, amounting in all to fifty-five or sixty, attended a chapel in the town built in 1799. We note that seven of this little flock had been converted since the building of the chapel. The Vicar tells us that:

The priest of the name of Lawrenson is one of the Jesuits expelled from the Academy of Liège by the French Army, patronized by Mr Weld, of Lulworth Castle, who lends them a large house, four miles from Clitheroe, where they keep a seminary.

The priest in Lancaster, Dr Rigby, had a chapel in Dalton Square. His flock embraced 400 in the town and 280 from outlying districts. The Vicar reports, on information supplied by Dr Rigby, that "Dr William Gibson, a Popish Bishop," had administered confirmation to 1,338 persons in the preceding November in this chapel—the largest number recorded. At Langho, a hill parish on the borders of Yorkshire, we find that a flock of 102 (visited occasionally by a Mr Hughes, S.J.) habitually crossed the border into Lancashire to hear Mass at Stonyhurst. From Latchford, near Warrington, comes a return that "the Catholics worshipping in Bewsey Street, Warrington,

the Diocese of Chester

comprise 300 to 400 quiet, decent people." A similar report comes from Leigh, where the Catholics are described as "poor, inoffensive people."

Liverpool shows a rapid increase on the figures of 1778. The Lumber Street Chapel is still shown as existing with two priests, but the chapel in Chorley Street has been replaced by two new Chapels, one in Seel Street and another in Sir Thomas's Buildings. The number of priests has also increased from three to five. There was a flourishing Sunday School, in which 200 children were taught; and 500 candidates had recently been confirmed by Bishop Gibson at Seel Street Chapel. The two Rectors of Liverpool erroneously state that Bishop Gibson has recently died, and that they do not know the name of his successor. From our Catholic Directory, however, we see that Bishop Gibson did not die till 1821. They add that "the only recent perverts are people who were of no particular religion."

In the rural parish of Marske (Yorks) the only Catholics were the Squire, Thomas Errington of Clints, and his family, six adults and three infants. Even here a "perversion" is reported. Mrs Errington, aided, no doubt, by "Mons. Jollie," the French *émigré* priest who acted as chaplain to the Errington family, had succeeded in bringing about her Protestant nursemaid into the Catholic Church.

The report of the Rev. Joseph Brookes, Chaplain of Manchester Collegiate Church, is worthy of note. Two chapels, it seems, served a congregation of some 10,000 souls. The older of these chapels (Rook Street) "used in 1776 to hold them all"; but now there were five priests known by name in Manchester, together with "sundry other assistants." The two Catholic schools educated 150 scholars. A confirmation had been held in 1802 by "the Right Rev. Dr Gibson, of Doway College," who also held an annual visitation of the Catholics of the North-western District at Preston. The report continues:

It is to be feared that they increase, as they compass sea and land to make a Proselyte. A Calvinist Minister tells me that a few weeks

Catholic Records in

ago, visiting a poor sick family, he met with one of these Romish priests who had intruded himself, not being invited! Pudet hæc opprobria, etc.! Yet, amidst these Papists and Calvinists and Methodists, common foes, I hope it may be said, "Fear not, O Little Flock," to our Established Church. Esto perpetua!

At Nidd (Yorks) the Catholic squire, Mr Francis Trapps, owned the whole parish, except the Vicarage. He had kept a chaplain, an *émigré* priest, of the name of "Le Faver" (*sic*). The only conversion here was that of Francis Simpson, a farmer. The Vicar charitably concludes that this man's secession was due to the Dean and Chapter of Ripon having brought an action for tithes against the parish, of which, no doubt, Simpson had to bear his share—a very formidable argument indeed for a change of religion. The description of Preston, then, as now, a stronghold of Catholicism, is extremely interesting.

This quarter of Great Britain is supposed to constitute the headquarters of Popery. In the town of Preston there has been from time immemorial a popish chapel. One of the streets still retains the name of Friarsgate, as the town has been thought to have derived its name from Priests' Town. A new and most commodious place of worship for the adoration of dead men and women, as well as angelic beings, was erected about eleven years since, capable of containing at least 2,000 devotees, and is generally well filled on their favourite festivals as well as Sundays. There is a nunnery which was established about the same time. The present Lady Abbess is a Mrs Hesketh. Her gilt crozier was carried in the open street by a Popish gilder, when he had finished it. These two buildings are within a few yards of each other, and both are close to the back of my house, which stands between the popish parsonage, inhabited by two Jesuits—Messrs Joseph Dunn and Richd Morgan; and on the other side I have Mr Dalton for my neighbour, a papist of considerable property, who resides half the year at Preston and the other at Thurnham, near Lancaster. The two priests already mentioned are in general stationed here, except when absent for private [marginal note, "or popish"] reasons, in Ireland or elsewhere. The missionary supposed for such purposes is Mr Dunn.

The Vicar adds that Fathers Dunn and Morgan were assisted occasionally by a curate—a Mr Tate—and that

the Diocese of Chester

other places of worship in the neighbourhood were the nunnery chapel (Father Blacow), and chapels at Fernihough and Cottam, served by two priests, both named Lund. After mentioning that a petty school was kept by a Mr Pemberton, that a Sunday School existed, and that Bishop Gibson had held a Confirmation, he concludes thus: "With regard to perversions of Protestants, the answer given by the Jesuits is that they have a right to attend when they are called for, and to give their opinion when asked."

The records of the remainder of this Visitation (from Preston to the end of the alphabet) are unfortunately missing, and we must conclude our sketch of the Catholic population with a few illustrations from Bishop Sparke's Visitation in 1811.

At Standish the Rev. Richard Fisher is described as a "monk and a worthy man." The Vicar continues:

I know of no late perversions to Popery, but attempts to pervert are incessant. Busybodies and silly women will do and suffer mischief as in earlier days, and those principles which tolerate persecution and will compass sea and land to make one proselyte will ever be acute, and cannot readily be restrained. I know of no Popish school, but some Papists teach children of all persuasions promiscuously, using their respective catechetical forms to get their daily bread. There is certainly danger of the increase of Popery, for the mass of property is in the hands of Popish gentry, and tenants of that persuasion will have a preference in their farms, and until the gentry abandon their errors there is little chance of establishing that universal communion of true Christianity, which shall be the joy of the whole earth. Moreover, the intermarriage of Papists with members of the Established Church is another source of jealousy. I know of no effectual check to this evil, but the inhibition of such marriages, which perhaps would not be politically expedient. The reprinting of the late Rev. Charles Leslie's luminous discourse on this subject might perhaps do good.

Tatham provides an instance where the Establishment is able to boast a conversion of a man and wife and eight children from the errors of the Romish faith to the

Catholic Records in

Church of England, and "no perverts to Rome." The Curate of Stanley, near Knaresborough, is exceptional in suggesting to the Bishop that an active *émigré* priest, of the name of Rouliac, chaplain to Mrs Messenger, of Clayton Hall, should be expelled from England on account of his zealous work in converting Protestants, in which he was aided by an English priest named Saul. A more tolerant attitude is shown in the report of the learned historian, Dr Whittaker, then Rector of Whalley, who says:

There are not many Papists in this parish. I do not know that any converts have been made to Popery. There is a Catholic Chapel at Clitheroe and another (domestic) at Towneley. At the latter is a resident Chaplain. His name [left blank]. At Towneley is a Sunday School. No Confirmation or Visitation has been held, so far as I know, in my parish by any Popish Bishop, all episcopal offices for the Catholics of this parish being performed occasionally at the Seminary of Stonyhurst, in the adjoining parish of Mitton.

From Singleton we hear for the first and only time the proper title of Bishop Gibson, viz., Bishop of Acanthos. The priest's name here was Joseph Orrell. The details from Wigan show, as in other places, the hand of the priest in furnishing information. The Catholic population was 3,500, 1,800 of whom were communicants. Within the parish were four Catholic chapels, and a Sunday School had been established. There had been no Confirmation for eight years, due to the indisposition of "Dr Gibson their titular Bishop," at the date of his septennial visit.

To summarize the results to be obtained from the records of 1804 and 1811, we find that within the diocese there were 107 Catholic chapels served by 127 priests, as against 53 priests in 1778. These chapels, however, included the domestic chapels of the gentry, which in the great majority of cases were rooms of their houses set apart for Divine Worship. The task would be too great to set out here the full muster roll of the priests. We will content ourselves by mentioning a few of the more prominent. The Bishop of the Northern District at this time was, as we have seen, Dr William Gibson, Bishop of Acanthos,

the Diocese of Chester

who had been consecrated in 1790 and lived till 1821. He at this time resided in the city of Durham. The priests claiming the Doctor's degree were only four in number: Dr Brewer of Childwall, Dr Rigby of Lancaster, Dr Dunne of Blackburn and Dr Everard of Ulverston. Five only were known to be Jesuits. It is not unlikely, since Jesuits were in greater danger than the secular clergy, that some may have concealed their membership of the Society. Of others known to be regulars we only find Father Anthony Lund, of Broughton, formerly "Regius Professor of Douai," and presumably a Benedictine; William Morton, Lord Petre's Chaplain at Goosnargh, and Richard Fisher, of Standish Hall, both stated to be monks. The Catholic nobility mentioned by name include the Earls of Derby and Sefton, Lord Petre, Sir William Gerard, Sir John Lawson and Lady Clifford. Among the gentry we find the families of Lomax, Stonor, Weld, Trafford, Dicconson, Strickland, Clifton, Errington, Riddell, Constable and Towneley.

The Catholic strongholds seem to have been Blackburn (754), Brindle (1,271), Garstang ("about 1,201"), St Helens (1,100), Lancaster (680), Leyland (876), Manchester (10,000), Ormskirk (2,000), Prescott (850), Preston (3,000), Standish (800), Sefton (1,427), Liverpool (not stated), Walton (363), Wigan (3,500), Ribchester (1,025), and St Michael's-upon-Wyre (1,066). There were twelve schools altogether, established at Ashton (two), Aughton, Blackburn, Cop, Chorley, Liverpool, Manchester, Prescott, Preston, Towneley and Ribchester. Some of these were Day Schools, others only Sunday Schools. The system of instruction, we are told in many cases, was that invented by the Quaker, Joseph Lancaster, the father of the monitorial system. Finally, to complete our record, seventeen instances are given of Confirmations held by Bishop Gibson.

It would be natural, in conclusion, to point to the difference between the conditions of 1804 and those which obtain at the present day; but the flourishing state of the Church in the North of England is too well known to re-

Catholic Records in Chester

quire that such a comparison should be made here. Many factors have contributed to the change, but it is not easy to measure our debt to the handful of obscure priests, through whose zeal and self-sacrifice the faith was spread, as soon as the rigour of the Penal Laws was relaxed. The names of the gentry, who, after a long period of enforced inaction, were able at last actively to further the work of restoration, are famous in Catholic annals; but the heaviest burdens fell to the lot of the clergy—members of an “Italian Sect” more despised than feared—who wandered through the country establishing churches and chapels, like the first ministers of the Gospel in the Roman Empire.

R. J. CHAMBERS

A STUDENT & SOCIAL Worker of the Eighteenth Century

Maria Gaetana Agnesi. By L. Anzoletti. Milano: L. F. Cogliati.
1900.

"**W**HATEVER advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to and literature to teach." So wrote Ruskin in 1865. The consideration seems obvious enough. Yet in a world of constant change it presents itself ever afresh for settlement, both to groups and to individuals. As the question directly affects women, it might seem to be modern of the modern, were it not that sometimes in books, sometimes in the emergence of remarkable women, we find proof that it is older than it seems.

To such a woman Signora Luisa Anzoletti has erected a monument in a book which, though rather marred by discursiveness and by a certain exuberance of feeling and of style, is full of varied interest. Moreover, it is pronounced by a competent critic* to show a thoroughness of erudition "that has something quite masculine about it." It may all the better form the basis for a sketch of Maria Agnesi, as the accounts of her in standard reference works contain various misstatements.

She was born in Milan in 1718. That city was beginning to prosper exceedingly under the rule of Austria, mild and beneficent by contrast with the recently-borne Spanish yoke. Though the surrounding territory was still for many years the scene of wars between the rival powers, it became intellectually and materially the leading city in Italy. There was a gay and splendid social life, and a certain amount of political activity. Literature, as all over the country, was in a period of imitation and sterility; but there was much

* R. Fornaciari, in *Nuova Antologia*, Nov. 1, 1900.

A Student and Social Worker

useful unearthing and publishing of documents, and much genuine, if not exactly brilliant, work done in mathematical and physical science. The upper classes, by their leisure and traditions, were the patrons of learning. Litterateurs and savants were welcomed to their salons. Thus it was that Pietro Agnesi, the affluent son of a silk-merchant, was able gradually to "ennoble his family, procuring for it a kind of aristocracy within the reach of the wealthy in those days, by exercising a privilege almost confined to nobles: that of busying himself with literary pursuits and gathering learned men around him."* He legalized, so to say, his position, by acquiring in 1740, in addition to estates already in his family, the imperial fief of Montevicchia, with the title of *Don* and a coat of arms.

Given this social ambition, which was apparently the chief motive of his life, it is easy to understand that he fostered in every way the extraordinary and precocious cleverness of his two eldest daughters, Maria Gaetana and Teresa. A sonnet, written when Maria was five years old, commemorates her marvellous fluency in French. She picked up some Latin from overhearing a little brother's lessons, and was forthwith given into the hands of his tutor, to such good purpose that at nine she was able to make her first public appearance in the literary world with a Latin oration that she had translated from the Italian of her master.

The oration and the occasion are each curious and typical. "Academies," reunions for literary, learned or artistic diversions, were quite the custom at that time. On August 18, 1727, "literary noblemen, professors of the Palatine schools, savants of the city and from other places, above all a crowd of Arcadian shepherds, who had prospered in Milan since 1704, thronged the garden of the new lordly house, which promised to be a highly popular meeting-place for cultured Milanese society."† The promise was realized, and the Agnesi "academies," which became the chief business of Don Pietro and only ceased with his death, were later quite a Milanese speciality.

Of the oration—printed together with a selection of

*Op. cit. p. 84.

†Op. cit. p. 86.

of the Eighteenth Century

complimentary odes, sonnets, madrigals, epigrams, for a perpetual memory in the same year—it will be enough to record that it was in clear, sonorous, classical Latin, and to set down the title: *Oratio, qua ostenditur: artium liberarum studia a femineo sexu neutiquam abhorrere, habita a Maria de Agnesiis*, etc. The question had been raised in Padua, and was, it appears, in a very acute stage in Northern Italy between 1723 and 1729. Could the most convinced opponent of the thesis fail to reconsider his position when he heard so appealing an advocate hold out this alluring prospect: “Evolent igitur tandem aliquando hisce ab angustiis (i.e., spinning, turning over the contents of the work-basket, and *labores alii otio peiores*) ad rerum contemplationem fœminarum ingenia, dimittantur ad amœnissimâ nobilissimarum artium studia; nullus jam importunus clamor domesticam quietem perturbabit, nulla inepta contentio privatæ rei exagitabit concentum. Quemadmodum enim nihil ærumnosius est, quam cum indoctæ coniugis pervicacia in singula momenta colluctari, ita nihil beatius quam humanissimos identidem audire sermones eruditæ uxoris.” “There is no describing the enthusiasm excited by the charming classical oratress. All Milan was full of her. Compliments in prose and verse, in Italian, Latin and even Greek rained upon her from all sides, compliments speaking of which with a philosophy not too common even among philosophers, she observed that they left nothing to be desired but truth.”* No one seems to have detected any absurdity in the whole proceeding. Of the strange conception of childhood that it reveals, we need only say that it was reserved for a much later generation to discover the charm of childishness. Less than a hundred years ago, to judge by Maria Edgeworth and Elizabeth Turner of the *Cautionary Tales*, the ideal child was a painfully formal little person. Another Italian, a predecessor of Maria Agnesi, is thus eulogized by a contemporary: “As a Child she was a Woman, and though a Woman she surpassed in constancy many Men, in Learning many Masters, and many Religious in Piety.”†

* Op. cit. p. 88.
Vol. 142

† Quoted by Signora Anzoletti, p. 101.
129

A Student and Social Worker

Studies so brilliantly begun went on apace. Maria became a most accomplished linguist, studying even Greek and Hebrew; and at twenty-one she had a wide knowledge of philosophy and physics. Her real attainments were of course exaggerated by admirers, and her own simplicity is in striking contrast to their extravagance. Indeed, simplicity and a humorous common sense are predominant notes of her character throughout her life.

An observant and intelligent Frenchman, Charles de Brošses, was travelling in Italy in the year 1739. He tells amusingly how his friends and he were unlucky enough to pass for men of great learning in Milan, and how they were expected to figure in literary assemblies. "The Countess Clelia Borromeo, who not only knows all the sciences and languages of Europe, but speaks Arabic like the Koran, sent to ask us to visit her, and then invited us to her country house, where she was just going. We promised very readily, and broke our promise with the same ease. It will be far worse this evening: we are to have a conference with Signora Agnesi, who is twenty years old, and a walking polyglot, and who, not satisfied with knowing all the Oriental languages, takes it into her head besides to defend theses against all comers in any science, after the example of Pico della Mirandola. Upon my word, I have a good mind not to go; she knows too much for me. Our only resource is to set Loppin on her in geometry, in which our virtuosa principally excels."* His opinion next day had undergone a change. The circle, a literal circle, to which he was introduced consisted of thirty persons of all nationalities, and alone on a sofa sat Mlle Agnesi and her little sister. She was "neither plain nor pretty, very simple and gentle looking." Iced water was handed round, which appeared to De Brošses "a prelude of good omen"—we read elsewhere† of Italian frugality in the matter of refreshments—and then the proceedings began. Count Belloni opened with a Latin address to which Maria replied, and they discussed the origin of springs and the tides observable

* *Lettres Familiales écrites d'Italie*, vol. 1, pp. 93, 94.

† Cantù, *Storia degli Italiani*, vol. XII, p. 449.

of the Eighteenth Century

in some of them. She spoke "like an angel" on this subject. The visitor was next invited to start any philosophical or mathematical question he liked, which, though taken by surprise, he did as best he could. They treated of how the sensations of physical objects affect the soul and are conveyed to the brain, and of light and the primary colours. Loppin disserted with her on the properties of certain curves, of which his friend "did not understand a word." She excused herself from using French, lest she might be at a loss for the scientific terms. Then the conversation became general. "She told me that she was very sorry that this visit had thus taken the form of a disputation; that she did not at all like speaking of these things in company, where, for one person who was amused, twenty were bored. . . . These words seemed to me at least as sensible as the preceding ones, and I was very sorry to hear that she wanted to enter a convent; it is not through necessity, for she is very rich. After we had talked, her little sister played the harpsichord, like Rameau, some pieces by Rameau and others of her own composition, and sang to her own accompaniment." *

The "little sister" was Pietro Agnesi's second daughter, Teresa, a very clever performer and composer. Maria's junior by two years, and unlike her in every way, she was still her inseparable companion and the sharer of her triumphs. Even allowing something for contemporary adulation, her musical talent must have been out of the common. A book of her compositions was graciously received and used by the Empress Maria Teresa. She wrote several operas, and had one of them performed on the occasion of an arch-ducal wedding in 1771, in a series of entertainments that included a libretto by Metastasio and an opera by Mozart. Unlike her sister, Teresa married immediately after her father's death. She had no children, and continued to devote herself to music. She died in 1795.

In the year of De Brosse's visit Maria was at the zenith of her glory socially. She and Teresa were at their country house of Masciago on November 29, when they received

* *Lettres*, I, pp. 105-107.

A Student and Social Worker

orders to betake themselves with all speed to Milan, for, as she writes, "His Highness the Prince of Wolfenbüttel ardently desired to hear my sister play the harpsichord and me speak of things pertaining to philosophy. And his desire was gratified, for next evening he came to our house, and to his great delight heard me discuss the cause of the motion of planets with Padre Branconi, and the nature of colours with Padre Stampa; he heard Teresa sing and play the harpsichord, and then—that he might sleep soundly with both eyes that night—the two of us together play that sweetest musical instrument that borrows its name from love," i.e., the *viola d'amore*.

It is curious that this letter, dated December 9, makes no mention of another even more splendid gathering in *casa Agnesi*, in honour, this time, of the eldest son of the King of Poland, who was travelling incognito in Italy. Not indeed that the incognito seems to have made much difference; De Broses tells how his party arrived on the prince's heels at "the most detestable halting-place in Italy,* wet to the bone, after a road so terrible that their carriage was upset three times. It was bad enough to learn that, travelling with fifty horses, he had engaged every available one at this and succeeding stages; but it was far worse that owing to the princely requirements there was not a spot left to sleep in nor a crumb to eat. His entertainment by Pietro Agnesi is described with a fullness worthy of modern journalism in the *Gazzetta di Milano* for December 2, 1739. The lights, music and decorations were all that was splendid; the greatest personages in Milan thronged the rooms; the most abstruse questions were discussed in the most varied languages, and "Signora Donna Teresa's" interludes on the harpsichord were marvels of execution. Don Pietro had reached the summit of his ambition. But that his daughter's more or less seriously expressed aloofness from the displays he loved had a root of deep disinclination, may be inferred from her wish, clearly formed about this time, to become an Augustinian Blue Sister.

Her desire, though it surprised others besides De Broses,

* *Lettres*, vol. 1, p. 305.

of the Eighteenth Century

was a natural culmination of her development hitherto. From her childhood she showed signs, says her first biographer, Antonio Frisi,* of a truly Christian way of life, and as a girl she spread round her in her family, and outside among the poor, the influence of the most practical religion. For after all, however frequent and splendid the academies were, and however absorbing books may have been, they did not exclude other occupations. She was the eldest of twenty-one children—Don Pietro married no less than three times, and thirteen sons and daughters survived him—and fulfilled the duties of this arduous position so as to earn the description of the "providence of the house." Life in that house must have been a troublous business. Of the many illnesses and deaths at which she was to assist, her mother's was the first. It was a severe trial to the sensitive, delicate girl of fourteen. Over-study had injured her health, and the doctors had prescribed dancing and riding by way of change. She had thrown herself with such eager zest into these new delights that the result was a worse illness than the trouble they were meant to cure. But when she recovered her normal health, she resumed her studies, and taught her brothers Latin and mathematics. She even, but this was later on, instructed the servants in the Catechism, inspiring them with a certain amount of awe, as appears from an anecdote in which they call her *la filosofa*; and it was doubtless a sort of nemesis that the elderly man-servant, with whom she was not allowed to dispense in her old age, reproved her for her remissness in going to sermons, when she preferred to read and meditate in the quiet of her room. Moreover, she was proficient in music, at that time "the Italian art *par excellence*,"† and took part frequently in family concerts. And in spite of her juvenile protest against women sticking on their chairs to spin, she must have acquired some skill in that womanly art, for when very old and nearly blind she spun assiduously to earn money for her poor.

Perhaps the difficulty of combining so many things,

* Quoted by Signora Anzoletti.

† Carducci, *Studi su Giuseppe Parini*, p. 27.

A Student and Social Worker

family life, literary reunions, social gaieties, study, work for the poor, had something to say to her determination to seek a kind of life that would have a more obvious singleness of purpose. Be that as it may, her father was "thunder-struck at so unexpected a request," and bitterly pained at the prospect of losing a daughter who, among so many, was "deservedly the delight of his life." Maria, who had always yielded to him in everything, "even to the complete sacrifice of her most natural inclinations,"* yielded once more, but on three conditions. She was to be allowed to dress simply, and the detail acquires significance when we read of Milanese ladies with heads so magnificently adorned that they could only accommodate the structure by kneeling down in their carriages. But "dressing took long hours, even from men." "Visits, attendance on ladies, prolonged banquets, the *corso*, filled the day; in the evening the theatre, and more often social reunions and play, where at one turn of the cards vast fortunes were altered."† She was to give up balls, theatres and such amusements. And she was to frequent churches as much as she liked, not so simple a matter when a lady could not even go to Mass without the escort of a servant.

She resumed her studies, which had apparently suffered some interruption. After the year 1738, when her proud father published her *Propositiones Philosophicæ*, being the theses defended by her at their academical sittings from time to time, she turned her attention specially to mathematics. The first fruit of these studies was an Essay on the Conic Sections of the Marquis de l'Hospital. All the distinguished scholars she met seem to have taken an interest in her and to have become her teachers and friends. When she or they left Milan, an exchange of letters ensued, and they often submitted books and essays for her criticism. These are curious letters from and to a mere girl, full of deep discussions, and yet enlivened by the keen interest in the questions raised, and by occasional touches of fun. For these grave mathematicians were not devoid of humour, as

* Frisi, quoted by Signora Anzoletti, p. 193.

† Cantù, op. cit. xii, 440.

of the Eighteenth Century

appears, for instance, from the excuse put forward by one of the most learned, Padre Rampinelli, when urged to publish something: that the republic of letters "could hardly hold together unless some one kept his hands off the pen."* Particularly difficult problems are passed round for explanation or solution, and, apropos of one, Count Belloni jocosely advises Maria to relinquish these brain-racking pursuits: "If the Marquis de l'Hospital delighted in that sort of calculation, I do not wonder that he died young, for they are just the thing to be the death of anyone who takes the fancy to try them."† But she did not give them up, at least not yet; and she survived to a ripe old age in spite of the severe and strenuous life she always led.

Her *Analytical Institutions for the Use of Italian Youth* appeared in 1748. It was printed in a luxurious way possible only to the rich in those times, that is to say, the printing press was transported into her house and the compositors worked under her own eye. The book consisted of two large quarto volumes, with wide margins and ornamental headings and tail-pieces. On the title page a nymph reclines under a tree near a ruined temple and draws geometrical diagrams, while winged attendants—can they be Cupids?—disport themselves with compass and protractor. The work was provided with a formal dedication to Maria Teresa and a preface setting forth the necessity of some such book, to collect and co-ordinate the existing material in mathematical analysis, scattered in scientific publications. The authoress indicates with scrupulous accuracy what she has borrowed from others and what is her own, and concludes with an apology for using Italian, inasmuch as she has written a large part of the book without any notion of printing it, for her "private diversion," or at most for the instruction of any of her young brothers who might be inclined for mathematical studies.

This book immediately brought her considerable celebrity at home and abroad, journalistic notices, and a shower of congratulations from distinguished contemporaries. She was made a member of various academies, received a very

* Quoted by Signora Anzoletti, p. 245.

† Ibid. p. 212.

A Student and Social Worker

gracious acknowledgement accompanied by a diamond ring in a precious crystal casket, from the Empress, and still higher marks of approval from the Pope, Benedict XIV. In a letter singularly free from exaggerated compliment he says that he has read the table of contents and some of the earlier chapters, and that he remembers just enough of the subject from his youthful studies to see that the writer is one of the first professors of her science in Italy. This letter was accompanied by a crown of precious stones and a medal; and the following year, at the instance of the Pontiff, the Senate of Bologna appointed Maria Honorary Professor of Mathematics in the University.

This kind of recognition was not so startlingly novel then as it would be now. Bologna had a tradition in that way from "ancient times."* In those very years Laura Bassi was lecturing with great distinction in physics; and a little later on the Senate appointed Clotilda Tambroni to the chair of Greek, which she held until, at the establishment of the Transpadane Republic, she refused to take an oath of hatred of royalty. She was restored by Napoleon. The list of erudite Bolognese ladies might be prolonged, but it is better worth while to quote two sentences about those just mentioned from the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*. Laura Bassi, who took her honours as her due, and for whom De Brosses "would not give his young girl of Milan,"† nevertheless "distinguished herself by great charity to the poor and orphans"; while of Clotilda Tambroni it is recorded that, "if she was admired for her knowledge, she was loved for her simplicity, modesty and the purity of her life."

However, Maria Agnesi, in spite of pressing instances from her colleagues and other learned men of Bologna, never lectured or even went thither. Indeed, she practically closed her mathematical studies with the publication of her book, and appears to have been very moderately elated by its success. Fame brought its burdens. The labour of responding courteously to the attentions lavished on her told on her always frail health, and she had con-

* Letter quoted by Signora Anzoletti, p. 274.

† *Lettres*, I, p. 222.

of the Eighteenth Century

tinual headache, so that she was forbidden all mental application. She was doubtless weary of triumphs, and had enough after ten years of a study that had no direct bearing on the life she felt drawn to lead. Signora Anzoletti conjectures that the illness and death, at the age of twenty-two, of a brother to whom she was much attached, strengthened the impressions that induced her to discontinue that study.

Before we take leave of the *Analytical Institutions*, we must mention some of the numerous testimonies to its value. The French Academy of Sciences pronounced it the best book of its kind at that date: no other could "lead so quickly and so far those who wish to penetrate the analytical sciences." It was translated into French after an interval of twenty-seven years; and an English version appeared after twenty-six more. This publication gave rise to a lengthy article in *The Edinburgh Review* for January, 1804, where mathematicians will find an exhaustive analysis of the book. The reviewer regrets the delay in issuing it: "Had this translation been published immediately after it was executed, there can be little doubt that it would have materially contributed to accelerate the progress of the mathematical sciences in England. Even the publication of it at present must be conducive to that end; and the *Analytical Institutions* of Agnesi will serve as the best introduction to the works of Euler and the other mathematicians of the Continent. . . . We cannot take leave," he concludes, "of a work that does so much honour to female genius, without earnestly recommending the perusal of it to those who believe that great talents are bestowed by nature exclusively on men, and who allege that women, even in their highest attainments, are to be compared only to *grown children*, and have in no instance given proofs of original and inventive powers, of a capacity for patient research or for profound investigation. Let those who hold these opinions endeavour to follow the author of the *Analytical Institutions* through the long series of demonstrations, which she has contrived with so much skill and explained with so much elegance and perspicuity.

A Student and Social Worker

If they are able to do so, and to compare her work with others of the same kind, they will probably retract their former opinions, and acknowledge that, in one instance at least, intellectual powers of the highest order have been lodged in the breast of a woman.

At si gelidus obstiterit circum præcordia sanguis;*

and if they are unable to attend this illustrious female in her scientific excursions, of course they will not see the reasons for admiring her genius that others do; but they may at least learn to think modestly of their own."

The fine scorn of this peroration would have been sadly wasted on her who provoked it. Her book may be said to have ended, instead of beginning, her literary career. She continued to share in the family conversazioni, but (perhaps she had so far asserted her taste and sense of fitness) more in the way of music than of learned discussions. She still taught her brothers and sisters, especially Giuseppe, then about thirteen, of whom she made an accomplished Latinist; and surely it speaks volumes for both of them that, in spite of this, they were good friends and comrades to the end of their days. But she gave more and more time to works of charity. She had long delighted in helping the poor, and, as a girl in the country, spent on them the money she got from her father, who could refuse her nothing. Now many hours of her day and even of her night began to be spent amongst the sick in the Great Hospital and in the poorest houses of her parish. "Humbly clad, like the most insignificant woman of the people, she followed Christ in the Blessed Sacrament through the street; she carried bread to the weeping families that had in vain invoked public charity; she watched whole nights by the bedside of the dying."† The things recorded of her are more suggestive of a medieval saint than of an eighteenth-century *savante*. She had induced her father to give her certain rooms for her own occupation, a little suite of sit-

*Signora Anzoletti, introducing this passage, notes that the verse is misquoted, and declares patriotically that an Italian, even though a mathematician, would not have blundered over his Virgil.

† G. Carcano, quoted by Signora Anzoletti, p. 328.

of the Eighteenth Century

ting-room, bedroom and kitchen; and these she soon filled with poor sick women whom she nursed, reserving only one room—the kitchen—for herself. Her family, not unnaturally as it appears to a less ardent charity, protested, and brought pressure to bear on her through her father, with the result that she cheerfully surrendered her private hospital.

Don Pietro seems to have been somewhat dictatorial in his own house, and to have made but little allowance for the fact that his children were grown into men and women. At least Milanese gossip said that he was culpably negligent about establishing them in life; and it is a fact that not one of them married during his lifetime, though two became nuns. A hint of the town talk, let fall one day by no less a person than the governor of Austrian Lombardy, a great friend of the Agnesi family, made him so angry that a serious altercation ensued. The mental disturbance was followed by a chest attack, of which he died a fortnight later, in 1752.

Maria grieved deeply for him, but felt none the less that an obstacle to her vocation was removed. She made no sudden change in her way of life, for she spent seven years more in her father's house, only resuming her plan of having sick women to nurse in her own quarters, and spending her time and money freely on the poor. As eldest of the family she inherited a large part of her father's property, it seems by some right of primogeniture, as well as half that of her mother's father. Her resources were not long equal to the demands made on them, though she cut off personal luxuries and ceased even to buy books. Those that she now read—all theological—she borrowed from a learned canon of the cathedral, who had an exquisite collection of the Greek and Latin Fathers. But she sold to a rich Englishman the ring given her by Maria Teresa, and with the money so obtained established herself in a separate house with four of her patients. Getting soon again into straits for money, she appealed for help to various people, but without much success.

If she had withdrawn from her world to devote herself

A Student and Social Worker

to the poor, her world, after puzzling awhile over so unaccountable a step, began gradually to fall away from her. That of fashion fell away first, as soon as she ceased to appear in it for other reasons than to beg; then her old friends one by one left Milan or died. In 1764 a division of the family property was made, and as a result of the rearrangement her favourite brother, Giuseppe, came to live with her. He seems to have been the only person with influence enough to induce her to take reasonable care of her health and comfort. For amongst other ways of saving money for her poor was that of spending as little as possible on her own food. This ended in a serious illness, after which a few months in the country were necessary.

Thus cut off for a time from her nursing and visiting, she made an outlet for her activity by going as often as possible to the parish church to teach the Catechism. This was one of her regular occupations in Milan also; and in 1768 she became Prioress of the Society of Christian Doctrine. This work was widespread and well-organized at the time. One rubs one's eyes on reading of disputations held "not only by persons of culture, but even by men and women of the people, attended by a numerous audience of guests, just as people nowadays assist at scholastic exhibitions." "These catechetical societies were established in the country also; the office of Prior and Prioress was conferred on gentlemen and ladies; and there were doctors, and lawyers, and rich landowners, for whom to be elected Prior was a matter of no less importance than to be elected deputy in our day." *

The poor and the uninstructed did not yet exhaust Maria Agnesi's charity. She devoted time and effort to teaching deficient and idiotic children so as to prepare them for the sacraments; and out of resources already so drawn upon, as well as with whatever influence she retained, she helped poor students either to pursue their professions or to get suitable positions. Those studying for the priesthood were, as might be expected, the chief objects of her interest. But all this made great inroads on her income and in 1771 she found herself obliged to take a smaller house, her brother

* Anzoletti, p. 370.

of the Eighteenth Century

having lately come in for a share in one of his father's and ceased to live with her.

In that same year a new charitable institution was opened in Milan, which was to give her plenty of scope for self-devoted work, and relieve her to some extent of anxiety as to ways and means. This was the Trivulzian Asylum for destitute old men and women, established by a member of the distinguished Trivulzio family who gave his own palace for the purpose. At the pressing request of the Archbishop she became visitor and directress of the women's side of the new institution, beginning with two visits a day, and going on gradually to spend the greater part of her time there.

A sculptor then living in Milan, who watched her as she went about her works of charity, conceived the desire to take her for a model, which is not surprising if she had preserved at sixty-three anything of the grace attributed to her by a biographer, and the charm of expression that, to judge by her portrait, gave a positive character in youth to the face described by De Brosses as "neither plain nor pretty." But he was afraid to request a sitting. He sought an acquaintance with her and from his observations executed a clay model and then a beautiful bust in marble. He sent it to her one day as she was visiting a married sister, with some Latin verses apologizing for his "theft." Her answer—in Italian, for she had long ceased to make any display of her linguistic acquisitions—leaves nothing to be desired for simplicity and grace. She says herself that it is a very good likeness; and the sculptor was obliged to make two copies in marble and several in plaster to satisfy her admirers.

In spite of her ever-growing devotion to her work, she did not cut herself off from her family, nor, in a measure, from society. We read of ordinary visits and of her dining out, as well as of her soothing the sick and dying beds of her step-brothers. She had the strongest tie of interests and affections with her sister Paola and with Giuseppe, who watched over her old age with the most tender care. She was sought out from time to time by distinguished and

A Student and Social Worker

even royal visitors to Milan; and she retained enough of her early tastes to frequent, at seventy, the Pertusati salon, the centre then of all the wit and culture in Milan, where she saw at least once a triumph that might well recall those of her own youth.

The Trivulzian Asylum grew and prospered, to the extent of sheltering four hundred and fifty inmates; and after twelve years' visiting Maria Agnesi was urged to take entire charge of the women's side and to go into residence there. This was partly, it is suggested, a delicate means of securing her last years against the poverty that might otherwise have been her lot. She consented to the change, but declined to have rooms prepared for her in a style suitable to her position and habits, or to be in any way a charge on funds destined for the relief of the poor. "During the fifteen years that she lived in this asylum of her humility and Christian abjection, she was never seen perturbed nor out of temper, but always cheerful and serene. There was never a dispute nor a quarrel, while she associated with persons so different to her in character and education."* Her simple cooking was attended to by an old man-servant, whom her brother maintained for her, that she might not go through the streets unattended; and it is said that one day, exasperated by his mistress's incorrigible tendency to give, he broke out with, "But, signora, what will there be left for us to live on and dress ourselves with?" She was obliged to keep a female servant also; but she supplemented her funds for charitable purposes by fine needlework of some kind. When advancing blindness compelled her to give up that and reading, she spent hours in a gallery leading from her room and overlooking the chapel, spinning and meditating. Her decline was gradual. Deafness followed blindness; and arthritis made it impossible for her to give her usual attention to the institution and its inmates. She resolved to leave the place endeared to her by so many years' work, and return to her family to die; but her heart failed her. She revisited her old country homes with her brother, who did his best to keep her there in the hope that rest

* Frisi, quoted by Signora Anzoletti, p. 384.

of the Eighteenth Century

and care would prolong her life; but she returned to the scene of her labour to wait in patient suffering for her release. The close of her saintly life was darkened by spiritual sufferings which for a time upset the happy brightness of her mind, but these passed away. She died in January, 1799, after a month's lingering illness, and was buried quite simply, with no pomp but that of the Church and no monument but a simple tablet erected by her brother and inscribed: *Maria Caietana Agnesi, Pietate, Doctrina, Beneficentia Insignis*, with the date and her age.

We may pass over the list of subsequent honours—busts, mural tablets; streets, institutions and school prizes named after her—to quote with Signora Anzoletti the words of a French writer: "Could not . . . our Agnesi be canonized? I, worldling that I am, think that she would be quite as good a saint as many others."

The key to her life is in her own words after her father's death: "Man must always work for an end, and a Christian for the glory of God. Hitherto I hope that my study has been for the glory of God, because useful to my neighbour and united to obedience, such being also the will and pleasure of my father. Now as that has ceased, I find better ways and means to serve God and help my neighbour; and these I must and will adopt."* This, however, did not involve a cessation of mental activity. Before intruding on the hiddenness of her intellectual and spiritual life in the second part of her career, we may glean a suggestion from the character of her successive studies. Though begun to please her father, they were no task-work, but the delightful exercise of a vigorous mind. First languages, chiefly on their practical side, as keys to knowledge of men and things. Except for the classicality of her Latin and the directness of expression that she always retained, no doubt a result of her early training, there was nothing specially literary about her culture. But neither was there anything inspiring in the literary atmosphere she breathed, and it is rather to the credit of her good sense and good taste than otherwise that she did not indulge in the facile and universal habit of

* Anzoletti, p. 336.

A Student and Social Worker

verse-making. Next, the actual knowledge represented by moral and natural philosophy, which had value for her in proportion as her clear and orderly mind, trained to be still more so by perpetual discussions, was eclectic, rejecting or assimilating ideas and systems after due consideration of the evidence or authority behind them. And her biographer finds the same mental clearness, the same habit of distinguishing and choosing the good, in her practical life; in the quiet persistence of aim which helped her to satisfy conflicting demands, to work steadily if slowly, and to bide her time patiently until she could realize her ideal. Then the pursuit of the most abstract speculations in pure mathematics gave her, she tells us, "real and genuine delight," and she felt for it "the strongest inclination." We may conjecture that a mind trained to seek positive values in things; forced perhaps by the difficulty of studying to have some strong and clear notion of its purpose; prevented by contact with the realities of life from resting overmuch in its own exercise, or even from being satisfied with indirectly showing forth the glory of God; became gradually weaned away from even the highest truth attainable by mere speculation, and grew slowly conscious that the only study really worth while was that of God and His revelation through Christ and the Church. There is at least one illustrious example of a mathematician who gave up science for religion, in the person of Pascal—to whom indeed the *Edinburgh* reviewer compares Maria Agnesi, though only to pity them both for the misguided superstition that made them wish to deprive the world of their talents and perfections. Here is her own view of the effect on the soul of imaginatively realizing the life of Christ: "Now let the world . . . invite this soul to amuse itself, straying through its flowery meadows; let Genius endeavour to draw it into secular intercourse; let its companions urge it to enjoy even lawful pleasures. It does not follow them, does not listen to them, despises them, and buries itself in its sweet solitude, chooses to lead an altogether hidden life, loves to shrink away from the eyes of the public; flies from honours and applause, does not care for

of the Eighteenth Century

splendid exercises however virtuous, does not seek grandiose undertakings even of piety; is content with the hidden private, poor company of its Jesus in His poor dwelling.”*

The life of thought and the life of activity had run along side by side, but they became henceforward more intimately connected. The books she occupied herself with were the Bible, *The Imitation of Christ* in Latin and in Greek, and devout works of St Bonaventure, St Bernard and St Laurence Justinian. Nor did her pen ever rest altogether. She was asked about the year 1760 by the Archbishop of Milan to examine the book of a somewhat unorthodox apologist, which was creating great excitement, and had been put on the Index. She did it with singular keenness, moderation and a great array of sound learning. She concludes with the opinion that the author, by “exalting the early ages of the Church, and showing in subsequent ages ignorance, false science, avarice, ambition and relaxation,” seems rather likely to confirm heretics in their errors than to refute them. “It is true that from time to time he recalls the continual presence in the Church of the Holy Spirit, and the unchangingness of Dogma and the Moral System; but he should rather have expended his energy in proving the good than in exaggerating the evil. Wherefore he seems to me animated by the spirit that the Gospel servants showed, namely, the inclination to pull up the cockle growing in the field, but this was forbidden by the prudent master.”† This sentence might still find its application.

Other writings on religious subjects are mentioned or preserved, amongst them a prayer-book compiled and composed for her own use, and an unfinished treatise called *The Mystic Heaven, that is, the Contemplation of the Virtues, Mysteries and Excellences of our Lord Jesus Christ*. This is a combination of impassioned enthusiasm, and practical application based on a study of the New Testament as fulfilling the symbols and prophecies of the Old, with particular reference to the Canticle of Canticles. But as none of these

* *Il Cielo Mistico*, in Appendix of Signora Anzoletti's book, p. 446.

† Quoted by Signora Anzoletti, p. 367, from a manuscript, which may explain the uncertain use of capital letters.

A Student and Social Worker

writings were published, their preservation here and there in manuscripts was more or less a matter of accident. Nor does Maria Agnesi's importance from the Catholic point of view depend on what she wrote, but on how she lived.

An authority on the history of education,* referring to England in the eighteenth century, quotes Mrs Barbauld: "Subject to a regulation like that of the ancient Spartans, the theft of knowledge in our sex is only connived at while carefully concealed, and if displayed [is] punished with disgrace." He is quite convinced, in spite of some opinions to the contrary, that she is stating a fact, and that in the eighteenth century the position of a woman, as to her mental powers, "was degraded indeed, when compared not only with her descendants of the nineteenth century, but also with her ancestors of the sixteenth." It is curious to contrast this position in post-Reformation England with the wider and more generous view prevailing in Catholic Italy, even in the decadence of the early eighteenth century.

In our own country, Catholics not only did not share it the broader culture of their co-religionists abroad, but lived a life of repression at home. Face to face with the "new" theories of the nineteenth century as to women's education, they were not only as conservative as they must ever be in such vital matters, they were decidedly sceptical. A writer in *THE DUBLIN REVIEW* for January, 1874, who is engaged in refuting a recent publication on *The Religious Education of Women*, touches incidentally on the wider question. He does "not attempt to disguise the fact that from various causes education, in certain aspects and at certain times, has been and is inferior in Catholic as compared with Protestant society." But he is more than doubtful of any important connexion between mental enlightenment, religious or otherwise, and the elimination of feminine defects that, in common with his adversary, he deplôres. However, he lays down the most fruitful general principles. "Go with your age and it will support you; fall behind your age and it will drag you; oppose your age and it will crush you. . . . Nations, like individuals . . . have different needs at

* Quick, *Essays on Educational Reformers*, chap. viii.

of the Eighteenth Century

different periods of their development. . . . Little observation is required to discern the fact that such a demand at the present day is public education, and education in each of its many aspects . . . and the difficulties arising out of each of them are doubled, or soon will be, by their complication with the whole question of female education." If we couple these sentences with two others from the next article* in the same REVIEW, their bearing on the present instance will be obvious: "A youth feels it to be a very disadvantageous and distressing position if, from absence of sufficient education, he is signally inferior in intellectual power and information to those with whom he mixes in society." "It is a heavy calamity to the Church, so far as, at any given period, her opponents largely possess these gifts, while her supporters are without them."

The history of Catholic women who reached a level above the average of their contemporaries in all periods of culture shows clearly that to share in the intellectual advantages of a given time need not mean to fall into extravagances. Their opportunities—leisure, books, intellectual environment—have become infinitely more common. To say nothing of principle, the trammels of circumstance, which may safeguard and strengthen as much as they impede, and which kept them free from obnoxiously "advanced" notions, are quite as likely to do the same good office now. Their attainments would, of course, in degree be as singular now as in their own time, but in kind they may serve quite well to indicate permanent tendencies and possibilities.

** Catholic Higher Studies in England.*

OLDEN FAITHS AND NEW PHILOSOPHIES

Many Mansions: being Studies in Ancient Religions and Modern Thought. By William Samuel Lilly, Honorary Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 1907.

IT is now just a hundred years since the first appearance of Friedrich von Schlegel's memorable monograph, *Ueber die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier*, a book which, for its wonder-working influence in the field of philology, Max Müller has not inaptly likened to the wand of a magician. It is true that the German poet was not the first Western scholar to break the new ground of Sanskrit studies. But without speaking in disparagement of those who had been in the field before him, it may be said that he was the first to see the full significance of this ancient language and literature, and his work awakened Western scholars to a just sense of its importance. We have travelled far since the first publication of that little book of Friedrich von Schlegel's, a book which, it is interesting to remember, first saw the light in the very year, 1808, in which its author, the most illustrious of German converts, was received into the Catholic fold. A new science of philology has arisen upon the foundations first indicated by Schlegel. And though, as was only natural, its first exponents were rather apt to make too much of the new-found Aryan race and to rush to conclusions which have been considerably modified in the light of later research, there is much that must remain as a permanent possession, and in the event the whole world of European scholarship has been profoundly affected by this Indian invasion. In most of our chief universities we now have chairs in this new science as well as in these ancient languages whose very names were unknown to our fathers. And, as a glance at any modern work on these subjects might suffice to show, the more familiar philology of Greek and Latin has entered on a new phase since the introduction of Sanskrit studies.

Olden Faiths

It may be observed that Schlegel's title speaks of "die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier": first the language and afterwards the wisdom. And naturally enough it was the language that first attracted attention, and the first and most remarkable results of the new Indian learning were seen in the field of scientific philology. But before long men began to think that the "wisdom" of the ancient East might be a matter of yet more moment; and the labours of the lexicographers and grammarians were followed by a like scientific examination of the Indian systems of religion and philosophy. A comparison with the Sanskrit speech had shed a flood of new light on the origin and the structure of the languages of Europe; and it was only natural to look for a like result from a study of the faiths and fables of the East and the dreams of Indian sages. For these, too, might well claim some kinship with Western philosophy and religion. In this way the science of language and comparative philology had a natural sequel in a comparative mythology and the new comparative science of religions. And here, as in the field of philology, some of the first exponents of the new science, carried away by the exhilarating enthusiasm of a new idea, committed themselves to some ill-considered and hasty conclusions. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the philologists have ever gone so far astray as some of the writers on the origins of religion, as the school, for instance, that discovers in Buddhism the *fons et origo* of Christianity.

In spite of such aberrations, however, it may be freely allowed that welcome work has been accomplished in this field, new records have leapt to light, and not a few significant facts in the history of the world's ancient religions have been established. And yet from the standpoint of Catholic orthodoxy the movement is obviously one that is fraught with danger for the unwary. The earlier Greek Renaissance was rightly welcomed for its wealth of new light and learning. Yet it was one of the factors that helped to bring about a disastrous revolution in religion. And something of the same kind might follow on this inrush of Indian thought and religions to mingle with new philoso-

Olden Faiths and

phies and modern methods of scientific research and historical study. Rightly understood and rightly used, this new knowledge, like all real knowledge, can only help to promote the triumph of the truth. For the olden faith can have nothing to fear from the genuine results of scientific research, or from a wider and deeper knowledge of the facts of history. But those who chafe at any restrictions imposed by Church authority will do well to remember that it is not only a question of the worth of evidence or of hypotheses considered in themselves. For the effect produced must, to a great extent, depend on the previous condition of the minds that receive them. There must be many who may well be bewildered to hear of profound religious philosophies among nations thought to be no better than heathen barbarians. And for these the ready solution offered by some ingenious theories on the origins of religions may have an irresistible and fatal fascination. It must be remembered, moreover, that many Christians, nay Catholics, have but a superficial and imperfect knowledge of the mysteries of the Faith, and know little or nothing of the treasures of theological literature. For such as these, and for many more besides, the new interest in these olden religions and the rise of these new philosophies and scientific theories on this subject may well become a source of real difficulty and danger. And without speaking anything in disparagement of the good work done by our earlier champions and apologists, we may safely say that in the presence of this new peril something more was wanted, something which from the nature of the case the old theologians could scarcely give us, to wit an intelligent and candid criticism of these olden faiths and new philosophies.

It is a satisfaction to note that this need of the hour has already been met by one of our own Catholic countrymen, Mr W. S. Lilly, not only in the new work named at the head of the present article, but in the long series of critical and historical studies which he has given us in the course of the last five-and-twenty years. And though there is room for considerable difference of opinion on many of the questions treated in these works, it would certainly

New Philosophies

seem that his general line of thought is that which is best fitted to meet the needs of the hour. In the first place, it may be said that his own position in regard to these problems may well be helpful, if only as what may be called an objective answer. This will be readily seen in the case of young students who are bewildered by new critical objections, or fascinated by old Indian religions and new German philosophies. Such as these will hardly find much light or leading in a critic of the old school, who roundly condemns and denounces these systems as false and fallacious. For they may probably think, not without some warrant, that the censor himself is scarce in a position to understand and appreciate the systems which he is condemning.

A Protestant diatribe of the old Exeter Hall type would prove but a poor "preservative against Popery" for one who has felt the attraction of Catholicism. And since, on the other hand, these young readers may know of many who have been carried away by their study of old Eastern religions or modern critical theories, it may well seem as though ignorance were the chief safeguard of orthodoxy. In these circumstances, it is certainly reassuring to find a Catholic writer like Mr Lilly, who has made a serious and systematic study of the ancient Indian religions and the writings of modern critics and philosophers, who is able to understand and appreciate them, who freely and frankly recognizes the good that is in them, who makes no attempt to misrepresent erroneous systems or malign their authors, and yet remains himself loyal in the profession of orthodox Catholicism. Mr Lilly is far removed from those stern champions of orthodoxy who delight in dealing damnation round the land. His attitude is seldom that of an assailant. And one scarcely looks in his pages for anything like a formal refutation of faulty or erroneous systems. Like Möhler, in his masterly *Symbolik*, he seeks, rather, to exhibit the various systems as they really are—to set the facts in their true light. And, like Möhler, too, he feels that a frank statement of the truth is, after all, the best and most effective defence of Catholicism and of Christianity. In a word, his work is a candid and intelligent criticism of these

Olden Faiths and

outer systems, regarded from the standpoint of Catholic orthodoxy. He may make these systems a subject of dispassionate, not to say sympathetic, study, and instead of doing them or their authors any injustice he may delight to bring out their good points. But he never attempts to put them on the same level with the Christian revelation, or to make this merely one of the world's many religions. Still less does he affect the attitude of those who would fain recast the Christian faith in a new mould. His own standpoint throughout is distinctively orthodox and Catholic, and for that very reason he is better able to appreciate any elements of religious truth that may be found in these erroneous systems of philosophy or religion.

In the new book before us Mr Lilly goes again over some of the ground already covered in more than one of his earlier writings. And though his own attitude now is the same as at the outset, he is naturally able to treat some points in a more satisfactory manner, as the result of later experience. It is a further advantage that many subjects, formerly handled in various volumes, are now brought together in one, so that the reader is enabled to see the author's matured judgement on most of the great problems with which he has been grappling in the studies of the last quarter of a century. The work is certainly both wide and deep; for here, within the narrow compass of one volume, we find him dealing in turn with the sacred books of the East and the religious systems of Brahminism, Buddhism, Mazdeism and Islam; with "The Message of Buddhism to the Western World," with "Kant and the Buddha," with the saints of Islam, with the philosophical systems of Spinoza and Schopenhauer, and lastly with "The Newest View of Christ," to wit that set forth as the outcome of modern historical criticism in Professor Pfleiderer's work on *Die Entwicklung des Christenthums*.

The opening chapter on the sacred books of the East is largely filled with a simple narrative of the main facts of the history and literature of these ancient Eastern religions—facts which, though sufficiently familiar to specialists, will probably be new to many readers. The information fur-

New Philosophies

nished in these pages may be found, no doubt, in many other works. But there are few who can tell the story more agreeably than Mr Lilly, who, as one of his earliest reviewers remarked many years ago, has the rare gift of treating the most grave and erudite subjects in such a manner as to make them light reading. In the chapters that follow there is naturally more scope for original thought and illuminating criticism. At the outset, it may be observed, all the four great Eastern systems are dealt with, and we are given some account of their sacred writings. But when the author turns to consider the more practical and present question of the relation of ancient religion to modern thought, little more is heard of Brahminism and Mazdeism, which for this purpose are plainly of less moment than Buddhism. On this last-named religion Mr Lilly has a good deal to say. But the subject is so large that there are still some topics on which he can scarce find room to touch in the present volume. One of these is the question of the alleged historical connexion between Buddhism and Christianity, a question on which the author has had something to say in his earlier work on *The Claims of Christianity*. It has been treated more at length, I may add, in Dr Aiken's valuable volume on *The Dhamma of Gotama, the Buddha, and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ*, as well as Father Silbernagl's work, *Der Buddhismus*.

The striking chapter on "The Message of Buddhism to the Western World" is at once a recognition of some of the better elements in the ancient religion and a severe censure on the materialism of modern Europe, for the comparison is certainly very unfavourable to the lapsed masses of Europe. Those degenerate Westerns who have fallen from the faith of Christendom into unbelief and materialism are, Mr Lilly rightly urges, on a distinctly lower level than the disciples of Gotama.

In the chapter on "Kant and the Buddha" the ancient Indian system is compared with a purer and loftier phase of modern thought and life. And here the author is able to show that, both in his critical idealism and in his ethical teaching, the sage of Königsburg is near akin to the Sâkya

Olden Faiths and

Muni. The close agreement on these two important points of two teachers so widely sundered in time and place is certainly remarkable. And to some readers this significant resemblance may possibly suggest a further reflection, to wit, that "modern thought" is not so very modern after all. For, as we are often reminded, Kant is in many ways the master thinker of the new age, or what may be called the *Arđ Righ* among the "kings of modern thought." Yet here we are told, not without warrant, that some of the main principles of his philosophy are identical with those of a teacher who lived five hundred years before the Christian era. It is true, no doubt, that these doctrines do not make up the whole of modern philosophy. There are other masters besides Kant and other new systems. Yet it may be shrewdly suspected that further research would suffice to show that some of these also can scarcely maintain any exclusive claims or take out a patent of originality. To some Eduard von Hartmann's *Philosophie des Unbewussten* might seem to be the last word of modern thought and the ripe fruit of philosophical evolution. Yet from a remote Galician village, from one of those Eastern Jews who have stood proudly aloof from the culture of modern Europe, there comes a voice telling us in rude German that this latest philosopher's teaching may be found in the *Chasidism* of the old Jewish mystics. And in like manner we may find, on turning to the field of science, that the evolutionary hypothesis of our own age was anticipated by medieval Schoolmen and their Moslem masters, and that Dr Dietterici, the industrious editor of Arabic philosophical texts, does not shrink from speaking of "Darwinismus im X und XIX Jahrhundert."

These critical studies on Buddhism and on Kant's system will have a special interest for students of philosophy; and in some respects they may be considered the most important portions of the volume, dealing, as they do, with the most widespread of the ancient religions and the foremost of the modern thinkers. But for a good many readers the chapter on the Saints of Islam will probably prove the most attractive in the whole volume. Like the

New Philosophies

later chapter on the pessimism of Schopenhauer, this essay appeared in the author's original work on *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*, more than twenty years ago. In some respects it may seem to stand apart from the rest of the book, except that it is in some sense a sequel to the account of Islam given in the opening chapter on the sacred books of the East. And it does not appear to have the same bearing on the needs of the hour. But since the earlier volume has been superseded by the present work and will not be reissued in its original form, it is a satisfaction to see that this essay in Moslem hagiology has found a refuge in these *Many Mansions*. This chapter, it may be added, is the most remarkable instance of the author's readiness to recognize whatever of good may be found amid the professors of these outer religious systems. And to some readers it may haply suggest a theological problem. For, certainly, in these days, when some of the legends of our own hagiology are rudely called in question, one may be pardoned some diffidence in accepting these delightful pictures of Moslem sanctity. And some cautious readers may ask with wonder whether it is possible for such luminous examples of holiness to exist among those that dwell in the outer darkness. But the truth is that this question touches on a point of theology which, from the nature of the case, is seldom treated adequately in elementary works or in popular instructions. And, even among the orthodox, strange notions are sometimes apt to prevail. It is true that most people are aware that the maxim, "Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus," does not mean that all who are without the fold of the visible Church must certainly perish. Some of them, we say, may be saved by reason of their invincible ignorance. But, though all may make this admission, but few stay to consider its full significance. Some talk as if the familiar formula were itself a sufficient and satisfactory explanation of the whole matter. And one might almost imagine that the "invincible ignorance" is regarded as a sort of sacrament or instrument of sanctification and salvation. It is hardly necessary to say that this is not the teaching of Catholic theology. The ignorance merely excuses a

Olden Faiths and

man from guilt in denying a revealed doctrine, or in refusing submission to the authority of the Church. But the mere fact that he has not committed a particular sin of heresy or schism will scarcely suffice for salvation. It will not forgive him his other sins, or give him supernatural grace to sanctify his soul. For this he must needs have faith and charity. And accordingly Catholic theologians, not modern Liberal writers, but classic authorities, like St Thomas or Cardinal De Lugo, are at pains to explain how those who are without the guidance and sacramental ministrations of the Church, can come to this state of supernatural sanctification. It is for this reason that many of our best divines are led to deny that explicit faith in the fundamental mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation is necessary, *de necessitate medii*, for salvation; for if this were so, they urge, it would scarce be possible for those among the heathen to attain to the faith required for justification. And some go on to say that the knowledge of the doctrines which must needs be known and believed may be sufficiently conveyed in the truths contained in the traditional teaching of these old systems of religion. Thus De Lugo, explaining how faith sufficient for justification may be found in the lands of unbelievers, writes as follows: "Denique Turcæ, et Mahometani, si qui essent, qui invincibiliter etiam errarent circa Christum, et ejus divinitatem, non est cur non possint vera fide supernaturali credere unum Deum remuneratorem supernaturalem: hoc enim ipsi non credunt propter argumenta ex creaturis naturalibus desumpta, sed dogma hoc ex traditione habent, quæ traditio processit a vera Ecclesia fidelium, et ad ipsos usque pervenit, licet alii errores admixti sint in eorum secta: quare cum habeant quoad illud verum dogma sufficientia credibilitatis motiva pro eorum captu, non apparet, cur circa illud non possint exercere veram fidem supernaturalem, si aliunde contra fidem non peccant, et consequenter poterunt aliquando in actum contritionis perfectæ ex tali fide prodire. Quod idem dicendum puto de Philosophis antiquis, si qui fuerunt, qui verum Deum crediderint super omnia: neque enim ipsi ignorarunt fidem, quæ apud illos

New Philosophies

erat de uno Deo derivata, vel per scripturas, vel per traditionem parentum ad posteror.^{33*} This doctrine of the great Jesuit divine may surely suffice as a theological explanation of Mr Lilly's pleasing picture of the Moslem saints and mystics. And it may be observed that this most orthodox and luminous of theologians is ready to recognize the presence of elements of divine truth amid the traditional doctrines of false religions and the speculations of pagan philosophers. And in this he by no means stands alone. For there is much in our later theological literature, and, it may be well to add, in more than one authoritative Roman document of the last century, to sanction this broad-minded view of the Catholic philosopher. It is true that no Catholic can accept the doctrines of these old religions or the dreams of the new philosophers. Nay, Catholic writers whose errors fall far short of Indian Pantheism or Kantian idealism have incurred condemnation, for the Church is justly jealous in guarding the purity of the faith committed to her care; and her loyal theologians, to adapt a famous phrase, are proud of the chastity of their orthodoxy. For this reason some might be tempted to take a more intolerant line, and regard the author's sympathetic attitude with some misgiving. But they will do well to remember that it is possible to recoil so far from one heresy as to fall into an opposite error. The Church which has condemned Pelagianism and Rationalism has also had occasion to condemn the opposite excesses of Jansenists and Traditionalists. And it is not only charity or liberality, but Catholic orthodoxy itself, that constrains us to admit that even the outer barbarians have a power of attaining to some real knowledge of religious truth, and that some gifts of heavenly grace are vouchsafed to those who dwell amid the darkness of paganism. It may not be amiss to add that this frank recognition of much that is good and true in the works of those outside the Christian fold is in accordance with the best traditions of Catholic literature. It comes down to us from the days when the Fathers delighted to walk in the groves of Academe and drink the wisdom of

*De Lugo, *De Virtute Fidei Divinæ*, Disp. xiii, sect. 3, n. 51.

Olden Faiths and

Plato, when Eusebius found a *præparatio evangelica* in the pages of pagan poets and philosophers, when St Thomas made the Stagyrte his master in philosophy, and freely adopted the reasons of Rambam or the principles of Proclus.

So much may be said to meet a not unnatural objection. But the Greek lines which, by a happy inspiration, Mr Lilly has set on his title page, remind us that on this point it is possible to appeal to a yet more venerable example than that of Fathers and the Schoolmen. For the lines in question are taken from a famous page in the *Phænomena* of Aratus, which tells how God is in all things, how all things come from Him, how we are all His offspring. In itself the passage forms a fitting motto for the book, since it sums up the deepest truths found in these olden faiths and new philosophies, and at the same time expresses the mental attitude of the Catholic author, who gladly recognizes traces of God's truth wheresoever he may find them, as may be seen not only in his treatment of the Eastern religions, but in this very use of the words of a pagan poet. And this use of Aratus, at any rate, can scarcely be censured by the most scrupulous and fastidious of theological critics. For is this not the very page to which St Paul appealed in his discourse to the Athenians?

It is pleasant to note that while on his front page Mr Lilly thus puts himself under the shelter of St Paul, his book fitly ends with the echo of words uttered by the successor of St Peter. In this last passage, which the reader may be glad to see cited here, the author is dealing with the difficulties raised by modern Biblical criticism. And against the perilous and conflicting views of primitive Protestants and recent Rationalists he sets the consistent attitude of Catholics in regard to Holy Scripture. "They receive it," he says, "from the Church to be treated with religious reverence, because of its divine authorship, for which the Church vouches. Any treatment of it lacking in such reverence the Church condemns, especially in the case of her clergy, whose office it is to guide men in the narrow way of faith, not in the broad way of doubt. That the traditional thesis concerning it, which has come down from

New Philosophies

uncritical ages into this age of criticism, is, in all respects, tenable, can any intelligent man candidly maintain? It is for the Church to amend that thesis, in her own good time. Meanwhile, she does not discourage, nay, she welcomes, loyal and temperate examination of it. Upon this Pius X, whom it is the fashion, in some quarters, to represent as the very type of obscurantism, has strongly insisted. While inculcating the duty of holding fast the faith, he blames those whose blind conservatism will endure no departure from medieval exegesis, he recognizes the necessity of reckoning with the results of modern research. In a letter addressed to the late Bishop of La Rochelle on January 11, 1906, he writes: 'Eorum ratio non probanda qui, nulla in re, ausint ab usitata exegesi Scripturæ recedere, etiam quum, salva fide, id bona studiorum incrementa postulent.' *Salva fide*, faith being safeguarded, they are most pregnant words. The faith of the ignorant and foolish, always the vast majority of the Christian family, was especially dear to Christ's Sacred Heart. It is always an object of anxious solicitude to the Catholic Church in the discharge of her pastoral office. She never forgets the saying of her Divine Head, concerning such as scandalize the little ones who believe in Him; and when occasion demands, she repeats His warning. Compared with the conservation and nutriment of their piety, the conjectures of criticism, higher or lower, are to her as the small dust of the balance. Can any man say that she is wrong?"

In these words, which fitly close his volume, Mr Lilly strikes a note which is particularly welcome at the present moment, when the ears of the faithful are distressed and distracted by the warring cries of pious zealots without criticism and critics who, to say the least, dissemble their piety. At such a time it is a relief to have this practical proof that it is possible to have a genuine love of sound scholarship and science and criticism and a broad-minded philosophy and yet to make all these of less account than Catholic faith and piety and the souls of Christ's little ones, whose angels look on the Father's face amid the many mansions of the heavenly kingdom. W. H. KENT, O.S.C.

SOME MEMORIES OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

Poems. By Francis Thompson. Burns & Oates.

Sister Songs. By Francis Thompson. Burns & Oates.

New Poems. By Francis Thompson. Burns & Oates.

Health and Holiness. By Francis Thompson. Burns & Oates.

WHEN, at the death of Francis Thompson, the world became more widely aware that one more great poet had been added to English literature, circumstances made it certain that a legend would spring up quickly about his fresh memory. The glimpses of his life had been fitful and strange; he himself was less known as a man than any poet of his eminence had ever been; so that fancy set herself to work, and the ready-made word was, of course, at hand. Some spoke of him as of an outcast; and the tragedy of nearly all his poems, forbidding the conjecture of jovial sin, suggested that of long remorse. For to the legend of a great unhappiness was added, here and there, the fiction of great misdeeds. The attribution was not cruel, for in these days harsh judgement is rarer than a kind of tolerance which Francis Thompson himself, had he been the greatest of sinners, would have rejected. Rather than that modern connivance and condonation one would almost choose the self-respect of the Pharisee. "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not like unto this Pharisee," is the arrogance of our own day. Many, for example, have loved Charles Lamb the better that he was a drunkard. There is a familiarity in this boastful tolerance, which offends the more respectful regard of readers who love Charles Lamb with a keenness of regret, who prize that delicate genius fondly, that wit intensely, that elect soul tenderly, and by whom his falls are felt as a grief and a degradation, a human tragedy, the failure of a saint, the falling short of an angel, the derogation of a gentleman.

No such condonation, colder-hearted than it sounds, was called for—though by some it was offered—in the case of Francis Thompson. For, during many years of friend-

Francis Thompson

ship and almost daily companionship, it was evident to solicitous eyes that he was one of the most innocent of men. Of his alienation from ordinary life, laudanum was the sole cause, and, of laudanum, early and long disease. Coleridge's fault was Thompson's—an evasion of the daily dues of man to man. It was laudanum that dissolved Coleridge's bond to wife and child and piled their unopened letters by his bed of illusion and shattering dreams; it was laudanum that held the hand bound to open them, turning it half callous and half timorous, as though insensibility should borrow of sensibility its flight, its cowardice, and its closed eyes; or rather the sensitive and loving man was acting his own part, wearing a delusive likeness to himself, while laudanum cared nothing for wife or child. It was laudanum that sent Coleridge to take refuge on one alien hearth when no fire was kindled to welcome him in any home of his kindred. It was laudanum that was the unspoken thing, the unnamed, in Coleridge's conscious talk; he was wary of the word; other things he would confess, but not this, which was the daily desire, the daily possession, and the daily stealth. So it was also, in his own degree, with this later sufferer. Francis Thompson was not like Coleridge, he had not Coleridge's bond and obligations; but the laudanum was alike in the wronged veins, the altered blood, of both.

Let none quote the example of these poets in excuse for that search after a possible inspiration, which is the least pardonable act of ambition; "I will do such things—what they are yet I know not," cries Shakespeare's impotent King; and the impotent poet has the same random desires. Not one of Francis Thompson's poems, except, perhaps, "Dream Tryst"—and this inferior to all others in his first volume—was written with the aid of opium. *Poems* and *Sister Songs* were his work during an interlude of a few years after his cure in a hospital; and *New Poems* followed a little later, at Pantasaph, where, under the friendly and fatherly care of the Capuchin Friars—he lodged at the Monastery gates—he had the country and his sunsets, as

Some Memories of

earlier at Storrington. This was his last volume of poems. In his later years, and in the absence of his own muse, prose interested him and became his art. He worked for *The Academy*, under the editorship of Mr Lewis Hind, and afterwards for *The Athenæum*. Literary essays and criticism of contemporary books thus gave him matter for literature, though poetry was gone; but he was essentially a "Maker," and the ceasing of his inspiration of poetry was a great grief, of which, while there was hope of its return, he spoke; as years went on, however, hope vanished, and he talked no more of his disappointment and dismay. But with the ceasing of poetry there was no decay of intellect, no gloom of habitual spirits.

For like the legend of Francis Thompson's sins is that of his unhappiness—no truer. He has been somewhere unwarily named with Blake as one of the unhappy poets. I will not say that he was ever so happy as Blake—but few, indeed, poets or others, have had a life so happy as Blake's, or a death so joyous; but I affirm of Francis Thompson that he had natural good spirits, and was more mirthful than many a man of cheerful, of social, or even of humorous reputation. His chief obvious characteristic—the garrulity whereby he made himself amends for some daily twenty hours of solitude—was something impossible to a melancholy man. No soul oppressed by sadness is busy, as he was, with unnecessary words. The Parisian woman keeps in her vocabulary a number of ambiguous words, manifestly for the bringing about of explanations, and settings-right, and little narratives of the origin and occasion of the misapprehension. This talk is the waste product of happiness and good humour. Francis Thompson abounded in it. If he had to direct a letter to publishers boasting more than one street-number in their address, he came to ask advice as to which number he should write on his envelope. One reply that it did not matter, uttered less in impatience than in the hope of curing this abuse of speech, was too little to stem the repetitions of the question, its discussion up and down, and from end to end. No man, I assured myself, has

Francis Thompson

this refuse of sociability to scatter, careless of the lack of vivacity in the replies, without a more than commonly light heart. What darkness and oppression of spirit the poet underwent was over and past some fifteen years before he died. It is a pleasure to remember Francis Thompson's laugh, a laugh readier than a girl's; and it is impossible to remember him, with any real recall, and not to hear it in the mind again. Moreover, as he was one of the most innocent of men, he was also one of the finest-tempered. Nothing irritable or peevish within him was discovered when children had their little laughter at him. It need hardly be told what children laughed at—say, a habit of stirring the contents of his cup with such violence that his after-dinner coffee was shed into the saucer or elsewhere—a habit which he told us often and at great length was hereditary. He not only pardoned but liked that laughter for many years. He himself had wit—for some of his tragic verses are poignantly witty; as when he anticipates death in the terrible lines:

It seemeth me too much
I do rehearse for such
A mean
And single scene.

Life is a coquetry
Of Death, which wearies me,
Too sure
Of the amour.

And of humour he had his share. But he had not that sense of the ridiculous which is the last, the lowest, and the most general of the three. Wit, humour, and a sense of the ridiculous, make up the comic trilogy; but I think that the third has not been well considered, or indeed ever treated separately. It is easier to show it by examples than to describe it. Let me add that every man of genius I have known—every one of three—has lacked it altogether. In its vulgar form it is the sense whereby to one clown the singing of opera seems ludicrous, and to another the mere fact of verse—of rhythm and rhyme—is full of the comic

Some Memories of

spirit; to the elder Weller, for instance, verse is ridiculous; and to yet another yahoo a baby is an occasion of derision, and so is paternity, mere paternity, without more expense of humour. These are extreme cases, but the sense of the ridiculous in other grades of intelligence is of the same kind, and something that is neither wit nor humour. Inasmuch as the comedy of life has become of late very important, a subject of critical exposition and of extreme consciousness, it might be worth a modern student's while to set the sense of the ridiculous in its right place, and to rid the sense of humour of this its base companion, to which it has been joined, and for which it has been mistaken. My contribution to that study shall be this fruit of experience noted but now—that poets have very little sense of the ridiculous, and great poets none. One may see them, therefore, so to place themselves in the world's sight as to run the risk of that laughter which is the last in rank of all kinds of laughter—and they laugh neither at themselves nor at others in like conditions.

Something may be added, then, to the romance of the story of a great unknown poet in poverty and obscurity of life by those rumours of great unhappiness and desolation; but to the few who were his friends the remembrance of far other circumstances of life and of mind are dear to-day. Francis Thompson's mournful poetry is given to the world; but he has left some hundred notebooks filled with cheerful matters, amongst which puns have a great space. With regard to the outward conditions of his life let it be said once for all that, after his rescue from the misery of the streets, he never again suffered homelessness.

During that time of self-inflicted exile he had no hope, day by day, but to earn, whether by selling matches or calling cabs at theatre doors, the price of a little food, of a night's lodging, and of the inevitable drug. Without laudanum and food he could not live, and therefore he was often houseless at night. The question then was how to escape the police, so as to take a little rest from wandering.

Francis Thompson

"Moved on" by the patrol, he slipped back to the arch or the pillar from the shadow of which he had been dislodged, and thus made sure of an interval until the official foot should approach again. Thus did Francis Thompson count the moments of many a night. "Once, bright Sylviola," he sang to my child in after days:

Once—in that nightmare time which still doth haunt
My dreams, a grim unbidden visitant,
Forlorn, and faint, and stark
I had endured through watches of the dark.
The abashless inquisition of each star,
Yea, was the outcast mark
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
Stood bound and helplessly
For time to shoot his barbed minutes at me;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night's slow-wheelèd car.

Three acts of human kindness towards him he reported with an all accepting simplicity. One was the bestowal of a whole florin by Mr Ferdinand de Rothschild in exchange for a halfpenny newspaper containing the winners; another was the act of a good shoemaker, who gave him employment in his shop—and Francis Thompson lost the place by unpunctuality in the mornings; another was the charity of a poor street-girl, a child, a flower as he called her, "fallen from the coronal of spring." She took him to her lodging and gave him food when he was nearly dying. These two years, then, of his forty-eight were years of great physical distress, and for the twenty years following he suffered not from want but from disease. The suffering that the labouring man, of every kind of labour, and the bondsman of every kind of obligation, has to endure he escaped; and that is not a little in a lifetime; and a million million men endure it with human courage; but the suffering of miserable health was so perpetually the thorn in his fragile flesh that one understands the self-defence of his evasions. No blame of his relatives was ever even hinted at by the poet—one of the justest of men. He knew that their kindness had been discouraged and defeated by his reserve and his flight. His father, a doctor of Ashton-under-

Some Memories of

Lyne, did his duty to his son as long as that son was accessible. At Ushaw Francis made good use of a good education, and he ever after remembered the place, and his masters, and his mates, with great affection. One memory of Ushaw—the fall of the old yew-tree in the playing field—gave him the subject of the splendid religious poem beginning:

It seemed corival of the world's great prime,
Made to unedge the scythe of time,
And last with stateliest rhyme;

When doom puffed out the stars, we might have said,
It would decline its heavy head,
And see the world to bed.

One of the masters was keenly interested in English literature (which seems still to be a noticeably uncommon characteristic of a master in an English school), and to this class Francis was devoted. When he left Ushaw and dreams of the priesthood, and went to Owens College to study medicine, he escaped the work he was set to, in order to read poetry in a public library. Then, finally, he fled from home and from advice, and went to London, and clung to the reading of poetry, at the Guildhall Library and elsewhere. When he was so rich—which was not always—as to possess pencil and paper, he began to write a little. He had heard, probably at a free library, of a Catholic magazine called *Merry England*, and to the editor he sent some verses and a prose essay, "Paganism Old and New." The reading of the MS. was deferred; and when at last it was read, Francis Thompson had ceased to call at the Charing Cross post office—the address he gave—in hope of an answer. The essay was printed, therefore, in the author's absence, and as a means of communication with him, which, in fact, it effected. For the poet had given, this time, an address at a chemist's shop in Drury Lane; and thence he was lured to the editor's office and next to his house. His first sight of the little children of that house was the inspiration of many pages of his first volume of *Poems*, and of his second volume, *Sister Songs*. At the

Francis Thompson

Premonstratensian Monastery at Storrington he wrote the "Ode to the Setting Sun," and sent it to his editor, who straightway took the train to congratulate him on this first conclusive sign of the splendour of his powers. On the South Downs, by Storrington, it was that he met the child of the lovely and now familiar poem "Daisy."

Returning to lodgings in London, and spending some part of every day with his new friends, Francis Thompson wrote *Sister Songs*, "Love in Dian's Lap," and the rest of the poems of the first volume, published in 1893. In 1892 Francis Thompson had been introduced to Coventry Patmore, whose *Unknown Eros* and other Odes revealed to him that great contemporary genius. Patmore welcomed the *Poems* in *The Fortnightly Review*, and other critics recognized the new and great poet, chief among them Mr Traill. The chief event of the two or three years of the writing of Francis Thompson's first book was the death of Cardinal Manning in 1891; his editor asked him for a poem on the Cardinal, whom the poet had once visited, and surely never was a poem "to order" so greatly and originally inspired. I have alluded to days of deep depression in Francis Thompson's life, and they occurred, now and then, with fairly cheerful intervals, at this time. It was in the grief and terror of such a day that he wrote "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster," which is a poem rather on himself than on the dead, an all but despairing presage of his own decease, which when, sixteen years later, it came, brought no despair.

I think that every poem in this first volume stands at the high-water mark of Francis Thompson's poetry, or is surpassed by nothing except the "Anthem of Earth" in the later volume. Or I should withdraw from the earlier book none but "A Judgement in Heaven." His usual fault is the splendid offence of excess, but in "A Judgement in Heaven," there is, as also in the "Ode to the Setting Sun" and parts of *Sister Songs*, a somewhat feverish excitement of diction, which is a graver fault. He himself was aware of this, and when a minor poet spoke to him of the overwhelming difference in their quality of poetry, he replied, with a generous injustice to

Some Memories of

himself, "How can you speak so? My poetry is fireworks compared with your moon." It was, in better truth, lightning and the sun. And sometimes he does show us lightning and the sun together in piled and tumultuous heavens. When, later on, he came to write his most magnificent ode, "The Anthem of Earth," that tumult was quiet; thought abounded more than ever, and glorious words; but there is, within all the sound and splendour, the calm of the Pacific under its waves.

To his first volume belongs "The Hound of Heaven," which sings the flight of a soul from the menace of the divine love that has marked it down and hunts it across the world. The fact that this poem has been everywhere understood, that is, understood not only verbally but spiritually, would seem to show that the higher and more severe the spirituality the more intelligible it may prove; something less ascetic might be harder to understand; and the theme of this poem, which can be within the actual experience of very few, is yet plain to all of the race and brotherhood of man. It is, besides, absolutely unmistakable in every thought and image; and that imagery, though immense, elaborate, and of the most abrupt grasp, is so whole, so fortunate, so perfect, that imagination rises up in answer to such a call. It is a poem to bestow imagination:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped,
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears.

Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding—

Who has laid down the law that a simile should dignify the thing for which comparison is sought, that this thing

Francis Thompson

should be ennobled by a likeness to something greater, and that the converse is bad poetry? Such a rule is defied by nothing more signally than by Francis Thompson, in this passage last cited, unless it be in the Scriptural stars that fall from heaven, "as a fig-tree sheddeth her untimely figs." I think that the greatest imagery of Francis Thompson's poetry has this terrible or tender trick of likening great things to small. For mere greatness of beauty, without the passion of the other examples, take this comparison of the earth to a ship. It is at the beginning of the poem, "To my godchild, Francis M. W. M.," and does but describe the cold spring of 1891, though it seems to be telling of something more mysterious than weather:

This labouring, vast, tellurian galleon,
Riding at anchor off the orient sun,
Had broke its cable, and stood out to space
Down some froze Arctic of the aerial ways:
And now, back warping from the inclement main,
Its vapourous shroudage drenched with icy rain,
It swung into its azure roads again.

How charming, again, and how wild, is this other metaphor:

A butterfly sunset claps its wings!

In this first volume are the other beautiful poems to children: "The Making of Viola," "The Poppy," and "To Monica thought Dying," in which last occurs the awful image of Death repeating the child's little trivial play-words:

His lips,
Uttering their native earthquake and eclipse,
Could never so avail,

As when his terrible dotage to repeat
Its little lesson learneth at your feet;
As when he sits among
His sepulchres to play
With broken toys your hand has cast away,
With derelict trinkets of the darling young.

Sister Songs is, in both its parts, piled high with imagery so beautiful as almost to persuade us that imagery is the

Some Memories of

end and goal of poetry. But Francis Thompson himself was soon to learn that these ceremonies of the imagination are chiefly ways of approach, and that there are barer realities beyond, and nearer to the centre of poetry itself.

This was the yet higher step he took in his art and thought when he set to work upon his third and last volume of poetry, *New Poems*, published in 1897, and dedicated to Coventry Patmore, or, as it proved, to his memory, for that great poet died while his friend's work was in the Press.

Lo, my book thinks to look time's leaguer down,
Under the banner of your spread renown!
Or if these levies of impuissant rhyme
Fall to the overthrow of assaulting time,
Yet this one page shall fend oblivion's shame,
Armed with your crested and prevailing Name.

The influence of Coventry Patmore's Odes is somewhat too evident; there is more likeness than should be between poet and poet in "The Dread of Height," for example; elsewhere that influence was more latent, and all-beneficial, as in the infinitely sorrowful lines, "A Captain of Song," written on a portrait of Patmore himself, the picture by Mr Sargent, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery. In this volume are included the poems that are the sequel to "Love in Dian's Lap," collected under the heading, "Ultima," and including the gay lines, "Under a Photograph" (with its reference to "Her Portrait," in the earlier volume), the happy lines, "My Lady the Tyranness," and the mournful but heroic "Ultimum." "Unto this Last" is one of the most exquisite of this delicate and tender series. In this volume is the author's first poem, "The Ode to the Setting Sun," but nearly all the rest were veritably the work of the later years of his brief poetical career. They were the fruit of his residence at Pantasaph, and they virtually close Francis Thompson's contribution to English poetry. An ode to celebrate the late Queen's Jubilee in 1897, by a review of the poetry written in her reign, and an ode on the English martyrs in the pages of this REVIEW are all that, with effort and manifest labour, he produced since

Francis Thompson

the time of Coventry Patmore's death and of the end of his residence among the Welsh hills. For some time before his death he was the guest of Mr Wilfrid Blunt, in Sussex; otherwise he spent his last eleven years almost continuously in London. Though, when with Mr Wilfrid Blunt, he was near to Storrington, the place of his discovery of himself as a poet, he was too ill to recover his old inspirations. But he had with him a notebook, as well as the prayer-book over which, propped up on his pillows, he pored far into the night; and in this notebook I find some verses, the last of his making, that illustrate at least the unchanged inclination of his heart:

Omnia Per Ipsum, et Sine Ipso Nihil

Pardon, O St John Divine,
That I change a word of thee.
None the less, aid thou me!
And Siena's Catharine;
Lofty Doctor, Augustine,
Glorious penitent; and be
Assisi's Francis also mine!
Mine be Padua's Anthony;
And that other Francis, he
Called of Sales let all combine
To counsel, of great charity,
What I write! Thy wings incline,
Ah, my Angel, o'er the line!
Last and first, O Queen Mary,
Of thy white Immaculacy,
If my work may profit aught,
Fill with lilies every thought!
I surmise
What is white will then be wise.

On the next page there is the following entry:

(To which I add)

Thomas More
Teach (therof my need is sore)
What thou showedst well on earth—
Good writ, good wit, make goodly mirth!

I have written here, at the request of one dear to him, more of personal particulars than I should otherwise have

Francis Thompson

published of a friend lately deceased. History will certainly be busy with this remarkable man's life as well as with his work; and this record will serve in the future, being, at any rate, strictly true. As to the fate of his poetry in the judgement of his country, I have no misgivings. For no reactions of taste, no vicissitude of language, no change in the prevalent fashions of the art, no altering sense of the music of verse, can lessen the height or diminish the greatness of this poet's thought, or undo his experience, or unlive the life of this elect soul, or efface its passion. There is a call to our time from the noble seventeenth century; and this purely English poet cried *Adsum!* to the resounding summons:

Come, and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spacious song!

ALICE MEYNELL

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

AN age of encyclopædias denotes a thirst for learning. The wealth of knowledge and discovery that is poured out from University, College and study makes some general storehouse of the latest information an indispensable requisite of every library. Hitherto no such treasury of reference has been provided by Catholics for an English-speaking public; nor has there as yet appeared in any language a collection of articles written for Catholics and also for non-Catholics, and professing to supply information that is at once full, frank, objective and reliable. To the active and swiftly developing races of the Western world is due the credit of this vast enterprise. *The Catholic Encyclopædia* (An International work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline and History of the Catholic Church. New York: Robert Appleton Company. 1907), as its name implies, "proposes to give its readers full and authoritative information on the entire cycle of Catholic interests, action and doctrine." The terms of this programme might well give pause to the sober scholars of the Old World; but who shall say that, in their first volume, the editors have not risen high towards the standard of perfection they have aimed at?

Leading scholars and writers in America, England, Ireland, France and Italy are found in the group of more than 200 contributors who have produced this first volume of 802 pages of text in double columns. America is dealt with in two articles, by A. F. Bandelier of the Hispanic Society of America, and J. F. Fischer, Professor of Geography and History, Feldkirch. Alaska is by the Prefect-Apostolic of that Province; Africa, by the Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, Paris; Asia, by Gabriel Oussani; Italian cities and names, by Professor Buonaiuti, Rome; Albania, by Elizabeth Christitch, of Belgrade (the only lady

Some Recent Books

contributor); Alcalá, by a Spanish Jesuit. These, and along with them the article on Asia Minor (twenty-one columns), by E. T. Shanahan, may be read as typical of the work. They are replete with facts and figures, broad in their horizon, omitting nothing that is material to the history of the Church. Music is under the sympathetic treatment of J. A. Völker; Architecture is in charge of T. H. Poole. Irishmen everywhere will be gratified to see that T. Grattan Flood has accepted the responsibility for Irish Saints and places; and no more gifted specialist could have been selected than the Archbishop of Tuam for the great historic Schools of Ireland. J. H. Pollen is spokesman for the Anglo-Saxon Saints, and tells us the story of the Armada; Herbert Thurston appears frequently in matters liturgical; the gentle hand of Sydney F. Smith deals with the delicate subject of Anglican Orders (fourteen columns); Mgr Moyes follows with the article on Anglicanism (ten columns), and the Rev. W. H. Kent writes an excellent account (seven columns) of St Anselm. French subjects are for the most part dealt with by Georges Goyau.

Under the letter A, Philosophy enters perhaps more frequently than either of the theologies. The Absolute, Accidents, Agnosticism, Altruism, Analysis, Analogy, Aseity, Assimilation, are explained by different writers, but the general form of treatment is similar in all. Their outlook is singularly broad, the explanation quite untechnical and clear, the style expository rather than argumentative. No attempt is made to force a conclusion; a view is stated with the utmost candour, reasons for or against are set down in concise form, and the matter is left to the judgement of the reader. The various articles on the History of Philosophy, of which a large share properly falls to William Turner, are worthy of their place in a great Catholic Encyclopædia.

It is only by turning over the pages of such a production as this that an idea can be formed of the influence which the Catholic religion has exercised on men and human life. Figures of the Saints, like Ambrose and Alphonsus, writers, painters like Fra Angelico, Church musicians like Anerio, or critics like A. W. Ambros, conquerors such as

The Catholic Encyclopædia

Pedro de Alvarado, pass before the imagination like a splendid and interminable procession.

The strength of an able staff has rightly been concentrated upon the word "Apostle" and its derivatives, a series extending through forty-six columns. The article on Apocrypha is rich in detail and complete in its survey. The growing and ever-changing subject of Apologetics is well mapped out; and if the more abstruse details of philosophical or theological inquiries are judiciously left to the professed theologian, a thoroughly sound and well-informed article is given in the space of ten columns. The article on Anatomy may come as a surprise to some; but, when read, its appropriateness will be fully recognized. Only two conspicuous articles occur on social subjects—Agrarianism, by the late C. S. Devas, which needs no commendation from the reviewer, and Arbitration, which is sound and profitable reading. There are many who will look for contributions of equal merit on kindred subjects in succeeding volumes.

The Sacred Scriptures occupy, as was to be expected, a prominent position in its pages. Men of high rank divide the work between them. Not to speak of the short articles on the Hebrew names by A. J. Maas, the articles on Adam, Abraham, Antediluvians, furnish the reader with a trustworthy summary of the latest researches, and state frankly the position of Catholic science at the present day. The same thorough treatment and transparent honesty pervades the articles of Mgr Kirsch on SS. Agnes, Alexius, Anastasia and Apollonia. Among the subjects which probably make their first appearance in an encyclopædia are, besides the names of smaller dioceses, Age (in its canonical applications), Aliturgical and Allard.

Features which stand out in bold relief from beginning to end are abundance of entries, an unmistakable clearness of exposition, a crowding of facts, a total absence of controversial inconsiderateness and a judicious proportion in the length of the articles.

To compare the Encyclopædia with similar works leads to speedy discomfiture. The scope of the work differs entirely from that, for example, of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, or

Some Recent Books

Chambers's, so as to render comparison futile. Even if we compare it, page by page, with the *Dictionnaire de Théologie* (A. Vacant), it will be seen in a moment that the two works are intended for two sets of readers, wide apart in attainments, race, language and surroundings. On the mere point of size, the difference between *The Encyclopædia* and the *Dictionnaire* referred to is not so great; for in the same space of the alphabet the *Encyclopædia* has 1,604 columns, and the *Dictionnaire* 2,122.

The editors will be the last to imagine that they have reached the highest point of excellence in their first volume; and some slight criticism is unavoidable. The fact that the particular copy under review is somewhat unequally printed and slightly smudged in many places may be due to accidental causes. Room might have been found for Cosmas Alemanus and Rodriguez de Arriaga. Alvarez de Paz, besides being entered without a Christian name, is treated unsympathetically; and it would seem that the writer is not familiar with his works. Arnobius is dismissed with less appreciation than he deserves. The Roman Academy of St Thomas receives but a cursory notice, and no mention is made of the many local Academies of St Thomas. The record of the Regia Accademia di Santa Cecilia stops at the year 1874. St Alphonsus is described as being "present in spirit" at the death-bed of Clement XIV. The article on the Apostolic Union omits England and Scotland from the list of countries in which the Institute has taken root. The writers of the shorter articles sometimes show haste or overwork. In one paragraph of twenty-seven lines six sentences begin in the same form. In another article of six sentences, five begin with the pronoun "He." But these are small matters. The *Encyclopædia*, as a whole, deserves unstinted praise.

H.P.

IF only the Catholic reader is prepared to make allowances for the Anglican standpoint from which Canon Wirgman writes, he will find a great deal that is both useful and edifying in the work called *The Blessed Virgin and all the Company of Heaven* (By A. Theodore Wirgman, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of Grahamstown. With a Preface by Canon Knox

The Blessed Virgin

Little. Oxford: Mowbray. 1905. 5s. net). We fear that the author, earnest and devout as he obviously is, has undertaken a somewhat thankless task. By the great majority of his co-religionists his book will be accounted rank Popery. On the other hand, many of those who only seek therein a stimulus for piety, and who already take for granted our Lady's position of pre-eminence in the distribution of God's favours to mankind, will probably find the note of controversy distasteful. Yet, after all, the writer's tone throughout is always kindly and conciliatory. Those who study the book will find therein evidence of a very genuine devotion to our Lady, coupled with a wide and sober study of patristic testimonies which we do not always find amongst our own Marian apologists. The copious quotations from Anglican divines are not without an interest of their own, and they form a valuable contribution to what we may call the common-sense argument in favour of the Church's attitude towards the Blessed Virgin. Practically speaking, there seems to be no point of accepted Catholic teaching in relation to the Mother of God which Canon Wirgman does not adopt. Although he prefers to speak of "the Scotist doctrine of the Immunity" rather than of the Immaculate Conception, and though he admits the lack of any historical evidence for the Assumption of our Lady's mortal remains into Heaven, he makes it clear that his own sympathies are strongly enlisted on the side of both these beliefs. If we are disposed to disagree with Canon Wirgman, it is rather about the over-benignity of certain of his judgements. Much as we respect the sincerity of the author of Tract No. 90, we have never been able to believe, as Canon Wirgman apparently still does, that the *Doctrina Romanensium* was meant to designate the views of an extreme medieval party. Neither should we quite be prepared to regard Santa Clara as a representative Catholic theologian; and in spite of our deep respect for the late Father Livius, C.S.S.R., we do not think that his book, *The Blessed Virgin in the Fathers of the First Six Centuries*, ought, on the strength of Cardinal Vaughan's Preface and *imprimatur*, to be described as "an official pre-sentment of modern Roman theology."

H.T.

Some Recent Books

DR HARNACK'S recent work on St Luke has now appeared in English dress, and it is, fortunately, much better rendered than his other works have been (*Luke the Physician*. By Adolf Harnack. Translated by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson. Edited by the Rev. W. D. Morison. Williams and Norgate. 1907. 6s., in *The Crown Theological Library*). It is interesting to find that the most prominent and influential of living German scholars has broken with the German liberal tradition, and has founded his conclusions upon the work of English writers, Sir John Hawkins's *Horæ Synopticæ*, Dr Plummer's *Commentary on St Luke*, Hobart's *Medical Language of St Luke*, and the many writings of Sir W. Ramsay. Harnack has done some good work in bringing back his fellow-countrymen to sounder methods. If he is surprisingly moderate in his views, preferring careful statistics to rapid theorizing, it is doubtless mainly because he has worked back to the first century through the second and third, and because he ventures to some extent to employ upon the Apostolic period the solid methods which he has learnt to apply to Patristic times. His earlier *History of Dogma* was based, indeed, on wide reading, but its inductions were often much wider than the facts could warrant. The detailed and accurate work in the three thick volumes of his *Geschichte der Altchristlichen Literatur* have trained him for a more systematic and thorough style of investigation. His manner of approaching Scriptural subjects is now utterly unlike that of the usual critics of the "Left," and far more resembles that of the great Cambridge scholars and of the German ultra-Conservative Zahn, whose labours on the Canon prepared the way for his *Introduction to Holy Scripture*, and of the late Professor Blass, whose useful textual work was preceded by long experience in the editing of classical texts. It is unfortunate that most of the German critics of the "Liberal" side have had no corresponding experience, and they use methods of criticism which in any other line of study would be ruled out of court. One can only be thankful that they are less extravagant than were their predecessors of thirty or fifty years ago.

Dr Harnack is, however, still a Liberal critic. He is indeed

Saint Luke

absolutely convinced that the whole of the Acts is by one writer, Luke the Physician, the companion of St Paul and the writer of the Gospel; he proves this by statistics of language, style, grammar, and by the evidence that every part bears marks of the medical interest and knowledge of the writer; he is enthusiastic in praise of St Luke's buoyancy and spirit, and of his skill in writing. But he is, on the other hand, painfully anxious to assure the reader that he does not think the facts in the Gospel and in the former portion of Acts in the least more credible because these books are somewhat earlier in date than his friends have supposed; the same is to be said of St Mark's Gospel, though Mark, the follower of Peter and Paul, was really its author. The First Gospel really represents the tradition of the Church of Jerusalem, and the Fourth Gospel is really the Gospel of the Son of Zebedee, yet neither of them deserves much credence on the whole. But Harnack does not allow much time for the successive layers of tradition which he postulates, and the positive conclusions as to date and authorship, to which he has been driven by compelling evidence acting upon a singularly candid mind, will react in the minds of others upon theories as to the earliest age which Harnack himself has not yet discarded. Consequently, the first 120 pages of *Luke the Physician* and the appendixes are exceedingly valuable as masterly summaries of evidence, whereas the third chapter, headed, "Is it really impossible to ascribe the Third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles to St Luke?" is chiefly of value as an argument by a liberal against liberals, starting from prepossessions common to both parties. Much of it is simply preposterous to an English reader.

Dr Harnack expresses his opinion very strongly on the subject of the death of St John. He uncompromisingly rejects the theory, of late so popular, that the Apostle was "killed by the Jews," according to the statement attributed to Papias. On this point Dr Swete is less decided in his admirable *Commentary on the Apocalypse* (Macmillan. 1906. 15s.): "While inclining to the traditional view which holds that the author of the Apocalypse was the Apostle John, the present writer desires to keep an open mind on

Some Recent Books

the question" (p. clxxxi). But with Bousset, though more whole-heartedly than Bousset, Dr Swete holds to the unity of the book against the precarious theories of later German criticism. With almost all recent writers he rejects the Neronian date, almost universally patronized in the 'seventies, and champions the traditional date under Domitian. Dr Swete's Introduction is very Interesting and very thorough; his notes are clear, patient and readable. The book will rank with his Commentary on St Mark, and is worthy to be placed with those of his predecessors at Cambridge, Lightfoot and Westcott, not so much for brilliancy as for scholarship and that rare quality, common sense.

If Dr Swete errs on the side of over much caution, Dr Abbott always has the courage of his opinions. In his latest publication, *Notes on New Testament Criticism* (A. and C. Black. 1907. 7s. 6d.), he speaks with no uncertain voice in favour of the Apostolic authorship of the Apocalypse, and on the question of date adds much interesting matter to Swete's discussion. But the book itself is not very readable, as it is simply a collection of notes to Silanus the Christian. Three of these notes are very long: on the date of the Apocalypse, on "The Son of Man" and on the Self-manifestations of Christ. The author makes large use of the Talmud and of Origen. A volume at once so learned, so scrappy and so discursive is not encouraging even to the most patient specialist, but there is always gold to be found in Dr Abbott's ore. C.

IF Philosophy is not familiar to the modern world, it is certainly not for want of "Introductions." Of recent years we have had Paulsen, Külpe, Wundt, Petzoldt and Riehl among the Germans, not to speak of Ladd, Rodgers and Hibben. And now M. Maurice DeWulf adds one more to the number by his *Scholasticism Old and New: An Introduction to Scholastic Philosophy, Medieval and Modern* (By M. DeWulf, LL.D., Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of the University of Louvain. Translated by P. Coffey, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy, Maynooth College, Ireland: Longmans. pp. xvi, 327. 6s. net). Readable, living, in

Scholasticism

close and direct contact with the currents of historical, scientific and philosophical movements at present swaying the minds of men, it cannot fail to impress its readers with the greatness of the work associated with the name of Cardinal Mercier and the neo-Scholastic School of Louvain.

What exactly is meant by Scholasticism? M. DeWulf's searching analysis of the erroneous ideas and definitions of Scholasticism current in the most authoritative circles, will inspire a profound distrust of the criticisms in which modern histories of philosophy abound. It is not to be identified, the author contends, with *the* philosophy of the Middle Ages, and is but "*one* definite synthesis, the most widespread the most ably defended, the best constructed in the intellectual history of the Western Middle Ages" (p. 51). What then are its leading features?

In the first place, Scholasticism is not a *Monistic* system. The *Dualism* of the purely actual being of the Divinity on the one hand, and creatures composed of act and power on the other, erects an impassable barrier against all Pantheism. . . . Scholastic Theodicy is *creationist* and *personalist*. The Scholastic metaphysic of contingent being is at once a *moderate dynamism* (act and power, matter and form, essence and existence), and a frank avowal of *individualism*. This same *dynamism* governs the formation and dissolution of natural substances; while from another standpoint the material world is interpreted by Scholasticism in an *evolutionist* and finalist sense.

Its Psychology is not materialist but *spiritualist*, not idealistic or *a priori* but *experimental*, not subjectivist but *objectivist*.

Its logic, based on the data of psychology and metaphysics, advocates the use of the *analytico-synthetic* method. Its ethical teaching derives its principal features from psychology: it is *eudemonist* and *libertarian* (pp. 143-144).

Such are the conclusions led up to by the consideration of the characteristics of Medieval Scholastic Philosophy and of its distinctive doctrines.

We are familiar with the cry that "Scholasticism is a thing of the past," but it finds no echo in Dr De Wulf's pages. Scholasticism had its period of decay; it has had ex-

Some Recent Books

ponents who set forth mistaken ideas of its teaching, arising chiefly from ignorance of the history of philosophy and of experimental science; and whose intermingling of scholastic and of theological theses and arguments is firmly rejected (pp. 190 seq.) But the corrosive action of the causes which wrought the ruin of medieval Scholasticism has left its great organic doctrines sound and healthy.

The second part of the book (pp. 157-262) shows in outline what has been done by neo-Scholasticism and its leaders. It is out of the question to take up the old Scholasticism *in globo*; only things of to-day have an interest for the people of to-day.

Modern Scholasticism aims at submitting the principles of Medieval Scholasticism to the control of scientific progress . . . theories now known to have been false, are simply *abandoned*; the great constitutive doctrines of the Medieval system are *retained*, but only after having successfully stood the double test of comparison with the conclusions of present-day science, and with the teachings of contemporary systems of philosophy; new facts have been brought to light, and under their influence a store of new ideas has *enriched* the patrimony of the ancient Scholasticism (p. 211).

Under the headings of Metaphysics, Theodicy, Cosmology, Psychology, Criteriology, Esthetics, Ethics and Logic, the author proceeds to examine what needs modification, what receives new confirmation, and what must be rejected. There is not a page which does not teem with suggestive thoughts, and those who are interested to know how Scholastic principles emerge from their contest with modern thought will find here much to their purpose. The only favour it asks is to be allowed to vindicate its superiority in open intellectual discussion.

Inheriting as it does the traditional spiritualism of a Plato, an Aristotle, a St Augustine and a St Thomas, it bases its claims neither on the tradition which it perpetuates, nor on argument from authority. . . . On the contrary, it is after an examination of the facts that are engaging the attention of our contemporaries, after interpreting the results achieved by the sciences, after testing critically its own principles, that the new Scholasticism lays down its conclusions, and invites the philosophers of the twentieth century

Le Blé qui lève

to recognize them and deal with them on precisely the same titles as they deal with those of neo-Kantism and Positivism (p. 260).

Dr Coffey has added, as an appendix, a long account of the philosophical and scientific studies at Louvain, which is far from detracting from the value of the volume. The importance of the book to Catholic and non-Catholic thinkers alike, if they wish to do justice to Scholastic thought, is evident. And the welcome we give to the very readable translation is the more cordial that Professor Coffey's volume is the forerunner of a translation of Cardinal Mercier's philosophical works, for which we have long waited.

E.M.

IT has been said that an idea, like a mountain, can be considered from many different points of view: "cela dépend du lieu où l'on se place": and perhaps the same saying may, in some measure, hold good of a problem. It may be considered from many different standpoints and with more or less strong prepossessions; it may be approached indifferently in a spirit of idle curiosity, or again in a passionate spirit of partisanship. In *Le Blé qui lève* (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1907. 3.50 frs) M. René Bazin seems to us to have struck a just mean between all these attitudes and to approach the problem which he treats in his book in a broad-minded and impartial spirit. He deals with the question, an old and much-vexed one, to us here in England, of the relations between master and labourer; the choice between two tyrannies, that of the employer or that of the Trades Union. But, although he makes no secret of the side in whose favour he pronounces judgement, he never for a moment lets his convictions warp his sympathy with, and pity for, the lives of the French peasants. That their grievance is far from an imaginary one, that they have very real and deep wrongs, he admits quite frankly, but that they are not setting about the right way to redress them, that they have not located the source of evil, he is firmly convinced. With the profound knowledge of his subject shown in every page of his book, his, surely, is an opinion to be weighed and considered. M. Bazin's remedy is religious faith, the faith which is so fast dying out in the part of

Some Recent Books

France where his plot is laid, and the drawing together, through community of interests and hopes, of the richer and poorer classes.

Gilbert Cloquet, a woodman, is the central figure in *Le Blé qui lève*. He is a deeply interesting study of character. The story of his gradual drifting away from all form of spiritual life in his youth, his misery and desolation in middle age, when, being alone and friendless, he realizes that he has nothing left to live and work for, and his ultimate conversion, as an old man, are told with a wealth of detail and a sympathetic insight not often to be found in modern fiction. In descriptions of scenery M. Bazin leaves little to be desired, and for these alone, *Le Blé qui lève* would be well worth reading. But such chapters as that in which the Abbé Roubiaux goes the round of his parishioners, "faire la quête" for their grudging support of religion, or that in the forest, when the men are incited to brutally assault Gilbert Cloquet, because he has dared to accept a fortnight's work for himself alone instead of sharing it with his comrades, leave the reader with a deep sense of the tragedy of daily human life, the tragedy of misunderstanding and misconception, which is reacted, with slight variations in circumstances and detail, ceaselessly through the ages. Gilbert Cloquet's conversion takes place in Belgium, and M. Bazin makes use of this opportunity to "point a moral and adorn the tale," by drawing a contrast, very unfavourable to his own country, between the religious life of Belgium and of France. He strikes a still deeper, truer note when he makes one of his characters say, "Il en faudra des pauvres, pour relever les pauvres": it is from one who has lived and laboured and suffered with the poorer working classes, from one of themselves, that their succour must ultimately come. All the effort cannot be on one side only, and no amount of sympathy and good-fellowship from those socially their superiors, can succeed alone in bridging the gulf of class distinctions; there must be good will on their part also, and a full and frank recognition that there are faults and hardships on both sides

G.F.G.

Lisheen

IT would be interesting to make a careful comparison between the work of M. René Bazin and that of Canon Sheehan, D.D. The sympathies of both are deeply enlisted in the sorrows and sufferings of the peasantry of their own countries. Indeed, there are passages in *Lisheen* (Longmans. 1907. 5s.) which find a very exact parallel in *La Terre qui meurt*. For instance, in the following extract, describing the struggle between two generations, the older clinging to their impoverished homes and the traditions of the past, while the younger are yearning for new life and a new land and new hopes, we are closely reminded of a similar struggle between an old peasant and his children in the work of the French author:

The old man smoked calmly, sitting on a rough slate bench near the hearth; the mother sat looking pensively at the fire; Pierry looked through the narrow window in a sullen angry manner. Debbie was clearing away the supper refuse from the table. When she had finished, she came over and stood looking down at her father and mother. Then she said quietly:

"I think Pierry is right, mother. There's nayther sinse nor raison in our stopping here, toiling from morning to night, making money for the landlord, when there's a free country only five days' journey across the wather. Let us sell out, in God's name! Lizzie is dying to have us all in Boston, where nayther you nor father need ever wet yere hands agin; but have carpets on dher yere feet, an' the besht of atin' and dhrinkin'. Come, let us go, in God's name."

She spoke earnestly, almost passionately. It was her thought, sleeping and waking.

There was another deep pause of silence. The poor old mother was silently weeping. It was not the first or second time this proposal, which was heart-breaking to her, had been made by her children. She knew that nothing could exorcise the dread discontent of home-life, the dread enchantment of America. And this was her own home. Here she was born (for Owen McAuliffe had merely come in with a couple of hundred pounds from the County Limerick): here she was brought up; here she learned her prayers and first lessons; here she said good-bye to her dead parents; here, on this kitchen floor, she had danced the night of her marriage; and here were her eight children born and brought up with her more than usual solicitude. She knew every rafter in the blackened roof, every stone in the fireplace, every bush on the hedges, every tree

Some Recent Books

around her fields. Every winter had brought its songs and stories for sixty years around that hearth. Every summer the golden fields and the cross-road dances. True, her life had been a life of sorrow and hardship; but these very things consecrated the place still more. Every soul loves the place of its crucifixion; and her humble Calvary was knit into her life like a living thing. And to think of leaving all that, and going away into a strange, mysterious country, a peopled desert, where for every one that crossed its desolation and emerged successful, a hundred had gone down and were lost! Oh, no; the thought was too dreadful; and it broke out in the eloquence of her silent tears.

Owen McAuliffe bore the ordeal for a time. Then, rising up, he simply pointed with his pipe at the weeping woman, and said:

"There!"

He walked out slowly into the field beyond the yard.

But Canon Sheehan has not the impartial attitude of M. Bazin, nor his courage in frankly facing the difficulties of the situation. To him there is but one evil power in Ireland, which accounts for all the sufferings of the people. It certainly tends to an artistic simplicity to put on the canvas only the monster landlordism and the figures of his victims. Perhaps Canon Sheehan does not think his public capable of entering into more difficult economic questions, and we are the more led to think this as we have long been of opinion that Canon Sheehan has too great a contempt for his readers. He cannot believe that we are really contented with anything so simple and so homely as the lives of the Irish poor. He underrates the power of his own genius to enthrall the ordinary reader by his most wonderful presentments of living human beings. He thinks, after a few chapters simply brimful of life and sunshine and shadow and the sweetest virtues and of a most thrilling pathos, that he must weary them unless he can pass instantly to a melodramatic story of the upper classes. No sooner are we deeply in love with Debbie McAuliffe, or fascinated by the wit of Darby, or unutterably touched by old Mrs Mike Ahern's mourning for her son, than we are hurried back to Dublin to follow the strange and unconvincing story of Major Outram and his concealed leprosy. We do most sincerely wish that Canon Sheehan would

Absolvo Te

trust his audience with such studies of Irish life as Mr Barrie gave us of Scotch life, in *The Window in Thrums*. If we cannot always have such a complete joy as *My New Curate*, we might, at least, be allowed to see and learn the great lessons he can teach us from the Irish race. It matters not whether this be in short studies or in complete novels, so long as he allows free play to the true artist and genius, unsurpassed by anyone living, in his pictures of Irish peasant life. S.

WITHIN the last year or so reviews of noticeable German novels have become much more frequent in the English Press. People who want to "keep up their German," or to gain some general idea (independently of the representations in their daily papers) of current German thought and feeling can now easily do so through contemporary German fiction; while, by the merciful effect of distance, it is only novels of a certain distinction and power that reach the English reader. Such is *Absolvo Te*, by E. Viebig (Berlin: Egon Fleischel and Co. 3m.) The situation is extremely original, the characters are few and simple, and they live. The scene is laid in a remote district, on the borders of Poland, and the atmosphere is one of elemental directness, passion and fear; yet the locality is not more than 150 miles from Berlin. Such characters (the plot is one of character more than action) might still be found in the wilder parts of Cornwall, but few English novelists could treat a similar subject with such fine plainness; they would encumber the tale with description, with dialect, with laboured humours of the peasantry, and would hardly resist the temptation to weave a poetic strand into Frau Tiralla's sufferings or Rozia's visions. But this story is told with a quiet, yet thorough realism, not brutal or repulsive, as German realism sometimes tends to be; it is rather the unvarnished record of a few strange and primitive lives. Rozia, indeed, is a wonderful study of a girl-visionary, the not unnatural outcome of life on the large, lonely farm, beside the black pinewood, looking over the treeless plain. Blinded with sunlight in the brief summer, drowned in

Some Recent Books

snow for many months, those central plains may well breed eerie presences and superstitious terror in the winter darkness, or when the east wind blows to them over many thousand miles of land.

Another recent novel, *Schwüle Tage*, by E. von Reyserling (S. Fischer Verlag. Berlin. 1m.), has something in common with *Absolvo Te*, which is difficult to define; the style and the quality of realism, so to speak, differ greatly, yet the books resemble each other in a certain simple, direct presentment of character. *Schwüle Tage* is noticeable for what can only be called "a coloured style," in which details of landscape and ornament have an extraordinary distinctness; the plainest descriptive words are so placed that they seem to live and glow. One feels that the author must have an unusually keen visual imagination, to which the mere description of silk, blossoms, heavy-scented flowers or jewelled hair brings as much delight, almost, as the sight and touch of them: a curious, pleasurable faculty, which has, we believe, been called "love of things."

Such a style is rare among German writers, and this makes the reader more inclined to rate it highly: yet, perhaps, it is as well that *Schwüle Tage* is not a large volume, for, after the three very skilful examples of the author's craft which it contains, one begins to weary a little of colour and delicate, sensuous effect; one is inclined to say, like the hero of the first story: "Everything seems to have *feelings* here, people, creatures, furniture and even flowers." The second tale is striking from its absolute blank simplicity: it is the narrative of a Lithuanian peasant-girl, a record not even of emotions, but sensations; while the third relates one of those strange, rather dreadful episodes of real life that seldom find their way into fiction.

Kreislauf der Liebe (By Kurt Martens. Berlin: Egon Fleischel. 3m.) is unlike either of the above books, and in some ways inferior to them. It is much nearer to the conventional idea of German thought and sentiment, while, as the sub-title, "Ein Geschichte des Vesseren Menschen" shows, it intends highly. It tells of the emotional development of a quiet, well-intentioned (rather stout)

The Lord of the World

townsman and bachelor, whose character is fairly defined by the fact that he keeps six cats, and wears a crimson smoking-jacket. He is more interesting when dealing with the curious, mystical influence, or, rather, visitant, of whom he is conscious, than in his love affairs. After various sentimental episodes and hesitations, we leave him, established, more to the author's satisfaction than our own, with an excellent, but illiterate widow (also rather stout) whom he fondly regards as "such a womanly woman." But *Kreislauf der Liebe* is worth reading, especially as a contrast to the two other books noted; for it gives a picture of sentiment, and the misty complexities of town life (in which all direct feeling tends to be lost in acquired thought and impression as opposed to passion), and of the strong primary emotions that may still remain in simple surroundings which have stood long unchanged.

R.C.T.

IT is indeed a bold adventure to set forth in imaginative literature a projection of the spiritual state of man about 150 years hence; of his intellectual and also his material conditions, of the coming of Antichrist, of the end of the world.

A boy's fancy, a man's thought, an artist's perception, a mystic's vision, all these were necessary for the production of *The Lord of the World* (By Rev. R. H. Benson. Pitman. 6s.) But it is impossible not to feel that all these powers have run wild, and from sheer want of discipline have missed their mark. The boy's fancy has luxuriated in flights of "volors," in magic sunlight, in schemes of organized suicide, the artist's perceptions have presented a series of very highly-coloured pictures, the man's thought on the deeper tendencies of our civilization has foretold too easily the sweep of one great movement of humanitarian philosophy, while the mystic's has been almost the most unbridled of all these elements, and is positively self-indulgent in a facile analysis of the moods of the soul. Things material, things spiritual, both divine and devilish, are crowded on the canvas until the mind is confused and wearied; and it must be steadied by a firm effort before we recognize in this

Some Recent Books

strange book much of what we have always loved in Father Benson's work. It is really work from the same hand that gave us gorgeous but convincing pictures of the days of the Tudors, that moved our emotions in love and tenderness with the martyrs, and that drew the exquisite miniature of the solitary Richard Raynal; only that hitherto there have been the restraint and the reserve of the true artist. It is probably owing to the difficulties of any pure projection in time that the change has come. Fancied facts, or future facts drawn logically from the present ones, are apt to move on such an enormous curve. Given a steady progress in science during the next 150 years, and there is no difficulty as to "volors" that move at 150 miles an hour; given the same advance in destructive explosives and why should not Rome be blotted off the face of the earth in a few minutes? Father Benson thus removes the Eternal City and transfers the centre of the Christian world to Nazareth. Again, given that mankind grows more and more self-loving, self-conscious, self-adoring, will not humanitarianism become the religion of the future, and is there any difficulty in conceiving the triumph of Antichrist, as the son of man, the supreme product of the human race? Naturally, logically, since the Church stands against the human race as the only opposer to its mad self-adoration, it rouses all the brute in man—and hence come persecutions so searching that hardly is a group of the faithful to be found upon the earth. All this, no doubt, is built upon great truths, but it required, to set them forth convincingly, much caution, much reserve, suggestion rather than assertion, and a symbolical use of facts in the style of a parable or an allegory in lieu of crowds of material details. When the two Cardinals, for instance, have looked upon Rome for the last time, the night before its destruction, we have all sorts of details as to the cars of the "volors" and the sensation of nausea caused by a rapid descent. Again and again we are worried by an insistence on future machinery which disturbs our interest in the higher objects of the book. And why try to convince us with a merely simple logical outcome of the thoughts of our own day when we know

Dante and His Italy

how composite, how complicated, how uncertain in its movements is the thought of man? It is hard enough to know the past: how can we read so easily what is to succeed? The discomfort felt in reading the book—and it *is* discomfort in spite of frequent moments of admiration—is due in most part to the unshrinking definiteness of the author's treatment of things beyond our field of vision, and, therefore, incapable of falling into any true perspective.

S.

THERE is no better frame in the language for a vivid portrait of Dante than *Dante and His Italy* by Lonsdale Ragg (Methuen & Co. 12s. 6d. net). It embraces the history of Dante's century from 1221 to 1321, the date of his death—greatest of Christian centuries. The author treats it from all points: religious, political, literary, artistic, social, and after a careful perusal of this work the student will be well equipped for a thorough appreciation of the *Divina Commedia*. Drawing on original sources for information, as the author does, lends vigour and freshness to his style, and he writes with that keen love of his subject which is the best guarantee of true insight. His favourable estimate of Boniface VIII is the most striking part of the book, running counter to the traditional presentment of this Pope. As he was responsible for Dante's exile, and so occasioned the *Commedia*, we may be incidentally thankful to him. Personal motives, therefore, combined with political in the poet's hatred. In revenge, as we know, he claps his arch-foe into the third chasm of Malebolge, among the Simonists. He is "the Prince of the new Pharisees," "who regards not the Highest Office nor Holy Orders in himself," "degenerate" on the Papal Throne, "usurper of St Peter's place," "turning his burial ground into a conduit for blood and filth," to Satan's great delight. This is the Boniface of popular tradition. "The thunderbolt of Dante's denunciation has branded Boniface's name for ever." "Of all the Roman Pontiffs," says Milman, "Boniface left the darkest name for craft, arrogance, ambition, even for avarice and cruelty. He was hardly dead when the epitaph was pro-

Some Recent Books

claimed to the unprotesting Christian world: he came in like a wolf, he ruled like a lion, he died like a dog."

Groundless and malicious rumour told how he died gnawing his hands in frenzied despair. When his body was exhumed in 1605, and minutely examined, his hands, "long and graceful (as the statues also record) with tapering fingers and nails," were found intact. Prebendary Ragg's summing up of Boniface's character is not in accordance with the verdict of tradition. "Had he lived," he says, "a hundred or two hundred years before, we cannot doubt but he would have left as great a name as Gregory VII or Innocent III." He was "a man imbued with the loftiest ideals of theocracy, a man to set his foot on the necks of kings"—a very becoming posture, too, for some of the medieval kings. He was "able, industrious, indefatigable, unswervingly loyal to his own theocratic ideal." His "letters often show a real eloquence and high feeling and tact, as well as Scriptural and legal learning, and an immense grasp of the affairs of Europe." "An exceptionally astute and brilliant Canonist." "A man of culture, too, and æsthetic taste, a great patron of art and architecture;" "a man of imperial type," "who had much of noble in his character, and with all his greed of power, and of money as *the source of power*, is not accused of brutality or of licentiousness"; "a gentleman in many senses of the word," "of princely generosity." The book contains, besides a good index of proper names and references to the *Commedia*, thirty-two illustrations, some of special beauty, like those of St Louis and Frederick II. P.H.

INNOCENT *the Great* (An Essay on his Life and Times. By B. H. C. Pirie-Gordon, B.A. Longmans. 9s. net) presents an interesting but not wholly satisfactory portraiture of the majestic figure of Innocent III. Mr Pirie-Gordon is evidently much in sympathy with his subject; he admires "the Lord Innocent" even when he indulges in Carlylean pleasantries at his expense. He has, moreover, gone closely into some little-trodden by-ways of history in tracing Innocent's many-sided activities. Speci-

Innocent III

ally interesting is his account of the Pope's endeavours towards reconciliation and unity in the East, endeavours so rudely shattered by the tumultuous and misguided Fourth Crusade, that enterprise, so earnestly desired and zealously promoted by Innocent, which was to prove the ruin of his noblest hopes. Truly, the spirit of irony might be said to preside over much of the political life-work of this great Pope, who, nevertheless, may be said to rank in statesman-like qualities among the most notable upholders of the Papal authority. It has been pointed out by M. Luchaire in his study of Innocent, and is indeed set forth by history itself in characters not to be misread, that this irony was most strikingly manifested in the Pope's relations with his ward, the young King of Sicily. That Frederic II, the doubter, the innovator, steeped in strange learning and Saracen sympathies, Frederic, through thirty years the formidable antagonist of the Papacy and archchampion of Ghibelline theory, should have been in childhood under the special guardianship of the Church, should have been helped by a Pope to gain that Imperial throne from which he warred so desperately against the claims of Rome, is certainly one of the bitter jests of fate. Mr Pirie-Gordon lays but little stress on that significant conjunction of opposing forces. He inclines, apparently, to regard Innocent's original alliance with Otto of Brunswick against Philip of Swabia, the Hohenstaufe, as his chief error in policy, and his subsequent espousal of the cause of Frederic as a turning to the course which he should have pursued from the first. Yet later events were to prove how deadly a danger was incurred when Otto, grasping and thankless as he had proved himself, was put aside in favour of "the boy from Sicily." To set the crown of Sicily and that of the Holy Roman Empire on one head, more especially when the wearer belonged to the brilliant and dominant race of Hohenstaufen, was to equip him with all too perilous powers. Had Innocent lived to pit himself against Frederic's youthful strength, the issue of his work might have been less disastrous. His successor, the milder-natured Honorius III, gave the young Emperor full opportunity to develop his

Some Recent Books

daring genius; and the struggle which ensued is written large across the history of the medieval revolt.

Innocent's struggle with John of England—John Softword, as Mr Pirie-Gordon delightfully nicknames him—was, of course, crowned with success, though his subsequent alliance with the King against the Barons rouses many questions in the mind of the historian. The Pope's latest biographer is nowhere more in sympathy with his hero than in his account of the crusade against the Albigenses; in fact there is a considerable amount of special pleading in his defence of the barbarities of Simon de Montfort (the elder) and his allies, barbarities for which the Pope was not directly responsible and which it is needless for the Pope's chronicler to condone.

Undoubtedly, Innocent was a commanding figure and a real moral and political force, was indeed not unfitly hailed as Innocent the Great. But Mr Pirie-Gordon's method of setting forth his greatness is not always convincing. He is too much given to imperious—sometimes irritating and irrelevant—assertions. Take, for instance, the following remark, made in connexion with Innocent's difficulties with some of the popular leaders in Rome: "Their real reason being (in accordance with the practice of socialists of all ages) to render themselves sufficiently hostile to make it worth the Pope's while to buy them." A writer must be diffident of his power to hold attention by legitimate means when he thinks it worth his while to fling such squibs of cheap cynicism. Nor is the style of the book fitted to the dignity of the subject. In our experience, no one but Baron Corvo has ever attained to that precise blending of pedantically archaic or exotic words with the frankest slang. On one page we read of "the indignatiunculæ of mulierose kings"; on another that the Templars had "bitten off more land than they could chew," or that Rome was surrounded with "anarchy and Donnybrook Fair."

Despite its flaws, however, the book is an interesting, rather provocative essay on a subject of undying interest, and it must be added that the unusually full and useful

Madame Sainte Claire

maps, genealogical tables, etc., give it value as a work of reference. D.G.M.

THE story of St Clare of Assisi has yet to receive the attention it merits from students of Franciscan legend. Apart from what we learn of her from the documents concerning St Francis himself, the only known sources of her history are the legend generally attributed to Thomas of Celano, which was written about the time of her canonization, the Bull of canonization, a few letters and her Rule and Testament. Perhaps the search for Franciscan documents, which is being so energetically pursued at the present time, will add to our knowledge of the Saint. Yet, though documentary evidence is comparatively meagre, the lines of her character stand out so clearly and consistently in the Franciscan legend that one feels no further discoveries can add anything of essential value to what we already know of it. She is the "strong woman" in the religious movement which gathered around the Umbrian *Poverello*: in some respects she was the more virile character; yet her strength was altogether a woman's strength. It is possible that historical evidence will be found to show yet more incontrovertibly how much the Franciscan Order owes to the indomitable loyalty of St Clare to the ideal of Poverty which St Francis sought and Brother Elias betrayed; but we need no further evidence to prove how true and noble a type of Catholic womanhood she was. Death has deprived us of the biography of the Saint which Mr Reginald Balfour had planned; the fragment he has left shows how nobly the plan could have been executed. Meanwhile a most charming sixteenth-century French version of the Saint's legend has appeared in the *Science et Religion* Series published by Bloud et Cie, Paris (*La Vie et Légende de Madame Sainte Claire*. Par le Frère Mineur François Dupuis).

It is a free translation of Celano's legend, omitting the Prologue and the concluding paragraphs which tell of the Saint's canonization. The translator has, moreover, divided the legend into short chapters, to each of which he has affixed a quaint and appropriate heading; finally, the Abbess of the

Some Recent Books

convent of "Madame Sainte-Clere à Seurre," at whose request the translation was made, has added, by way of epilogue, a delightful rhyme.

The Editor's introduction is not altogether satisfactory. We should like to know something about Frère François Dupuis, the translator, and the Abbess Sœur Claire des Bruyères. Instead of this information we are given a panegyric of the Saint in the style of M. Paul Sabatier.

Fr. C.

IT is strange how little we know in Western Europe about that vast body of Christians who call themselves "the Orthodox Church." Dr Adrian Fortescue tells its origin, history and present condition in a long and interesting study, published at an extraordinarily low price by the Catholic Truth Society (*The Orthodox Eastern Church*. 1907. Large 8vo, pp. 447, 5s.) The subject is one of great importance to the historian, and Dr Fortescue's volume contains a mass of information which it is impossible adequately to consider in a short space. We hope in our next issue to give it the full and critical treatment which it deserves, and in the meantime we must content ourselves with expressing our gratitude to the author for putting the result of his researches before the English-speaking public in this attractive form. His book is of great and permanent value and deserves a wide circulation.

ST JOHN CHRYSOSTOM has ever been by far the most popular among the Greek Fathers, and a literary history of the diffusion of his works is therefore no light undertaking. This laborious work has been attempted for the first time by a German Benedictine Father, writing in French (*S. Jean Chrysostome et ses Œuvres dans l'Histoire littéraire: Essai présenté à l'occasion du XV^{me} Centenaire de S. J. Chr.* Par Dom Chr. Baur, O.S.B.) He tells us he has counted 1,917 MSS. of the Saint, and he devotes 132 pages to a list of 953 printed editions of his writings, in twenty-one languages besides Greek. He tells us of the gradual recognition of St Chrysostom's greatness in the East during the years immediately following his exile and his death in 407,

John B. Tabb

and of his earlier acceptance as a doctor in the West, owing to the panegyric by St Augustine in 418. Besides an account of the use of St Chrysostom's works by Byzantine and medieval authors, we find a most useful critical summary of all the hundreds of modern works which have dealt with the biography, the eloquence, the text, the doctrine of the incomparable orator and exegete of Antioch. We shall hope for more good work from Dom Baur in the future in the regions of Greek Patrology. C.

A SELECTION from the verses of John B. Tabb, made by Alice Meynell (Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d.), is a welcome publication. The number of those who are willing to invest 18s. in four small volumes of modern poetry is not large; most of us prefer to wait for an assurance of their worth before buying the works of an unknown poet. The publication, by a competent critic, of a selection of an author's poems at a low price is just such an assurance as the timidity of the public requires and is the best introduction which a poet can have. Except, however, for this weakness of the modern reader, there hardly was need for Mrs Meynell's volume, for the poems of John Bannister Tabb require little pruning either in the matter of quality or of length. The greater number of them (and the best) do not exceed eight lines; but the wealth of imagery and delicacy of expression displayed within these narrow limits prove the genius of the author. The most striking, because the most original, feature of these poems is the use of the Christian mysteries as the concrete images by which the poet's conceptions are expressed.

Now at the aged year's decline,
Behold the messenger divine
With love's celestial countersign—
The sacrament of bread and wine.

is the description of autumn. Still more bold are the four lines on daybreak, entitled "Betrayal."

"Whom I shall kiss?" I heard a sunbeam say,
"Take him and lead away!"
Then with the traitor's salutation, "Hail!"
He kissed the Dawn-Star pale.

Some Recent Books

This device is employed in every variety of circumstance, so that the impression left upon the mind is that of the continued presence in nature of God incarnate. The dogmas of the Catholic faith, and even the incidents of the New Testament, are for the poet present facts, which enter into the very structure of creation and give to the universe its significance. Listen to this, which he calls "Mater Dolorosa":

Again maternal autumn grieves,
As bloodlike drip the maple leaves
On Nature's Calvary;
And every sap-forsaken limb
Renews the mystery of Him
Who died upon a tree.

Another characteristic of the poet is the wonderful manner in which he describes the alternation of night and day:

In ashes from the wasted fires of noon
Aweary of the light,
Comes evening, a tearful novice, soon
To take the veil of night.

The same theme recurs again and again throughout his works with unfailing simplicity and grace. The beneficence of starlight has seldom been more suggestively put into verse than in the following stanza from "To a Blind Babe Sleeping" not included in Mrs Meynell's selection:

Are thy dreams dark? or is the light
Alone denied thy waking sight,
While softer stars their vigils keep
Within thy hemisphere of sleep?

Silence serves to inspire poems like this:

Why the warning finger tip
Pressed for ever on my lip?
To remind the pilgrim sound
That it moves on holy ground,
In a breathing space to be
Hushed for all eternity.

His littleness, that which marks him as less than the great poets, is evident whenever he attempts elaborate metre or ventures some distance beyond the enclosure of eight lines.

The Curé's Brother

His sonnets do not deserve to be enshrined in a selection, for, though not without beauty, they cannot claim a place by the side of such gems of poetry as "Star Jessamine," "Soothsayers," "The Brook," and "Clover," to name but a few among many. But we do not seriously quarrel with Mrs Meynell's choice; she has done a good work, and we hope her volume may have the popularity which the merit of the poems deserve. There is a bad misprint on page 79.

V.

THE *Curé's Brother* is the latest of Father Bearne's books, and his many readers will surely hope it may be far from the last. Messrs Burns and Oates have brought it out attractively and cheaply at 1s. 6d. post free. The author calls it "a story for parents, as well as for girls and boys," and he is right in so doing, for it will please and profit both parents and children, though not in the same way. Laumant is a little French town of which Father Bearne has told us before, and this tale records how its excellent Curé gradually reformed a spoilt boy, his step-brother, the care of whom was thrust upon him by the fashionable mother. Needless to say, there is much power displayed in the book, constant charm in the language, and great interest to be found in the scenes of French life, particularly when, with Jack Laval, we visit the *colonie* and learn its methods of regeneration. Those who have Father Bearne's previous books should buy this; those who have them not should likewise buy it. It will induce them, we think, to buy others.

The author is one of those Catholic writers who make it more and more difficult to pardon men and women that give their children trash to read. The book-market displays much glittering rubbish, yet those who choose to take pains can find really good and healthy literature. To this class belong *The Curé's Brother* and its predecessors from Father Bearne's fertile invention. His books are never wildly exciting, but it is a mistake to suppose that boys and girls care for excitement alone. If they did, it would still be wrong to give it them. But we are convinced, for we know by experience, that they greatly relish such short stories as

Some Recent Books

are contained in *Paying the Price*, *The Organist of Laumant*, *Little Vagabonds*, and *Sanctity's Romance*, or such longer tales as the Ridingle set and those two gems, *The Golden Stair* and *Francis Apricot*.
J.W.A.

IT has been remarked as a curious fact that in England conversions to the Catholic Church show, as a rule, very few traces of emotionalism. Emotion may be, and often is, the medium through which acts the immediate impulse of faith, but it does not, for all that, characterize the process. It is not with Catholic proselytes as it was once in the days of Augustine, or as it is now in the case of Protestant revivalism: men do not cry out and weep as the light reaches them; they are inwardly stirred, of course, but after an interval of reflection present themselves tranquilly for instruction and in due time make their formal submission. This, of course, may be accompanied occasionally by deep and demonstrative feelings, especially in the moments of their first confession; but this is at the subsequent and not the initial stage of "conversion," properly so called. In *Du Diable à Dieu* (Paris: Librairie Léon Varier. 3.50 frs) M. Adolphe Retté, the author, who tells in this book the exact history of his own recent conversion, shows us that in France it is not so, thus corroborating M. Huysmans' testimony. It is an extraordinarily vivid and fiery book. The author, brought up in a kind of vague Protestantism which never affected him, lived for years an entirely wicked life, wicked beyond the dreams of Englishmen, since it comprised not only gross immorality, but deliberate and careful blasphemy. He knew practically nothing of the Church; he could not make the Sign of the Cross; he had forgotten all the Lord's Prayer except the first words and "forgive us our trespasses." Plainly he was always of a passionate and poetical temperament—he includes in his book some extremely beautiful verses of his own—and he carried this temperament into all that he did. Then, suddenly, as he walked in the forest reading Dante, (in his own words) "grace struck him" (*foudroyer*) without warning and without human agency. He resisted this

Heredity and Selection

with all his power; he continued to blaspheme; he was terrified at the intuitive knowledge he received of the truth of Christianity. He tells in full the long story of the conflict, of his consultation with François Coppée, himself a comparatively recent convert, of his deepening disgust with Socialism, of his continued struggles against light, of many moving and dramatic incidents, and he ends with a description of his attempted suicide, of the sudden inrush of irresistible light once more, of his submission and reception.

But beyond the intense interest of the story, fully as interesting is the character revealed by it. There is plenty of egotism left, he is fascinated by the study of himself; but the egotism is that of a child; it is as lovable as a weakness can be. At the end of nearly every chapter he breaks out into apostrophes and prayers of an extreme and natural pathos.

Agneau de Dieu, vous aviez eu pitié de moi; vous veilliez à mon chevet. . . . Gloire à vous, ô clément, ô très-sainte, ô très-douce Mère de Notre-Seigneur. . . .

Finally, he ends:

J'ai fait de mon mieux. Puisse le Seigneur accepter ces pages où j'espère avoir mis toute ma reconnaissance pour les bienfaits dont il daigna combler le pauvre pécheur repentant.

Si parmi les personnes qui les liront il s'en trouve à qui elles fassent quelque bien, je leur demande de prier pour moi.

Et pour le surplus: Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.

This, one feels instinctively, is more satisfactory than a conversion conducted entirely on the lines of the Penny Catechism, proceeding leisurely from point to point; and it is pleasant to picture the writer living as he is, among his dear trees of Fontainebleau, with a "new song in his mouth."

B.

MR CHATTERTON-HILL'S *Heredity and Selection in Sociology* (London: Adam and Charles Black. 1907. Price 12s. 6d. net) is a very interesting and erudite work, much too lengthy and too full of argument to be

Some Recent Books

dealt with, in any complete manner, in a short notice such as this. It is one of those modern efforts in the sociological direction to which we are now becoming accustomed, in which biological considerations form the foundation of the whole study. And so we find that a very large part of this work is given up to the consideration of such matters as Heredity, Instinct and the like. On this portion of the book we have only to remark that it is very largely built upon the theories of Weismann, whom the author speaks of as the greatest biologist since Darwin. No one will deny that the Professor in question is a biologist of world-wide fame, and that his works are worthy of careful study. But few would claim that his peculiar views have received anything like general approbation, notably, for example, that of germinal selection, which seems to have impressed Mr Chatterton-Hill very deeply. If this be so, it is clear that it is very unsafe to erect any hypotheses upon a footing so little secure. But, of course, in the present position of biological controversies, any theories based upon any of the present-day views as to heredity and the like must be so based with the implied idea that they are to be liable to revision and reconstruction next year or whenever the next new explanation is given to the world.

The second part of the book deals with the conditions at present actually observable in society, the idea being to judge "of the fitness of our social state from a biological as well as from a sociological point of view." The occurrence of suicide, of insanity and alcoholism and other matters are considered as social factors, and a great amount of industry must have been expended in gathering together the information contained in this section of the book. To Catholics, the portions dealing with the relative occurrence of such things as suicide in Catholic and Protestant districts will be of particular interest. The third part of the book deals with the actual conditions of social selection; and having first considered the bankruptcy of Liberalism, which, as the author puts it, has not kept the promises made in its name by its leading representatives, he asks whether Socialism

The Doctrine of the Trinity

or science can provide the force which is to-day required to direct social evolution in the manner most conformable to the interests of the individual and of society. His answer is that neither of these is capable of doing the work desired, and that the desire of expansion can find adequate satisfaction in religious belief, and in that alone. And the highest expression of religion Mr Chatterton-Hill—we know not whether he is of our livery or not—finds in the Catholic Church. If idealism is to have a supra-rational sanction, it must not be individualist; it must be a social principle, and must be incarnated in a social, strongly coherent organization. Individual judgement can have nothing but a solvent effect upon social conditions. Hence, the author concludes:

The only organization which answers to these [the above] conditions; the only organization in which there has not been proclaimed a speculative liberty, the basis of which it is impossible to establish; the only organization which responds in a sufficient manner to the conditions of universality and stability and integration; the only organization which is capable, by means of its great traditions, of linking the individual with society in the past, the present and the future; the only organization which is able, by means of its conditions of universality, stability and integration, to confer adequate value on the life of the individual, and adequate sanction on his acts—in a word, the only organization [the italics are those of the original] *capable of constituting a spiritual organization of idealistic and supra-rational principles adequate to the needs of Western civilization*—is the Catholic Church. Thus, from the sociological point of view, the Catholic Church must be considered as a factor of fundamental importance.

B.C.A.W.

AFTER a fairly lengthy and varied course of reading in criticism and apologetic as understood by a prominent modern school, it is a real pleasure to turn to such a piece of work as Dr Illingworth gives us in *The Doctrine of the Trinity* (Macmillan. 1907. 6s.)

His previous books being so well known, the qualities of this volume will be sufficiently eulogized by its being ranked as fully worthy of its predecessors, and we can pass to a brief examination of its contents.

Some Recent Books

The two introductory chapters, "Evolution presupposes God," and "The Subjective Element in Criticism," though short, will be found valuable and are certainly opportune, in view of much that passes muster nowadays as scientific criticism. Two well-chosen quotations, cleverly analysed, show how necessary is the warning they convey. The four chapters dealing with the origin and development of the doctrine of the Trinity do not pretend to be exhaustive, yet are full and solid enough to be satisfactory. The substantial elements of Trinitarian teaching are neither the invention of Christian thinkers nor alien importations, but depend immediately upon Christ; the Apostolic Church was most insistent upon eyewitness testimony and supremely conscious of divine guidance, hence the doctrine could not have suffered any essential transformation; in the Patristic age, the outstanding features in the controversial contentions of the orthodox, are the importance of direct tradition, the authority of Scripture, the necessity of handing down the Faith as it was delivered, without addition or change, so that all development is simply an evolution and explication of interpretative expression. These are the main points of the argument, which Dr Illingworth states and works out with great skill.

Among the later chapters, which are more philosophical in nature, we were particularly struck by that on "The Practical Power of the Doctrine." It would be valuable to the preacher.

This book should do good; its author deserves the thanks of all who are fighting for the defence of fundamental Christianity.

B.V.M.

ABOUT half, and this certainly the most important half, of Dr Sanday's latest volume, *The Life of Christ in Modern Research* (Longmans. 5s.) is taken up with four lectures, given at Cambridge under the title of "The Reconstruction of the Life of Christ," and two lectures supplementary to these, delivered a few months later at Oxford. Dr Sanday's attitude towards modern German attempts to recast the Gospel history is kindly without being uncritical. He

The Life of Christ

brings his English sobriety and practical sense to bear very effectively on the recklessness with which a German scholar will ride a single idea through the complex phenomena of history. But he has a cheery optimism, which enables him, in spite of his own deep spirit of reverence, to find good in the wildest experiments on the most sacred of subjects. To take an example, a very extreme one it is true, of his benignity in this respect. About seven years ago a German professor published a book called *The Messianic Secret in the Gospels*. Its object was to prove that our Lord never proclaimed Himself to be the Messiah, and His disciples never thought of Him as such till after the Resurrection. With a severity all the more telling because it comes from one so little inclined to say harsh things, Dr Sanday describes this book as "not only very wrong but also distinctly wrong-headed." But, having thus condemned it, he goes on to its merits, the chief of which seems to be that it draws attention "to a new group of facts," which had not before "been appreciated in all its bearings."

One of the most interesting and valuable features of these lectures is the account and criticism of the theory that in the time of our Lord the Jewish idea of the Messianic kingdom was wholly eschatological and unpolitical. According to the eschatological idea the Messianic kingdom was to come after the destruction, by wholly supernatural means, of the existing order of things. The political idea was that of a restoration of Jewish monarchy, under the house of David. The distinction is no new one; but some modern writers have laid hold of it, and worked it almost to death by making it the one clue to a right understanding of the Gospel history. Not only, according to them, did our Lord proclaim the eschatological kingdom, and the eschatological kingdom alone, but the idea of the political kingdom was even absent from the minds of His contemporaries. Dr Sanday deals very effectively with this one-sided view, so far as the Jewish people are concerned; but with regard to our Lord's preaching we miss any reference to the parables that imply a kingdom which, though not political, is still distinctly terrestrial; for example, the para-

Some Recent Books

ble of the wheat and the cockle; and we do not remember coming across any allusion to the authority bequeathed to the Apostles, and the warnings given to them of what they would have to suffer for the Name, both of which imply a certain realization of the kingdom within the present world-age.

In reading Dr Sanday's account of the *eschatological theory* we almost fall into his optimistic mood. The thorough-going upholders of this theory are unquestionably not only "wrong," but also "wrong-headed"; nevertheless they have done useful work by bringing out in strong relief the possibility of the advent of the Messianic kingdom being proclaimed without stirring up political trouble. This possibility existed if the eschatological idea of the Messianic kingdom was widely prevalent in the time of Christ, even though it had not ousted the rival idea. It is worth noting that the title "Son of Man" apparently belonged to the eschatological order of ideas, and its adoption by our Lord was, therefore, equivalent to an assertion of the non-political character of His kingdom. This brings us to another interesting controversy. About eleven years ago Lietzmann published a tract in which he denied, on linguistic grounds, that our Lord could have spoken of Himself as the Son of Man. Dr Sanday describes this controversy very fully. It seems likely to end well:

The evangelists who wrote in Greek, like the Greek-speaking Churches, can have hardly understood any longer the purely eschatological character of this name [Son of Man] by which Jesus described Himself. It had become for them nothing more than a name. And yet they, and in particular St Mark, handed down the sayings of Jesus in such a way that the original meaning and application of the expression as used by Him is still clearly discernible. . . . And so the use of the expression, "Son of Man," which, if we were to join in the *tour de force* of Lietzmann and Wellhausen and strike it out as interpolated by Greek theology, would throw doubt upon the whole evangelical tradition as such, is exactly a proof of the sureness and trustworthiness of this tradition.*

Besides the six lectures which we have spoken of there is

*Schweitzer, quoted by Dr Sanday, pp. 100 f.

The Old Chevalier

a paper on "The Symbolism of the Bible," on "Miracles," "A Sermon on Angels," and three reviews of books by Dr Moberly and Dr Du Bose, grouped together under the title of *The Higher Significance of the Person and Work of Christ*. The idea of "Symbolism" is carried to extraordinary lengths. The temptations of our Lord are made purely subjective, and to emphasize this conception we have two reproductions of modern pictures, in which Christ is depicted sitting solitary in the wilderness and immersed in thought; "the modern conception of that event in contrast to the ancient or medieval." The fire, the smoke, the earthquake, when the Law was given on Mount Sinai, are, we are told, "just poetic accessories, emblematic of the central fact that the words proceeded from God . . . This, I think, may be aptly described as Historical Symbolism, or Symbolical History." Why not say bluntly, Legendary History? The remaining papers will be of more interest to students of contemporary Anglican theology than to the general reader.

J. B.

MA RTIN HAILE'S "study of the "James III" of the Legitimists (*James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier*. Dent & Co. 15s.) is an interesting companion picture to her beautiful biography of Mary of Modena. If it proves somewhat less attractive than its predecessor, that is less the fault of the author than of the subject. When all has been said in his favour, James, despite his early martial exploits, is a rather passive hero, and but scantily endowed with the singular charm of his race which his son exercised so potently. In many respects, the Old Chevalier was a far nobler nature than the bonnie Prince Charlie of gallant and wistful memory. He bore the long heart-break of hope deferred and frustrated without taking refuge in those excesses by which his son blurred the sense of failure, nor did he for a moment dream of selling his faith for a crown; yet he remains a rather shadowy figure, even in Martin Haile's careful portraiture.

The interest of the book, however, is more than merely personal; it gives a wide survey of European politics from

Some Recent Books

the flight of James II to the death of his son. The survey is a depressing one, showing the labyrinth of selfish intrigue and ambition through which the royal Stuarts sought in vain a path to reinstatement. Even the magnificent hospitality of Louis XIV to his exiled kinsmen was not without a taint of self-interest. Martin Haile makes it fairly clear that the *Roi Soleil* would have been better pleased to have James II or James III recover Scotland and Ireland rather than regain his entire inheritance, thus leaving Great Britain divided and powerless to oppose the designs of France. Such half-hearted alliance was not likely to prevail against the unscrupulous ambition and great abilities of William of Orange. The author's Jacobite sympathies lead to some unfairness in her general view of the situation. Undoubtedly, a complete restoration of the Stuarts would have meant peace between France and England, freeing the latter country from the burdens imposed by William's wars, but that peace might have been bought, as in the time of Charles II, by a loss of national prestige and by ignominious subordination to France. William, the usurper, made the name of England respected, as Cromwell, the usurper, had done.

Leaving that difficult question aside, however, the narrative of the Stuart struggle is a moving one, and it is impossible to withhold one's sympathies from the band of exiled loyalists upholding so devotedly a falling cause. The corruption and treachery of most of the English politicians in the service of William and the Hanoverians throws into relief the courage and faith of the Jacobites. As the Duke of Wharton trenchantly observed, speaking of Ormonde and other banished and attainted nobles, "The word *late* is now become the most *honourable* epithet of the Peerage." True, rivalry and self-seeking were not wanting among the Jacobites—this volume gives a lamentable account of them—and there failed, among the adherents of the Stuarts, that one indispensable factor, a man of genius, to unite the scattered party and lead it to victory. From the hour of Dundee's death, no great leader appeared among the Jacobites. Berwick, who might have played the part, showed

The Elizabethan Settlement

at the crisis a disloyal egotism befitting the kinsman of Marlborough.

It is impossible to follow here the many plans and negotiations, the desperate ventures of the '15 and the '45, the final closing in of irremediable defeat. Martin Haile has given a fascinating account of the struggle, full of wide knowledge and clear characterization. It is a pity that, in describing the unhappy married life of James III, she should permit herself to speak of "the beautiful and high-souled women whom his father and grandfather had the happiness to call wife." It is no credit to Mary of Modena to link her rare personality with that of the frivolous and fatal Henrietta Maria. Such slips, however, do little to mar the worth of a book which reveals so intimately the tale of Jacobite deeds and dreams from the days when the Old Chevalier rode heroically and vainly into the thick of the fight at Malplaquet, to those later, sadder times when the brilliant promise of Prince Charlie went down in shame, and to the final hour when James III wore at last, in his burial pomp at Rome, the royal robes denied him in life.

D. G. McC.

IN *The Elizabethan Religious Settlement* (Geo. Bell and Sons. 1907. 15s.) Dom Norbert Birt, O.S.B., has made one of the most valuable contributions to the history of the Church in England that has appeared since Abbot Gasquet's *Henry VIII and the English Monasteries*. There is resemblance between the two books in so far as both are based on research among the original documents, with the result that the Protestant tradition in each case is shown to be untrustworthy and unsupported by historical evidence. In view of the facts brought to light by Dom Norbert Birt, no responsible historian will, in future, be able to repeat the time-worn statement that the change of religion under Elizabeth was a matter so indifferent to the majority of the English people that only about "two hundred ecclesiastics out of a total of nine thousand threw up their posts." We quote these particular words because this is the precise form the statement takes in Ransome's *History of England*, a popular manual, largely used in English schools;

Some Recent Books

and it is from such sources that the average Englishman gains his historical information. Another work of the same kind, Oman's *History of England*, though marked by a more definite anti-Catholic bias, is more cautious and states that the oath of spiritual obedience to Elizabeth was refused by "only a few hundred persons." The importance of statements such as these made in manuals of this type is that they usually reflect a traditional point of view handed down from age to age by successive writers, often without examination. Occasionally they are tempered by the conclusions of recent research, and fortunately the spirit of the age, generally speaking, is fair-minded, and willing to allow of such modifications. It is not too much to say that Abbot Gasquet's historical work has killed the tradition that the pre-Reformation religious houses of England were nothing else than dens of iniquity and sloth. The book now before us should have the same success in destroying the myth of the indifference of the English people, and especially of the English clergy, to Elizabeth's religious changes.

In the first place we notice that the author has approached his work in a purely historical and not in a controversial spirit. "I started to write with no preconceived notion of proving a thesis already held." But in the course of his historical studies he had amassed a large collection of documents, from various sources, which throw new light on the information to be found in printed sources. This new information, thus obtained, ran counter to the accepted views on the subject as set out in recent works of importance, notably Dr Mandell Creighton's *Elizabeth* and Dr Gee's *The Elizabethan Clergy*. These works lend their authority to the statement which is scattered broadcast by the school manuals. Thus Dr Creighton states that "out of 9,400 clergy in England, only 192 refused the oath of supremacy," and the Rev. W. H. Frere, in *The English Church in the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I*, accepts these figures as conclusive and repeats the statement that not more than two hundred clergy were deprived.

In consequence of this the writer determined to set forth anew the history of the "Settlement," as interpreted by

The Elizabethan Settlement

the facts thus gathered from so many different quarters.

In carrying out this plan it was inevitable that the points of difference between the writer and the exponents of the traditional Anglican view should present themselves for comment, yet the book, as it lies before us, is in no sense polemical. Dom Norbert Birt belongs to the school of historians of which Lord Acton may be considered the leader. His method is to marshal his facts and allow them to tell their own story. What we may perhaps be allowed to call the Cambridge method of history has a profound mistrust of generalization. It analyses and examines with untiring patience, but keeps rigidly within the domain of facts. Brilliant pen-pictures, such as we have in the pages of Macaulay, Froude or even John Richard Green, are alien to this spirit. The defect of the method possibly lies in its tendency to regard history as a science and not as both a science and an art.

In the case of Dom Norbert's book, however, this limitation does not make itself felt, owing to the intrinsic interest of the story as it unfolds itself through the earlier chapters, which take us through the events of the first months of Elizabeth's reign; and the author has skilfully blended various streams of information into one full and many-sided narrative.

When he turns from this information to analyse the "accepted fable that of all the clergy of England but an insignificant fraction was averse to the rejection of the See of Rome," he interests us by the pitiless skill with which he dissects the tradition, laying bare the feet of clay on which it rests. For, on examination, all the various witnesses, D'Ewes, Fuller, Collier, Strype and others, are shown to depend ultimately on Camden, and Camden admitted that he was arguing from the admissions of Catholics themselves. These admissions are shown to consist of the lists given by the Catholic writers, Sander and Bridgewater, lists which, as the compilers themselves pointed out, referred chiefly to the upper ranks of the clergy, and which were known to be imperfect even at that.

Some Recent Books

Coming to the traditional figures, he shows how unreliable the numbers given by Dr Creighton are. The argument necessarily goes into minute detail, and the chief value of the book is the patient research which has gathered and collated so many clues as to what was really taking place throughout England. Little by little Dom Norbert covers all the ground. He follows the course of the Northern Visitation as preserved for us in the official report now in the Public Record Office; he inquires into the Southern Visitation, of which the documentary traces are so few; he studies the various dioceses and the universities; he learns much from the troubles of the new Anglican bishops, from their difficulties as recorded in their own letters and reports. The picture is made up of countless small touches, but stands out bold and clear as a whole. Here and there we meet with obscurities, but the main outline is clear. We are the less likely to be deceived in this, as the outline is certainly not all that Catholics could wish.

Undoubtedly, the greater part of the clergy did so fall away; but the number of those who refused to conform to the new religion was as undoubtedly much greater than has been commonly supposed.*

In spite of the disappearance of records, the careless keeping of registers, the scattered condition of the documentary evidence, Dom Norbert obtained the names of over seven hundred holders of benefices, who underwent deprivation before the end of 1565. Added to these are the names of 1,934 beneficed clergy, whose names disappear from the lists of incumbents between June, 1559, and the end of 1565, without being accounted for by promotion. Yet not more than five per cent per annum can have died. Readers of the book who follow the investigation in detail will realize the weight of the arguments that go to prove that the number of those who refused compliance was very large; but these arguments will naturally have different weight with different minds. The seven hundred definite instances, however, collected from the imperfect records

* pp. 167-168.

Burghley's Map of Lancashire

of a confused time, besides leading to the presumption of a far greater number, finally dispose of the traditional figure of "not more than two hundred." We may sum up the author's own conclusion in the statement that:

The number of clergy who abandoned their livings from conscientious inability to conform would prove to be about 2,000, or one quarter of all the priests then beneficed.*

We cannot follow the argument more in detail, but enough has been said to indicate the real and permanent value of these inquiries. The work done will not, of course, rest here. It will be tested by criticism and supplemented by further research. Later writers will bring out its full bearing on the various aspects of the situation. That it will materially change the accepted view of that situation there can be no doubt; and in the learned Benedictine's volume we have work of no ephemeral value, but a book which must hereafter always be reckoned with, whenever Elizabeth's religious settlement comes in question. E.B.

WHEN Lord Burghley and the Privy Council of Queen Elizabeth were disturbed in 1590 by reports from Lancashire as to the staunch adherence of the people of that county to the ancient faith, they decided that prompt steps must be taken forthwith against the leading Catholic gentry. The Anglican Bishop had reported that "the number of the recusants is great and dothe dailie increase," while other Government papers detailed the religious state of the county and the general refusal to accept the newly established State Church. To assist the Council in grasping the situation, a map was prepared showing the churches and chapels with country houses of the gentry. This map still exists in the Record Office, while a copy of it, made for the special use of Lord Burghley himself, is preserved in the British Museum. The value of this copy is increased by the marks he placed against the names of the Catholics, against whom he proposed to take proceedings. This map has been reproduced in facsimile by the Catholic Record Society (*Lord Burghley's Map of Lancashire in 1590*), and

* p. 203.

Some Recent Books

with biographical and genealogical notes by Mr Joseph Gillow, forms part of the fourth volume of the Society's publications. But the map and notes were felt to be so likely to appeal to the large number of Catholics interested in Lancashire, that the Council of the Society decided to issue two hundred copies separately for the benefit of those who are not members of the Society, but who should wish to obtain a copy of so remarkable a document, strong alike in topographical and historical interest. Mr Gillow's name on the title page is a guarantee as to the wide research of the accompanying notes, which give much genealogical information about various Catholic families. E.B.

A LEARNED monograph on the martyrologies, of first-rate importance, has just appeared, by a young Father of the Abbey of Solesmes, now in exile in the Isle of Wight. Dom H. Quentin is already known by a book on the editions of the Councils and by various articles. *Les Martyrologes Historiques du Moyen Age* (Paris: Lecoffre. 1908) is an enormous addition to our knowledge of these strange documents. It gives long and careful descriptions of the MSS., elaborate discussions of the sources and entirely new conclusions on capital points. It is epoch-making in its results, and by its solidity and thoroughness it must of necessity remain a standard work. The present "authentic" Roman Martyrology is the direct descendant of the historical martyrologies of the eighth and ninth centuries, whose origin and development is recounted by Dom Quentin; hence, the actual interest of a book which shows how these documents were put together by the conscientious Bede and the remorseless Ado and their compeers. C.

NO one who has heard Father Bernard Vaughan preach on the Passion of our Lord can forget his wonderful power of making real to the imagination the various incidents of Scripture, and of impressing their lesson upon the mind in an irresistible manner. In his latest volume, *Society, Sin and the Saviour* (Addresses on the Passion of Our Lord. Kegan Paul. 5s.), we naturally miss the voice

Publications of the C.T.S.

and gestures of the preacher, but the descriptions are so graphic and the lessons so true that we are heartily glad to have these sermons in book form. Father Vaughan divides his subject into eight scenes, and in the seventh he takes the Seven Last Words singly in their order. As the title implies, the author insists throughout upon the reality of sin and, except in Scene VII, which tells of the Mercy of God, and Scene VIII, which deals with the historical basis of the Resurrection, the sermons illustrate the particular sins to which Society is subject, and which, as he points out at length in the Introduction, Society overlooks. V.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

THE publications of the Catholic Truth Society during 1907 have been so numerous and so various that it would be impossible even to enumerate them in the space at our disposal. The larger number are penny pamphlets, in accordance with the object of the Society, which is to provide good and cheap reading for Catholics; and although among these are some of importance, such as Father Gerard's essay on *Science and its Counterfeit*, President Windle's on *Scientific Facts and Scientific Hypotheses*, various papers connected with the state of religion in France (which are also bound together in a shilling volume), Mr Leslie Toke's suggestive enumeration of *Some Methods of Social Study*, and Father Benson's essay on *Infallibility and Tradition*, this REVIEW is hardly the place for a detailed account of them. Nor do the various additions to our stock of Catholic fiction demand notice, although these include a volume of stories—*Tommie and his Mates*—by Father Bearne, who is filling for English children the position taken in America by another Jesuit, Father Finn, and another, *Children of Light*, from the always graceful pen of Mrs Frances Blundell. We propose, therefore, to notice a few of the larger works for which the Society is responsible, first among which stands the large and handsome volume on *The Orthodox Eastern Church*, by Dr Adrian Fortescue, which is noticed on page 196.

Common-Sense Talks fully justifies its title. The writing of dialogue is not easy, especially when it is of a controversial nature; the writer is too apt to secure an easy triumph for his own views by setting up a man of straw as the exponent of the other side, and to write conversation which could not possibly be talked. The late Lady Amabel Kerr, whose pen was never idle in the cause of the Faith to which she was so devoted an adherent, has avoided both these obstacles to success, and has produced a bright, readable series of dialogues upon the great truths, dealing especially, as under the circumstances is natural, with the claims of the Church as a living and authoritative teacher. The popular objections to Catholicism

Publications of the C.T.S.

are fairly stated and as fairly faced, and the book forms a useful addition to the number of those suitable for the instruction of converts.

There are five additions to the series of well-printed little volumes costing sixpence in cloth, threepence in wrapper. *The Condemnation of Pope Honorius*, by Dom John Chapman, O.S.B., will be familiar to readers of this REVIEW, from the pages of which it is reprinted, and the same may be said of the late Mr C. S. Devas's essays on *Social Questions and the Duty of Catholics*. This latter may be regarded as an exposition of Pope Leo XIII's teachings on social subjects, which are here epitomized and put into language more easily "understood" of the people; it should be widely circulated among intelligent working men and others whose attention is at the present time directed to social subjects. In *Alleged Difficulties of Holy Scripture*, the author sets forth and disposes of certain of the popular objections brought against the inspired Word, showing that many arise from misunderstandings, others from mistranslations; examples of both Old and New Testament difficulties are brought forward. The work, though in no way pretending to be exhaustive, is eminently suggestive, and deserves a wide circulation. *A Parable of a Pilgrim* has been edited by Miss Emily Hickey from Walter Hylton's *Ladder of Perfection*, from which work other extracts are also taken.

The Reunion of England with Rome consists of three lectures delivered at Clifton in 1896 by the late Bishop Brownlow. These were issued by the Catholic Truth Society in pamphlet form shortly after their delivery, and are now reissued in more attractive shape. They are noteworthy for the tender sympathy shown by the writer for those members of the Church to which he formerly belonged, as well as for the devotion manifested towards that into which, by the grace of God, he had been led.

A word must be said as to the Society's work in printing and distributing the Sacred Scriptures. The number of books already issued has this year been augmented by *The Epistle of St Paul to the Romans*, edited, like the rest of the series, by the Very Rev. Canon McIntyre, D.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture at Oscott College. These admirably printed and fully annotated little volumes are among the most noteworthy of the Society's penny publications; it is gratifying to know that the undertaking is appreciated, no fewer than 130,000 of the Four Gospels having been printed.

My Brother's Keeper * is heralded by a preface from the Bishop of Salford, who expresses his hope that it "will make its readers *know* far more than they ever dreamt of before of the conditions of life of their poorer brethren and sisters in the Faith, who form so terribly large a part of the residuum in our great cities and towns; and, knowing, lead them to *care* very much for the problems which result." The author writes from personal and sympathetic acquaintance with the East End of London, and her chapters, blending, as they do, the pathos and humour which characterizes their subjects, are readable and attractive, as well as likely to arouse thought.

* By May Quinlan. 1s.

ROME and DEMOCRACY*

ALL who would read our existing institutions aright should fix their eyes on the twelfth century. At that great hour a turning-point of European development was reached and the curve described which we are still moving upon. The twelfth century witnessed the rise of Paris as a home of learning; the contributions of Anselm and Abelard to philosophic thought; the first essays on any large scale towards democracy and Protestant reform; the beginnings of Spanish victory over the Moors; while it accepted as though a new revelation the Imperial Roman Law, forgotten till then in the West. Justinian's *Pandects* were henceforth to serve as the Bible of lawyers, and lawyers were to be laymen; not clerks but in deadly feud with clerks and with their chief, the Roman Pontiff. The Chancery on one side, the Curia on the other; Canon Law against Civil; Parliament superior to Convocation! The German invasions of Italy, slaughters in Rome, settings up of antipopes, were to pave the way for Philip the Fair with his French logic and for Henry VIII's royal supremacy. But the Italians, tossed to and fro between murderous factions, gave to the strife its undying names. From the battle of Guelfs and Ghibellines—"wolves" that sided with Rome, the she-wolf of legend, and "beavers" denoting the cold North—was the State of modern times developed. It may be absolute or constitutional; but outside Germany it is no longer theocratic in claim or title. Nowhere does it suffer its laws to be revised by the Pontifex Maximus. He retires into the Vatican: Europe enters on a purely secular era and philosophers ask, not without misgivings, whether the State is the supreme end of moral effort, where its sanction may be found and what are its genuine ideals?

Thus far we had come in our previous articles. We will now pursue the trail on which they have led us where it turns towards the future. And here the suggestive pages of Mr Benjamin Kidd, as he deals with *Principles of Western*

*See DUBLIN REVIEW, July, 1907, "Roma Sacra"; October, 1907, "The Papal Deposing Power."

Rome and Democracy

Civilization, may furnish once more a text for our sermon. A sermon, be it remarked, not on points of theology, not laying down abstract immutable propositions, but modestly considering time and the hour which dictate under what circumstances religion is likely to live in the twentieth century. The twentieth, not the twelfth or any other! Fancy might choose a world less complicated; piety would fain see the Church triumphant a little before the last days; simple-minded, earnest Christians feel troubled as they contemplate the ever-growing strain upon our spiritual resources to which Rome bears witness in its Encyclicals; while the end of the Concordat, the quarrel about education, the "new theology," the spread of Socialism, with innumerable allied symptoms, tell the same tale. This condition of things we will term "Democracy" in its positive character, and "the stress of competition" in its polemical.

Religion, the Catholic Faith, would naturally exert its influence in the most favourable atmosphere; and this, according to a policy acted upon from Roman times, implies the "closed State" or protection by civil power. Democracy, on the other hand, is a system of *laissez-faire* (the "incompetence of the State in spirituals"), or free trade in opinion, founded on the equality of citizens before the law. It maintains "the open State" as regards every creed; it proclaims liberty of conscience, of the Press, of association, of propaganda, so long as the public peace is not broken. "Every man to count for one; no man for more than one"; this Benthamite dogma sums up all the "rights" expounded in American or French Constitution-making. It enunciates a principle; it looks towards the accomplishment of a world-wide freedom answering to it. A law of freedom, by no means provisional, not mere toleration, but, if we may reverse the famous saying of Hobbes, *Pax omnium inter omnes*. So Tennyson prophesied:

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.*

But yet evolution needs a spur; the millennium, whether of Liberals or Christians, tarries in its coming. At this

* Kidd, *Principles*, pp. 103-115.

Rome and Democracy

point we are awakened to a serious thought which does not seem written in Mr Kidd's volume, though everywhere hinted, perhaps unconsciously. It is that religion and civilization hold their own upon similar terms, lie open to the same perils, and may decline through the operation of causes which assail them both at once. Causes within and without; on this hand, moral and mental degeneracy; on that, the multiplying strength of a new or, at least, a foreign rival power. In religion the Catholic Church has hitherto represented what we define as the closed State. In civilized order Europe, with its colonies beyond the oceans, has framed its own universe, remote from inferior races and impregnable to them. The Church defended Revelation as a divine treasure; society was the home of science, manners, justice, and peace, of letters, arts, civil progress. Ought the Church to be ruined by free competition? Or society by anarchists? Or both by an invasion from the Far East? We catch a glimpse of problems—riddles of the Sphinx—to be solved at any price, if the future shall not fall to dynasties neither European nor Christian. Nay, it is one problem, that of the more vigorous life exposed to the maximum of competing forces, with a view not merely to survive, but to develop and attain its ideal. In Mr Kidd's language the "principle of projected efficiency" will alone yield the solution.

Our faith, observe, was not content to be tolerated under the Roman Empire. By an irresistible impulse it never rested until it had gone deep into the whole system, transforming laws, customs, peoples, on a heavenly pattern. It was strong enough, as we saw, to change the old pagan "Roma Sacra" into a Catholic Sion. It absorbed, it assimilated, it subdued to the New Testament whatever could in any way undergo the baptism of the spirit. The poetry, history, ritual, the very calendar of the seasons, the fine arts, the immemorial names and titles, were built into the Holy City as foundation stones or as trophies wrested from the idolater. The Christian triumph was rich with heathen *spolia opima*, so much the more precious that they had been won by martyrdom; in other words, by the

Rome and Democracy

struggle against Cæsar, who deemed himself omnipotent. The world-power was not simply conquered; it became the Fifth Monarchy of Daniel's vision and Christ reigned over it.

The case is altered now. Thirty-five years ago, Dr Newman (not yet Cardinal), preaching at the inauguration of Birmingham Seminary, warned us that "if St Basil or St Athanasius came back and saw the world as it was in our time they would be appalled." That movement of free thought which he had spent his life in resisting seemed mightier than ever. A generation has passed, and the warning could not be too emphatically echoed. Not a few meditative souls, known to the writer, imagine that we are living in the last days; that there is no hope of a Catholic Revival; and that the great apostasy has begun. They go upon large premisses. They point to the disappearance of the closed State, the fall of the Temporal Power, the doom which has overtaken every attempt, from Lamennais to Loisy, at an adjustment between the claims of Rome and the prevailing freedom. They believe that the very "intransigence" with which authority is reproached, springs out of a secret conviction such as leads themselves to keep still, watching for the end. Men like these will take every fresh trouble in Church or State as a sign forbidding and negative; in their eyes the battle is lost. They are exceedingly orthodox; they despair, not of religion but of the Republic. They see the Christian remnant falling back on Rome, and Rome turning pagan as of old, "the city on the seven hills destroyed, while the awful Judge comes to judge His people."

On a view so cheerless, considerations for which time and energy are needed will not find a hearing. But, curiously enough, when we follow our guide who discourses of civilization and its future, a parallel situation offers itself; ruin there also seems at hand; we may hope and work, or despair and die. What, then, does the philosopher advise? He looks, not into the stars with Nostradamus, but on the record, as he holds, of past evolution; and he concludes that the one sound policy is courage. "Desperate hope"

Rome and Democracy

was Carlyle's word. We are to expect, says Mr Kidd, a more strenuous demand on all that is in us precisely because we have mounted so high. In each new stage of development the struggle will be fiercer, the equilibrium more delicate, the risks multiplied, the reward of success a hundredfold what it has been. Thus from the nettle danger we pluck the flower safety, by daring the foe on his own terms. There is no finality in progress; we exhaust only that which has limits, and neither the Christian nor the human idea is a finite quantity. Our appeal, therefore, should take us beyond the conditions of time and space to a hidden source of power which, call it genius, grace, revelation, according as it is given or received, will by opposition thrive and convert its hindrances into victory. Such, Mr Kidd believes, are the antinomies of evolution. He applies them to historic religion, and assures us that it will flourish better in a democratic age than it ever did under the protection of princes.*

For my part I am at present drawing no conclusion. I am but suggesting that religion acts under one or other political form, the "closed" State which by definition has been theocratic, or the "open" which is democratic. The existence of each in its place I take for granted, with all the circumstances that brought it into being. Moreover, Newman's description of his day, whether in 1838 or in 1873, applies with terrible accuracy to our own:

We have before our eyes [he says] a fierce and lawless principle at work—a spirit of rebellion against God and man, which the powers of government in each country can barely keep under with their greatest efforts. Whether this which we witness be that spirit of Antichrist which is one day to be let loose, this ambitious spirit, the parent of heresy, schism, sedition, revolution and war—whether this be so or not, at least we know from prophecy that the present framework of society and government, as far as it is the representative of Roman powers, is that which withholdeth, and Antichrist is that which will rise when this restraint fails.†

Here is a fresh and unexpected argument, connecting the fortunes of civilization with those of the Catholic

*Kidd, p. 324.

† *Discussions and Arguments*, p. 51, "on the Patristic idea of Antichrist."

Rome and Democracy

Church; an argument addressed to believers but historically well grounded. The Roman Empire is the link which binds Christianity and culture into one. Its original powers may be divided, the Consul reappearing in all democratic forms of government, the Emperor multiplied as nations have grown distinct, the Supreme Pontiff no longer ruling from the Palatine. But in essence and effect that union of peoples under the idea of Christendom which sprang up in the Middle Ages and is now in danger continues to represent Rome, lives on its inheritance, and has no other stay or support. The Church outside these bounds is a missionary, as yet successful only with a sprinkling of converts. And our civil principles remain equally circumscribed. Into Asia and Africa they cannot make their way. The Moham-medan, the Hindu, the Buddhist know nothing of our political philosophy. Freedom, as we construe it, is beyond them; democracy (which exists in Islam) has no relation to votes, or parliaments, or laws made by elected persons; it rests on the brotherhood of high and low in a common creed. Hence to the Eastern all Europeans seem to be Christians; he judges our religion, science and mode of living as so many aspects of one idea.

Furthermore, the enemies that civilized society dreads under names like Anarchism, Nihilism, or what not, are unanimous in declaring that Church and State will stand or fall together, as making up a single tyranny.* This view answers to the war-cry, "Neither God nor Master," which frankly rejects subordination to both alike. And Social Democracy, the aim of which is to transform the State into its own image and likeness, cherishes an invincible hatred of Catholic Rome. Our "Barbarians within," and the non-Christian races without, do, therefore, agree in their testimony. One definite historical framework, due to a concurrence of ideas, religious, political, literary and social, sifted out from the past by conflict between heathenism and the Gospel, enshrines that philosophy, that *Weltanschauung*, by which we live. Classic, medieval, modern, at all times exceedingly complex, abounding in antinomies, yet proving

* See Bakunin, *God and the State*; Kropotkin, *Paroles d'un Révolté*, etc.

Rome and Democracy

by its endurance that it harmonizes with the nature of things, our polity is unique.

Particular forms, indeed, will vary and may lead us to exaggerate an opposition of details which is quite compatible with one animating spirit. Yet who could fail to distinguish between any Western Government and an Asiatic despotism? The moral code of the New Testament still rules in our courts, restrains public opinion from the worst of aberrations, and to a certain though diminishing extent controls art and letters. Even its assailants are affected by it and plead for revolutionary changes with arguments borrowed from the Sermon on the Mount.* What footing would the idealizing Anarchist find in China? Or the Socialist among Mohammedans? The very Jew, Marx or Lassalle, who strove to abolish private capital, may be fixed to his date and place; he too was born in the West and belongs to the industrial era. State Socialism itself, what is it but the Imperial legislation of Aurelian, Diocletian, and earlier *patres patriæ* revived? Should it ever be set up, our democratic peoples will have gone back to a condition of labour and its rewards, of market-values established by decrees and of public departments pledged to regulate the world-commerce, exactly such as we read of when the Empire was in decline. Socialist laws would be emphatically Roman and might be copied verbatim from the *Jus Gentium*.†

See now, then, the dilemma which is perpetually recurring and which menaces all our institutions—the family no less than property, the tradition we revere as Faith and the high range of thought where alone culture will blossom like the rose. So long as the State was closed, the Church paramount, one type of conscience determined law and dogma. But with freedom of the Press, toleration, equal rights of citizenship, an enormous restriction of State powers was inevitable; or rather, this is what freedom signifies for the present race of Westerns. One government, indeed, that of France, is tending to reproduce an admini-

* B. Russell, *German Social Democracy*, p. 167.

† G. Ruhland, *System d. Politischen Œconomie*.

Rome and Democracy

strative rule under which Catholics would be ostracized from public life and fettered in their private concerns. Yet, by a singular paradox, these things are done in the name of liberty. Freedom of the individual, limited only by that of other individuals, is the form which democracy has put on. What is the upshot? That our political system declares itself to lie outside the individual sphere; in plain terms, the citizen may always plead conscience as a bar to its action. But conscience allowed its full swing spells anarchy, unless most consciences agree. Given a certain vigour of mental strife, the State falls to pieces. Our dilemma is apparent. Whose conscience shall prevail?

Mr Kidd answers, "All other systems of social order must in the end go down before those within which the future has been emancipated in the freest and most efficient conflict of forces in the present."* Anarchism may do all it can, provided that the Roman genius will live up to its own resources. There are two ways of combating disease, by isolation or by drawing upon the powers latent in a healthy system. Isolation, in politics, would mean banishment of the unfit and a military cordon; but no quarantine can last for ever. In things of the mind it has now become wellnigh impossible. The other method supposes a vigorous exercise of all our faculties as in a struggle for life and death. Protection implies weakness; freedom calls out strength. The survival of a puny folk, cast away on a backwater, is no victory but accepted defeat. Certainly we protect the young and the feeble, but do we expect them to achieve anything worth while? However this be, we are surely moving, not in commerce alone but on all paths where life energizes, towards "the ideal of a stateless competition of the individuals of every land," in which human power will be enfranchised to the utmost.†

Advancing, perhaps, through Social Democracy? That may well be. Anyhow, not reverting to the old press-laws, or religious establishments, or penalties for dissent, or a stricter application of the ethics of marriage, or one uni-

* *Principles*, p. 346.

† Kidd, pp. 360, 441, 464.

Rome and Democracy

form standard, good or bad, acknowledged throughout society. The divergence is already marked, and it will increase. Every group of thinkers has its literature; fanatics cry aloud and disciples start up to do their insane bidding. Not long ago the leaflets of an American impostor might be read in all the hotels from San Francisco to Jerusalem. The great working public goes to church in its newspapers and takes the crude pictures on hoardings for gospel. Where is the Index of forbidden print that could cope with one morning's output in New York, London or Paris? Books have grown fluent, journalism reigns, and what man's business or pleasure will permit him to keep it at arm's length? It is a part of life, necessary as the air we breathe. And like the air it must circulate, it is always moving, it escapes the formal judge by its velocity. Nothing in the modern world stands still. Intellectually speaking, it is transparent and permeable on all sides; and groups multiply in obedience to the laws of free trade.

Here, again, we come round to our political problem. Whatever be the constitution adopted, be it monarchy or republic, socialist or individualist, underlying it we shall find the power of democracy by which it has been set up. The will of the people, where every man counts for one, gives it all its strength. Mr Spencer, perceiving how legislation had swept under Government a vast number of activities, warned Englishmen against the "coming slavery."* By all means; yet we should not overlook the equally patent fact that, whenever a majority of voters wish the law to be changed, sooner or later they must have their way. No government can bid defiance to the voting urn. Opinion well-organized creates and dissolves ministries. On the old system kings ruled by the sword; on the new they can never disregard the ballot. Liberty of the Press to such a scheme is indispensable; without public discussion from hour to hour the machine would stop working. Free thought, in this sense, and parliamentary institutions form a whole; neither can they exist apart. Now, the civilized nations have all borrowed from Great Britain constitu-

* See *The Man versus the State*, *passim*.

Rome and Democracy

tional government; and on this ground, if on no other, free speech and writing are destined to flourish while parliaments endure. The forces of order, but in equal degree those which make for anarchy, have thus been, to use Mr Kidd's language, "emancipated," and the social process urged on to an intensity of movement which Conservatives denounce as revolution. The State, like all its elements, has passed from a definite stable condition to one more or less fluid, of which the formula is development under penalty of degradation, or even of disappearance from the map of the world.

But mark well, these changes are to be viewed in the light of ideals which disclose their meaning gradually. Conscience must obey the Higher Law, even though its act violates the law of the land. Democracy will not excuse us from being loyal to the Divine within and above our hearts, which was known to Roman legists and Catholic saints as the *lex æterna*. Of this truly scientific principle, the corner-stone on which every political system ought to rest, the exponent who surpasses in depth even Carlyle and Ruskin is Edmund Burke. His reflections are ever dwelling upon the stupendous wisdom which moulds together "the great mysterious corporation of the human race." Mr John Morley, who takes the Jacobin standpoint, has brought out well that which he smiles at as Burke's mysticism in politics. "To him," says the critic, "there actually was an element of mystery in the cohesion of men in societies, in political obedience, in the sanctity of contract; in all that fabric of law and charter and obligation, whether written or unwritten, which is the sheltering bulwark between civilization and barbarism. When reason and history had contributed all that they could to the explanation, it seemed to him as if the vital force, the secret of organization, the binding framework, must still come from the impenetrable regions beyond reasoning and beyond history."*

In other terms Burke, the contemporary of Kant and

*Morley's *Burke*, p. 240; see Carlyle, "Characteristics" in *Essays*, iv, 12; Ruskin, Preface to Xenophon's *Economist*, in *Works*, xxxi.

Rome and Democracy

Rousseau, held with the German philosopher against the Genevese, that society does not admit of a mere artificial origin; it involves something "transcendent," a real Platonic idea and moving cause antecedent to all our devices. Man with his machinery will not account for it. Mr Kidd seizes upon the resemblance between Kant and Burke to drive his own conclusion home. Believing that French democracy differs *toto cælo* from the English, nay from the American too, as phenomenist philosophy differs from spiritual insight, he welcomes the illustrious Irish statesman as pointing towards the goal which evolution makes for.* Burke is the prophet of a future far excelling the present stage of human kind. The "social contract," if it ever existed, he wrote, would be no more than "a clause in the great contract of eternal society." Are not these significant words? "Society is indeed a contract," he allows; but the State cannot be dissolved by the fancy of its members, for it is a partnership in all science, art, virtue and perfection. As the ends of such an organism are not to be obtained in many generations, "it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living and those who are dead and those who are to be born."†

What an unexpected doctrine of progress from the man acclaimed by Tory partisans on the ground of his Conservatism! And conservative he was, but of liberty as much as law, and of both in obedience to a heavenly vision. He never would grant that the whole people had a right to make a law against the whole community. By this distinction we reach a door of escape from the modern serfdom which Mr Spencer dreaded. *Salus populi suprema lex*; that axiom will stand firm, though the nation go out of its mind or proudly declare itself God, the only one left, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu sees it doing in France. Take away the mysterious hidden Cause from our idea of society in which Burke trusted for its future, and what remains? A conflict or a balance of material interests. There is no longer

* Kidd, pp. 117-119, 133.

† *Reflections on the French Revolution*, pp. 362-370, in *Works*, Vol. iv.

Rome and Democracy

question of justice and virtue, says another who has watched the German Socialist close at hand, "might alone is right, Communism is justified by its inevitable victory." With Karl Marx, the movement which he led "denies wholly and unreservedly any spiritual purpose in the universe."*

From all this we conclude that Democracy is the "form" of our social partnership, while its character depends on the view which prevails in it regarding man's nature and destiny. The French Government accepts M. Arsène Dumont's ultimatum, "Of the two contradictory terms, democracy and religion, the latter must be eliminated." So it proceeds to exile the Orders, disestablish the Church, inoculate the young in all its schools with atheism, and suppress every other "mentality" but the positivist. France, it declares, began to be in 1789; history counts as an old almanac; the future is mortgaged to the present; and life shrinks by depopulation scientifically brought about. What are the prospects of a country so trained *not* to "look before and after," in the struggle for supremacy? Were all Europe of such a mind, the Japanese would make it their province by sheer manliness and holding out.

It is the mind that signifies, or, as we called it, the *Weltanschauung*. Is it in accordance with eternal realities? It cannot but overcome all obstructions, however frightful. Or does it feed on delusion, bred of the inane, of stupidity, laziness, lust, self-worship, hearsay, cowardice? How can it live in the day when God shall arise to judgement? For as Carlyle teaches, "The real force which in this world all things must obey, is insight, spiritual vision and determination." The Commonwealth has been erected on freedom of conscience; be it so; but what do we understand by conscience? Public opinion gives the *fascies* now to Scipio and now to Clodius; it has no magic whereby to change the nature of things. Say we are governed by the crowd; unless it be a crowd organized on some working plan, and so not a wind-swept storm of atoms—unless there be a soul to animate this body, it must go to pieces. Even Victor Hugo

* B. Russell, *ut supra*, p. 14.

Rome and Democracy

distinguished between "la foule, cette grande et fatale orpheline," and "le peuple souverain de lui-meme"; with sententious rhetoric he tells his countrymen:

Certes, nous vénérons Sparte, Athènes, Paris,
Et tous les grands forums d'où partent les grands cris;
Mais nous plaçons plus haut la conscience auguste;
Un monde, s'il a tort, ne pèse pas un juste.

This prologue, condemning the plebiscite of 1870, leads in the "Année Terrible," which proved to the crowd by fire and famine that its vote had not been ratified in Heaven's chancery. There is a false conscience and a true; ideas, which lurk behind all institutions if we search deep enough, kill or make alive according to their qualities; and, in spite of Mr Morley's contempt for mysticism, the State like the family, like love and marriage, like friendship, self-sacrifice and every human virtue, has within it a transcendent element. Shall we do it wrong if we baptize this *Ding an sich*, which meets us beneath phenomena wherever we pierce through them, as our fathers did, and name it religion?

"Nor is it difficult to show," said Ruskin, speaking of Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice and London, as the classic centres whence mankind have been taught wisdom, "that the virtue and prosperity of these five great cities have been always dependent on, or at least contemporary with, their unquestioning faith that a protecting Deity had its abode in their Acropolis, their Capitol, and their cathedral churches of St Mary, St Mark and St Peter; but that the whole range of history keeps no record of a city which has retained power after losing such conviction."*

That last note is grave and even formidable. Let us try to learn what it announces. We began these articles by dwelling on the ancient city-constitution, one God, one worship, one blood, one citizenship, founded on a common right of partaking in the mysteries. Literally, the old State was a *Sacramentum unitatis* and its members a holy people. In course of time the Roman *Jus Gentium* enlarged, or converted, the tribal idea to that of Humanity, so

* Vol. xxxi, p. 10, *The Economist of Xenophon*.

Rome and Democracy

annihilating, says Mr Kidd, the principle of exclusive caste-privileges, or the *Jus Civile*, to which the Empire-City owed its predominance.* There was, however, no vital force, he contends, in a vague formula, got from the Stoics, cosmopolitan, indeed, but purely abstract, which dissolved the military State while professing a tenderness for man as man. The author might have gone on to exhibit how close is the parallel between such a humanitarian code and the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Man, pure and simple, without antecedents, history, or national character, is the idol worshipped by Voltaire, Hume, Rousseau, Diderot and Robespierre. He is summed up in the terms of Jacobin legislation. He puts an end, whenever he gets the mastery, to all real distinctions of race, province, custom, local rights, individual or family exemptions from the one status in which officials are the only hierarchy. He is a leveller in virtue of the common denominator, *Homo*. The Jacobin agrees with the Stoic; and Napoleon, imitating Justinian, absorbs into his single egalitarian volume the varied jurisprudence of twelve hundred years. True, Napoleon had a sword with which to cut the age-long tangle. But his sword was hung up at the Invalides; his Code remains. So far as it enacts equality, all modern law-making tends to adopt its provisions.

Equality, taken alone, is *laissez-faire*. And since men do not concur in one religious belief, the State will neither forbid nor set up any divine worship. It is logically neutral because democratic. From these premisses the average man, or his philosopher, concludes that education in schools supported by rates and taxes ought to be secular. The Jacobin abstract child is to be taught moral abstractions, not the religion of his concrete parents, who may be Jews or Catholics, but a State catechism. Such reasoning is as false as its consequences are unjust, but it has done incalculable harm. Meanwhile, in a mixed people of Christians, Hebrews, unbelievers, and indifferents, the State formally as such, under its modern franchise, opens all departments to all citizens and a Test Act would violate

* Kidd, pp. 208-9

Rome and Democracy

the Constitution. The law in progressive countries would permit any man, whatever his creed or no-creed, to occupy the highest ministerial position. In France the President has been a Catholic and is an atheist. The English Prime Minister belongs to the Church of Scotland. President Roosevelt might be of what faith he chose, from Unitarian to Episcopalian; if he joined the Roman Church to-morrow, he would not legally forfeit his office, though American opinion would probably compel him to lay it down. Such being the case, how is a State to recognize one religion? Disestablishment, real if not formal, has become the order of the day.

But, we may well exclaim, if democracy, free and equal, worships no God, secularizes education, takes away Church endowments, allows the widest propaganda of unbelief and misbelief, to what are we coming? Anarchy so profound must lead to dissolution or civil war, perhaps to conquest by foreigners who are not Jacobins. The risk is undeniable. Yet no signs comforting to the advocates of the closed Christian State may be descried on the horizon. Even where the majority write themselves more or less orthodox, freedom protects the Nonconformist. Reaction has no leaders that would venture on the ordinances of July, 1830, thanks to which the Bourbons have ceased to reign in France. Liberty will grow as the millions exercise their rights, liberty in all matters except those on which the millions hold a strong conviction. The limits to free Press, free speech, free association, free action, will be set by public opinion and not by law, or if by law, only in the last resort. Opinion, said Pascal, is queen of the world. Was there ever an age so visibly controlled by what men believe as this twentieth Christian century?

Hence, to tell us that government is "by the people and for the people" does not explain how it acts, but only the principles which it professes. In the Turkish Empire, at any moment while the fanaticism of the Moslem sleeps, Catholics enjoy more effective liberty than they do under a Freemason Cabinet in Paris. The popular French rule puts down religious communities at Algiers; the Bey of

Rome and Democracy

Tunis, no constitutional sovereign, welcomes and encourages them in his dominions. We must look through "glittering generalities" about the "Rights of the Man and the Citizen" to the spirit of laws; and what is it that creates such a spirit? Briefly, in our days, the Press. Journalism, books, leaflets, tracts for the million, these make the tribunal, ever-open, always hearing and deciding cases, where laws are tried, repealed, enacted. The free Press, according to Carlyle, is our latter-day Church. It is, I say, the court of first and last instance, the organ by which mind executes its decrees and in turn is led to revise the old or attempt a new legislation. It has been termed the Fourth Estate. In my view it is the perpetual Parliament, which none can prorogue or dissolve. Now weigh the consequences of all this.

To opinion corresponds influence, not legal authority but spiritual power. That famous jurist, Sir Henry Maine, affirmed that Western society was passing "from status to contract," and he did so with reason. Take some examples. By virtue of the democratic principle any man can quit his Church and nation for any other when he chooses. To apostatize in former times was treason, its penalty the stake. Now it entails excommunication, when the renegade has already cut himself adrift from his moorings. He will answer with Diogenes, "I banish you." In like manner the idea of country has fallen into the Heraclitean stream. Millions of Irish and German emigrants have become naturalized citizens of the United States; the old flag knows them no more. Contract, not status; opinion rather than a power outside them, shapes the destiny of peoples. But is not this exactly how the Church began?

I am asking all along what is the best method to bring society under Catholic ideals, in a period like our own. It is no part of my subject to discuss the relation between those various elements by whose union the hierarchy is formed and over which it wields a God-given jurisdiction. A purely Catholic democracy will behave in one way; a mixed and open in one far different. Were all Europe possessed with a veneration for St Peter's Chair, such as Ireland gloried in

Rome and Democracy

displaying on a late occasion, no theories of republican freedom could hinder the Pope from attaining to a suzerainty in politics greater even than the Middle Ages knew. In spite of himself he would be as Melchizedek was, King and Priest, with governments for his viceroys. But he now shares with rivals most fierce against him that influence, the result of opinion, which directs the course of things. To moderns he is one of many, not sole or supreme. We Catholics talk of the Church; journalism, that is to say, popular philosophy, talks of the Churches. To all intents we find ourselves in a struggling minority from China to Peru, frequently trodden down, nowhere established beyond overthrow at the ballot-boxes. Everlasting vigilance is the price which we must pay for freedom; a triumph over all other parties combined is not to be dreamt of.

Shall we, then, retire into a cloister, withdraw from the competition in law-making, in the Press, at the Universities, in social effort, sulking with our Legitimist friends who count on a reaction after the deluge? That was not Leo XIII's counsel to us. When he cried, "Rally to the Republic," he uttered a word applicable not to France alone or to voting-power; it remains true in all the fields of human activity, just because, since they are human, good may be sown where evil assuredly will otherwise spring up and overspread the soil. Reaction proposes to put back the hand of the clock. The Leonine policy kept account of the time of day on a popular reckoning. In northern latitudes we steer by the pole-star; when it has sunk below the horizon, by what shall we guide our path on the great waters? Is there not the Southern Cross, rising grandly over us?

Coming down from metaphor to fact, my reading of history and experience shows me that government by the people is shaped in accord with prevalent ideas, accepted almost as a religion; whence the democratic régime fluctuates more than monarchy, to say nothing of oligarchy, the stable yet ungracious form by which the few are entrenched in their privileges. But since the people may be thus wrought upon, let us go to the people. If we, too, aim

Rome and Democracy

at getting or recovering privileges, the democracy will turn a deaf ear. The common law must be good enough for us. Allow so much, and our magnificent heritage of culture, philosophy, romance, devotion, benevolence, self-sacrifice, hope, joy and faith in the Everlasting, will yield its increase. The principles of justice which have given to English-speaking races their Habeas Corpus, trial by one's peers, system of public courts, cross-examination of witnesses, municipal and parliamentary Home Rule, have all their roots in the early Middle Ages and are Catholic by descent. Magna Charta, to which our Constitutions on both sides of the Atlantic trace their glorious pedigree, was due to a Roman Cardinal; and though Innocent III, unhappily misconstruing the circumstances on a feudal plea, would not ratify the Charter, his successors did so by their legates. The rights of individuals and estates, inviolable against the Crown itself, nor to be diminished except on valid grounds after open trial, were thus made sure until, when Tudors and Stuarts had failed to destroy liberty, this old Teutonic and Catholic freedom began to travel round the globe. It has by no means ended the journey. And so we arrive at some final considerations with which these articles may point their moral as it appears to me, always in deference to superior wisdom.

First, I draw a parallel between the fortunes of Greek philosophy when it came into contact with Revelation, and the problem of popular government as it presents itself to the Holy See. Tertullian the African once cried intemperately, "*Quid ergo Athenis et Hierosolymis? Quid Academiæ et Ecclesiæ?*" The somewhat narrow-minded lawyer took a forensic view; dwelt on errors and idolatries and scepticisms of which Athens had served as a theatre; and gave sentence of condemnation. So, too, in a democracy, which is tolerant towards opinion (though under a law of libel), which permits every sect to go its way, so long as elementary morals are not outraged, and therefore does not defend the true Religion from attack, evils may be pointed out most grievous to saintly souls. Yet, when Tertullian wrote, a wiser man, Clement of Alexandria, was formula-

Rome and Democracy

ting the definitive judgement which Rome has acted upon; and Greek thought duly purged—the idealism of Plato first, afterwards the Aristotelian logic and metaphysics—has been made a stepping-stone to faith, or even the porch of its temple.

Can we not look forward to a purged, an enlightened democracy? Must our teachers abandon the task which it should be theirs to fulfil towards it, of supreme intellectual and moral guidance, as heirs and therefore bound to the continuance of a Christian civilization? For they inherit culture no less than faith; and during long cycles of Europe the canonist understood what was meant by justice far better than the layman. Ought he now merely to oppose modern codes, instead of adapting from them whatever is at once sound and popular to the needs of religion? In his memorials from the past, in the ritual by which kings are crowned, priests ordained, synods held; in the juridical wisdom of St Thomas, Suarez, and their approved commentators, power from on high is reconciled with acceptance or nomination of the persons wielding it by the multitude to be governed. Universal suffrage, limited or constitutional monarchy, republican States with every degree of franchise, are no infringement upon Divine Right. In other words, democracy may and ought to be theocratic, as representing the Eternal Lawgiver, of whom all legislation is named on earth as in heaven. This being the absolute fact, upon it we should ground our political principles; to it as a touchstone we should bring the measures proposed in Press and Parliament which daily assume the character of ethics applied in practice. For the State cannot prescind from morals, nor even, considering how it has grown up, from Christian morals.

Here, then, is the meeting-place of Rome with Democracy. *Justitia et pax osculatæ sunt*. The suffrage, the law, the social system, hold of the Infinite and the Eternal; if not, votes are caprice, the majority mere numbers, politics base interest, the government brute force. Our demand, as Catholics, should be that all these parts of a vast machinery exhibit and embody the Divine Idea,

Rome and Democracy

which they never can except when a transcendent Reason inspires them. Surely Plato has not written the sublime pages which adorn his *Republic* in vain. If the lonely soul was created after God's image, the City of Man must needs have its pattern laid up in heaven. It will be, too, a pilgrim city, journeying on towards the light; so that we may call it, with Marcus the Emperor, seeing it now perfect in imagination, "Dear City of God!" For He was always its Founder and King.

To this end the Church will lift up her voice as a prophet and make atonement as a priest between all permitted classes in the Commonwealth. Using no coercive power, she will rely upon that in the soul, "naturally Christian," which answers to the claim of justice, purity and suffering. The Catholic vote will be cast against divorce, the desecration of family life, the exploiting of women and children by an industrial tyranny; and in favour of the living wage, Sunday rest, security for the toilers' old age; in short, for humane economics which lie at the root of progress. It will insist on moralizing the State and Society, from literature to commerce; therefore it will maintain by every lawful means the higher level of thought, the enhanced sense of responsibility, the better life, that are due to the Gospel acting as a principle whereby mankind has been carried upward. Our brethren in many lands recognize their obligations to the people among whom they dwell; and social reform under Catholic ideals has furnished them with a programme. But already we mark lines of cleavage between the forces now striving to make democracy their own, which trace out for us an enterprise more exacting than religion has ever attempted since the Roman Empire fell.

To speak in the current jargon, we stand amid the conflict of two great economic systems, Capitalism, which appeals to the rights of the individual, construing them by *laissez-faire*, *laissez-passer*, and Socialism, which would render the State absolute, under pretence of giving to every man his due according to law. Freedom on that side plus the misery its working cannot but produce; justice, or

Rome and Democracy

at any rate, universal prosperity on this: observe the issues. Again, unlimited competition among industries appears to be ending in the mighty slave-holdings known as trusts; and these, appropriating the world-commerce, have begun to call up the yellow races from the East, by way of bridling and effectively breaking in time the resistance of the white man to his own degradation. Capitalism has but one idea, to make money; it is altogether an economics divorced from ethics. Let it reign without check, the East has conquered. For a low standard of living will enable millions to survive where the better men must go down. Such is the outlook, if private trusts exploit opinion, or get the public conscience to vote in their favour. They will open the gates to a Japanese world-empire, founded on the ruins of Christendom.

But the Socialist, who aims at a closed industrial State, or confederacy of States, would bring to pass the like result by substituting for private monopolies one all-embracing and omnipotent Trust. He interprets all human activities in terms of economics; sees no eternal significance in life, be it individual or collective; breaks up the family by destroying it as an industrial unit; reduces marriage to a terminable private engagement and does not shrink from free love. He makes children the property of the State, their schools a mere secular training-ground, their education the discipline of Janissaries; and by sheer momentum, were his scheme adopted, would annihilate all that savoured of freedom, especially the Christian Church. He believes in regimentation, unlimited State-control, a people moulded on patterns sent down from departments where officials reign supreme; his faith is in order, not in God. His governing idea is the material happiness of the masses, into which morality and religion do not enter, or only as means, not as ends.*

To such views, utilitarian on both sides, we oppose the Divine Idea of man. We show to the world of economics Christ in His Kingdom. We fill up the empty unsatisfying abstraction called Humanity, which hovered like a

* Kidd, *Social Evolution*, Chap. viii; *Principles*, pp. 93, 125, 392.

Rome and Democracy

phantom above Roman Law, with a fullness derived from the Godhead. Our ideal is real, yesterday, to-day and for ever. We feel convinced not only that the future must dominate the present, as Mr Kidd argues on Weismann's premisses; but that behind all economic and social movements in an upward ascent there is the Infinite Mover, whose will directs the whole Cosmos to ends of justice and holiness. The peoples that live in this faith are destined to prevail. When Tennyson assures us that

The common sense of most shall keep a fretful realm in awe,
he is exalting a conscience informed by the great ethical Christian principles of which Rome has been the depository and the guardian. We never must look on idly while the laws embodying them are threatened by licence in the Press, or by anarchy masquerading as reform; by a State which cuts down our religious freedom; by secularists bent on reducing to zero the Gospel-influence; or by an ignorant populace mad after amusement, to whom newspapers, theatres, music-halls, too frequently hold out a mere *pabulum mortis*, incentives of corruption and decadence. Our calling is to make of democracy, by the means which it affords in its very constitution, a system inspired by ideals the term of which shall at last be revealed as Christus Triumphator, in the tabernacle of God with men.

Rome, as we now perceive, has gone through a triple development, being in every several stage the Empire-City, but under conditions exceedingly diverse. The beginning was a pure Pagan theocracy, "Roma Sacra," expanding until in the single person of Divus Cæsar and the Pontifex Maximus it ruled over the civilized world. Its complete expression in the Jus Gentium rises to a Stoic "Humanity," which was little more than an abstract formula and had not strength enough to bear up an empire in decline. At this moment Christianity comes to its aid. Cæsar takes the cross, Peter is acknowledged to be the Supreme Pontiff. Then the Eastern and Western halves of what had been civilization fall asunder. The Pope is compelled to create a Holy Roman Empire, to become suzerain of the West, to comport himself as judge over all causes

Rome and Democracy

termed spiritual, even when their main interest was of this world. The Imperial lawyers resist; Roman Law revives; and with it the modern secular State is born. An intermediate phase, known as the Royal Supremacy, connects the Cæsars of old or medieval renown with the Kings of France and England and these against their will with Democracy, which could not have come into being as it now exists while the Christian Republic flourished. So the second period of Rome, still theocratic, Papal and almost feudal in its relation to princes, was brought to an end. The third, definitely marked by the French Revolution, shows us the Papacy without civil dominions, privileges, or exemptions, living under the common law, as though religion were a private concern, the Church no more than a voluntary association. From "status" founded on kinship, dedicated by worship, protected by severest penalties, we have passed to the age of "contracts," the terms of which in religion no government will enforce. Catholicism, for more than a thousand years by law established, moves in the world at large, left now to its own resources and those spiritual. It is a system of ideas, a moral influence, a society within itself. It has ceased for the time to be a State in the old political sense and has lost its secular arm.

Yet, as the civil State forfeits or gives up the jurisdiction it once exercised over opinion and freedom grows, the Church Universal must win fresh influence, deeper than laws and Parliaments could secure to it. By simple greatness of ideas, realized in its teaching and institutions, leading on to the Master Himself, what is there that it cannot achieve? It subdued Greek philosophy to its divine purpose. Why should we despair of its leavening with true life the democracy that is looking for guidance, that will not always groan beneath monopolies, nor dream of Socialist Utopias bounded by the grave? The free conscience will never rest until it has found its rule and sanction in Him who bestowed on it the liberty to follow right, through death, into Eternity.

And the yellow races? Can we shut them out from that

Rome and Democracy

larger Christendom for which Democracy is clearing the ground, as Roman Law prepared a space for Church and Gospel? The East stands facing the West; shall it be as a disciple to learn our wisdom, Hebrew and Greek, with all the good that has grown out of it, or as a master, victorious over degenerate peoples? All our problems run up into this, which was to be looked for when the world-commerce threw open its doors in every continent; when the "White Australia, Canada, California," seemed in peril, thanks to their Liberal recognition of man as man. "What signifies the colour of one's skin," cried the Japanese Prince Ito, "if one is working for humanity?" But Eastern morals, standards of living, civilization in short, if not baptized and so lifted to the Christian level, work quite otherwise than for humanity; and the nations which constitute our first line of defence know that far better than we do, sitting at home in peace. The sum is, therefore, plain. Religion must be made the heart of democracy and democracy the hands of Religion. Since this cannot be done by law upon medieval lines, it remains to attempt it by influence, in the open tolerant State. Barbarians within, heathens without, lords of war, monopoly kings, social misery—the signs of the times point to a mighty tempest. If we fail to reinforce our strength as sons of saints and crusaders; to meet energy with yet more determination, intellect with understanding, the lesser ideals with a Gospel of universal redemption, *va victis!* For Providence which chose Israel, yet cast it away all save a remnant, has indeed set up its covenant with our Aryan race; but on condition that it shall be faithful to Christ, in whom the treasures of humanity lie hidden.

WILLIAM BARRY

CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORK IN GERMANY

I. Ketteler the Precursor

Bischof von Ketteler. Von Otto Pfült, S.J. 3 vols. Mainz: Kirchheim. 1899.

Ketteler et l'Organisation Sociale en Allemagne. Par A. Kannengieser. Paris: Lethielleux. 1894.

Ketteler. Par Georges Goyau. Paris: Bloud. 1907.

IN THE DUBLIN REVIEW for July, 1906, we gave some account of the efforts which are being made by the Catholics of France in the field of social work. That brief record, we are glad to learn, proved stimulating in many quarters. Yet we did not fail to observe that much of its force was discounted by the actual calamities which the Church in France is undergoing. We had to speak of a planting and watering of which the resultant harvest, though promising, is not in sight; and those who are impatient of results may have thought us unduly sanguine. They will, perhaps, be more convinced by the testimony which we now propose to advance with regard to Catholic social action in Germany. The Catholics have within the last generation grappled successfully with three great dangers which threatened ruin to their Church—three dangers which, in a very striking manner, have their counterpart in this country.

In the first place the Church was menaced by a State absolutism which, if carried out according to the mind of its promoters, would have left no room for Catholicism. The second danger was the growing spirit of Socialism in the country, with which Catholic workmen were beginning to be infected. The third was an appalling apathy among the wealthier Catholics, especially those of the professional and industrial classes; and in particular a disinclination to regain, by social activity, that influence upon the working classes which they had, not unnaturally, lost. With what success could the Church protest against Socialism when

Catholic Social Work

the more prosperous Catholic laymen were helping to perpetuate the very abuses which made the workmen welcome the gospel of Socialism?

Such were the dangers, within and without, which seemed to make it impossible that the Church should emerge from the struggle. That she succeeded in doing so was undoubtedly a gain for the German nation as a whole. That, we think, will be admitted by any unprejudiced student of history. In chronicling the power of Catholicism in Germany, we are chronicling the progress of forces which, directly or indirectly, have made for the highest national well-being. A Catholic is not the mere partisan of a creed. His cause is also the cause of civilization in the best sense of the word. The three dangers which we have mentioned as threatening the Catholic Church were also in a very true sense threatening the Empire. In helping to break the power of State absolutism in Germany, Catholic leaders were vindicating civil liberty for all. In organizing their own working classes, they were the first to raise the barrier against that old-fashioned Socialism which, as even modern Socialists admit, would have produced utter chaos. And finally, in combating the apathy of Catholics in positions of influence, they were producing pioneers in social reform the value of whose work is attested on all hands.

These were no small achievements. And the work had to be done from the beginning. The materials for a reaction had to be created. But created they were, and that largely through the enthusiasm of one Catholic bishop. To-day the Catholic Church in Germany is living a full and healthy life: it is a great power in the country. In future articles we shall have to describe some features of its magnificent system of social works which challenges the admiration of the world. But sixty years ago such a system seemed impossible. True, individual Catholics were giving their attention to social questions; but they could not arouse general interest. The forces were there, indeed, but they were latent. Only a genius could call them forth, such a man as appears but once in a century. Bishop Ketteler—of whom to our discredit we know so little in England, though his name is

in Germany

a household word in Germany—was more than the man of his century. He was, as the eminent historian Janssen has told us, a man such as appears but once in a thousand years. His personality is stamped upon the organization of Catholic Germany. He gave the Centre Party their social programme, he initiated movements which have spread over the world, and he stands for all time as the herald of a new phase in the beneficent activity of the Catholic Church. His books have made history, and his spirit still stirs a continent. Obviously our sketch of Catholic social work in Germany must begin with some account of his personality and his life-work.

Wilhelm Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz, lived a life that reads like romance. A stormy giant of a university student he joins the civil service, quits it in disgust, and becomes the parish priest of an obscure village where he makes the beds of his typhus-stricken parishioners and wins the hearts of all the children. Forced into a bishopric, he drills his diocese with a rod of iron and loves the poor with the tenderness of a woman. He is a man of action rather than a student: yet he pours out a flood of books and pamphlets which at once become classics. His enterprise in social reform wins the approval of the most conservative among his brother-bishops, and likewise of that arch-Socialist Ferdinand Lassalle. Magnificent in presence, strong voiced, domineering, he is as simple as a child and as humble as a Franciscan. He is no visionary, but a man of shrewd, practical sense, living through some of the darkest days which the Church in Germany has ever witnessed. Yet he remains an optimist to the last.

We can only permit ourselves a few glimpses of his life prior to his episcopal consecration in 1850. We note that, like so many illustrious Catholics in the last century, he was a Westphalian—a true son of the "red earth," impetuous, fearless, chivalrous. His Jesuit masters at Brieg, in Valais, found him something of a young pickle—an honest and imperious little rascal, of the type in which your true schoolmaster delights. His undergraduate days at Göttingen were even stormier. We hear of "raggings" and of a

Catholic Social Work

duel which proved more serious than is usual in such academic encounters. In 1834 at the age of twenty-three he accepts a governmental post at Munster. But four years later the Archbishop of Cologne is imprisoned by the government in the fortress at Minden, and Ketteler resigns in a fury. "One must have a very strong digestive organ," he writes to his sister Sophy, "not to die with rage at the sight of these atrocities." This was by no means the least outbreak of a stormy nature. The lion in Wilhelm Ketteler, in spite of heroic repression was, as we shall see, to break out into somewhat unconventional manifestations even in an episcopal palace. Tempestuous and passionate, his final self-command was the result of a discipline little short of amazing. He was not, we frankly admit, a ready-made saint. But his life is none the less interesting on that account. Nor is it, we think, less edifying.

Those who doubt the reality of a vocation to the priesthood may read Ketteler's letters during the months that followed. The call was as clear as a trumpet-blast; but his humility wrestled with it. He knew his own violent nature better even than did his friends, and he knew the self-repression demanded of a priest. Finally, after much prayer and hesitation, he yielded and went to Munich to study his theology under Görres, Döllinger and Phillips.

A few years later we find him as a priest regenerating the little village of Hopsten on the borders of Hanover—a "country-vicar" after the manner of Yves le Querdec, teaching his parishioners book-keeping, burying the dead during an epidemic and constituting himself the father of the whole country-side. The district, in spite of its Protestant majority, elected him almost unanimously as its representative in the Parliament of Frankfort.

We may picture him among the 600 deputies who sat in the church of St Paul in the midst of riots and "stunk of *canaille*," as Prince Lichnowsky bluntly put it. It was certainly a change from parochial book-keeping; and the parish priest found himself in heterogeneous company which, however, included a few bishops, some forty priests, Döllinger, and a sprinkling of dons. Ketteler at once struck

in Germany

the note which he was to sound with such effect later on. He pleaded for the liberty of the Church, for liberty of teaching. He pleaded, too, for a sound democracy which, while it gave power to the people should give them also a political, social and religious formation, and so enable them to use that power aright. The "democrats" of the day, whom he vigorously accused of fostering despotism, looked at him askance. So did his aristocratic friends, who regarded him as a Radical. But he made his mark; and when Prince Lichnowsky and General Auerswald were murdered by the "*canaille*," he was called upon to pronounce their funeral discourse—a sufficiently delicate task in the circumstances, and one which exposed the speaker to personal danger. The democrats awaited an attack on the aristocracy for having driven the people to revolt. The aristocracy anticipated a trenchant condemnation of a democracy which had issued in assassination. Ketteler administered a dignified rebuke to both parties. The real murderers, he said, were not the people, but the men who were trying to rob the people of their religion. Atheism and radicalism were reaping the whirlwind, and the lesson was plain to see.

A few days later we find him taking a prominent part in the first of those great annual Catholic congresses which have done so much to bind German Catholics together. His enthusiasm and hopefulness were already infectious. He took for his theme "The Liberty of the Church and the Social Question," to which he gave a somewhat unexpected and highly significant turn. "Religion needs freedom. Yes, but freedom needs religion. If the people do not come back to religion, they cannot bear freedom." It was the lesson of the funeral oration once more. Then followed a trenchant criticism of Socialism. Socialism had no religious basis, and hence was essentially a delusion. Catholics must themselves take the social question in hand. Social questions were more actual and more urgent than political questions. This was a hard saying at Mainz in 1848. To-day, in England, it should be a truism. Yet how many Catholics appear to realize it?

Catholic Social Work

We cannot refrain from quoting a few words from this memorable speech:

One task for the immediate future I urge upon you once more: I mean the task of bringing religion to bear upon social conditions. The most difficult question, and one which has not yet been solved by any legislation or by any constitution, is the social question. I can say in all sincerity that the difficulty, the magnitude, the urgency of this task fill me with the greatest joy. I do not rejoice at poverty: I sympathize with it from the bottom of my heart. Nor do I rejoice at the misery of my brethren. No, but I rejoice because it will now inevitably be made clear which church possesses the power of Divine truth. It will be seen that the final solution of the social question rests mainly with the Catholic Church. The State has not the power to solve it, whatever resolutions it may pass. A similar thought has been expressed by a Protestant minister in the Church of St Paul [i.e., at the Parliament at Frankfort]. "The fight between Protestant and Catholic will forthwith subside in the domain of dogma; but it will arise in the domain of the social problem."

This speech made a profound impression, and stood out as the weightiest utterance delivered during the congress. Catholics felt that a new horizon was opening out before them. Beda Weber has described in glowing imagery the tall, strong figure of the priest dominating the great assembly, and the fearless energy and speech which promised to rebuild the Catholic Church in Germany more speedily and more magnificently than human art could restore the great Cathedral of Cologne. And at the banquet which followed Ketteler, while proposing in touching terms the health of "the poor of the German people," begged that such a toast might not be an empty mockery, but that Catholics would co-operate in heart and hand for the welfare of the poor.

The same message was to be delivered in and out of season. Ketteler's whole soul revolted at the doctrine of the current political economy. He saw that the increasing application of machinery was leading to an exploitation of the working classes which the Catholic School, following St Thomas Aquinas, must brand as unnatural and immoral. The true notion of the rights and duties of property must be impressed on men's minds. The true notion of liberty

in Germany

must be vindicated, and the banner of Catholic social reform unfurled. This was the burden of a series of six conferences on The Great Social Questions of the Day now delivered in the Cathedral at Mainz, at the invitation of the Bishop. The summons "to re-establish all things in Christ" was sounded authoritatively, and found a response. The cathedral was packed hours before each discourse.

In the very first of these conferences Ketteler again emphasized his belief that the social question was the most important question of the day. The real difficulty of the situation did not lie in politics at all. Even under the best form of government miseries might abound. There was need of a deeper analysis.

If we wish to know our age, we must endeavour to fathom the social question. The man who understands that knows his age. The man who does not understand it finds the present and the future an enigma.

In the second conference he exposed the visionary nature of the reforms advocated by professed socialists. His intimate knowledge of the actual conditions of the working classes, together with his own shrewd good sense, gave a special value to his criticisms.

So long as these authors confine themselves to generalities, one would believe them to be public benefactors, and to have discovered the secret of multiplying bread. But look at their practical proposals, and you will pity them.

Two years later we find Ketteler elevated to the See of St Boniface—the Bishopric of Mainz—which had of late fallen on evil days. Rationalism had infected the theological faculties in the universities, there were serious divisions among the secular clergy, and the revolutionary spirit was making havoc of religion among the working classes. "God help the new bishop!" wrote Mgr Geissel at the time. "Mainz has sunk very low. . . . It will be difficult to re-establish union. Strength and decision alone will avail." Ketteler had to create the material with which he was to work.

His reforms among the clergy need not here concern

Catholic Social Work

us. Suffice it to say that, in spite of the opposition of the Government, he instituted a sound system of ecclesiastical training, and established a theological seminary of his own which became famous, and attracted professors like Moufang, Heinrich, Haffner and Brueck. He instituted clergy retreats and enforced discipline with a vigour which provoked some remonstrance. His canons on one occasion presented him with an address in which they acknowledged his devoted services to the diocese, but pointed out that his somewhat tempestuous methods were liable to create scandal. The Bishop, with characteristic humility, replied that he would endeavour to correct the fault. His priests grew devoted to him, and not one of them failed him when it came to the ordeal of the Kulturkampf. Yet they sometimes allowed themselves to comment on his ebullitions. One of them circulated the story that Ketteler, while out shooting, as a young man, had once in a fit of passion brained a blundering pointer. "I never did that," was the Bishop's remark when the story came to his ears; "I loved my dogs too well."

In his efforts to grapple with the social problem, the new Bishop was no less vigorous than in securing the independence of the Church. Indeed, the two causes were, as we have seen, intimately connected in his eyes. "Religion needs freedom, and freedom needs religion." Any temporizing where the liberties of the Church were concerned filled him with anger. "I think," he wrote to a colleague in 1865, "that the bloodiest persecutions have done less harm to the Church than the courtly servility of bishops." And, on the other hand, he regarded himself as bound in a special way by his episcopal office to protect the working classes against unjust exploitation. In the preface to his book on *The Labour Question and Christianity*, he recalls his promise made at his consecration to succour the poor and the unfortunate. Henceforth, he says, it became not merely a right but a duty to concern himself with the social problem.

How could I, after this solemn promise, remain indifferent in face

in Germany

of a problem which concerns the most essential needs of such a numerous class?

Social and charitable institutions now began to spring up in the diocese with amazing rapidity. Homes for waifs and strays and for fallen women were among his first enterprises. A Prisoners' Aid Society followed. Nursing sisters were established in Mainz, and the formation of a society for the aid of the sick poor was urged upon all deaneries. Guilds for apprentices and artisans (of which we shall have something to say in a subsequent article) multiplied in all the towns. Another institution, extended to many parishes, provided for female domestic servants in sickness and old age. The Bishop encouraged the leading Catholics of Mainz to acquire a somewhat imposing building in the centre of the town for the purposes of a club. "This is better than building a church," he said. Yet he yielded to no man in his zeal for the glory of God's temples. As a matter of fact, the Catholic Club at Mainz came to bear a considerable share in furthering the interests of Catholicism.

The Bishop even projected an undenominational society to provide cheap dwellings for the poor at low prices. And besides founding specific institutions, he displayed a vigilant activity in all matters which affected the labouring population. His protest was constantly being raised against examples of injustice and oppression, even outside his own diocese.

It must not be imagined that Ketteler confined his attention to the temporal wants of his diocese, to the neglect of spiritual needs. The latter do not immediately concern us here; but we may note in passing that he was an indefatigable preacher, and that he reintroduced the practice of parochial missions, five hundred of which were given in his diocese within a space of seventeen years.

"If St Paul were alive to-day, he would certainly run a newspaper," is a saying of Ketteler's, which has often been quoted in various forms. It was uttered during one of his unconventional but astonishingly effective Confirmation sermons. "The power of the Press" is just one of those tremendous truths which, as Coleridge says, "are so true that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bedridden in the

Catholic Social Work

dormitory of our soul." Ketteler refused to harbour such mental paralytics. He believed in the power of the press, and he acted on his belief. That he should write a book at all was antecedently unlikely; he seemed far more fitted to lead a cavalry regiment into action. Yet he set himself to write with the result that he filled a generation of editors, authors and journalists with envy. Books and pamphlets poured from his pen. Whenever there was a wrong to be righted, a misunderstanding to be cleared up, a Catholic truth to be vindicated, Ketteler would launch a publication, and all Germany would read it. His letters to the newspapers were beyond all reckoning. He never allowed a calumny to pass uncontradicted, or an attack on Catholics to remain unanswered. And when he first came to Mainz such calumnies and attacks were of daily occurrence. The Catholics seem to have lost all their nerve, and allowed themselves to be the object of systematic slander and insult. To stand on their rights never occurred to them until Ketteler appeared in their midst.

All his writings whether defensive or expository are stamped with his character. He had little of literary artifice. Clear, brief and incisive, he got to the heart of the matter at once. He was never dull; his rousing personality seemed to inspire every line that he wrote.

His first book, *Liberty, Authority and the Church*, was published in 1862, ran through several editions in a few months, and was translated into French, Spanish and Hungarian. It was the fruit of his experience since the days of the Frankfort Parliament. It was not so much a theory as a programme. His object was to form a united body of Catholics who should impress upon their generation the true principles of liberty and authority, and should bring the influence of the Church to bear upon the social question. In particular he was anxious to foster an influential Catholic Press which should speak with no uncertain voice upon these important matters. His notion of a Catholic newspaper was that it should lead men and not merely chronicle their doings; enlighten them, and not merely reproduce their opinions.

in Germany

In order that we may take our part in public life with unanimity and with all that spiritual force which beyond a doubt exists in Catholic Germany, we must above all things know *what we want*.

In 1863 the fifteenth Catholic general congress was held at Frankfort. The event is noteworthy, since it was at this congress that the results of Ketteler's propaganda was first generally recognized. Social questions had, as we saw, been given a place in their congresses from the beginning. But on this occasion they took the first place. We may quote one of the preliminary resolutions:

The General Congress shall consider what can and should be done by Catholics to ameliorate the social position of artisans and labourers, and to warn them against participating in tendencies which, in reality, would promote neither their spiritual nor their material welfare.

On three afternoons various social needs were discussed and specific remedies suggested. That the members were alive to the urgency of the matter may be seen from one of the resolutions in which the congress recommended Catholics to engage earnestly in the study of social questions, since these questions could only be solved in the light and through the spirit of Christianity.

Immediately after the congress Ketteler got to work on one of his most important books, *The Labour Question and Christianity*, which appeared a few months later. It was the outcome of many years of observation and patient study. He had spared no pains to master the true inwardness of the social movements which were stirring through the country, and to devise practical methods of bringing them into line with Christian principles. In the present volume he drew a striking picture of the unsatisfactory position of the working classes, traced the causes which had led to it, and described the efforts which were being made to remedy it by Liberals and Radicals, contrasting them with the practical remedies which Catholic reformers were even then beginning to advocate. The book ran through three editions within the year and was, in many respects, epoch-making. Letters and addresses of thanks from university professors and workmen's clubs poured in. A Protestant mechanic in

Catholic Social Work

welcoming the book agreed that the dissolution of family life was the great plague of modern times: "We live like heathens," he said, "and we must fare as heathen nations have fared. We do not fulfil the ends for which God created us. Therefore we must perish." Twenty-five years later Windthorst spoke of the book as marking a new epoch in Germany and saluted Ketteler as "above all others the revered guide and champion of Catholic social effort." He added some words which deserve to be remembered.

It is and ever will be our glory that it was a Catholic prelate who first had the courage to hoist the flag of Christian social reform; and this at a time when the Manchester school completely ruled public opinion.

The effect of the book was, moreover, seen in the stimulus which it gave to Catholic publicists and students of economics. Dr Moufang, Professor Lujo Brentano and other eminent writers were enlisted in the cause. Catholic Associations began to multiply, and the Catholic Press gave a further extension to the teaching of the "Workmen's Bishop." Lassalle himself read extracts from the book at a Socialist banquet amid considerable applause, though the general tendency of Socialists was to sneer at Ketteler's efforts as quixotic. They themselves were not satisfied with any remedy short of an upheaval of society. On the other hand Ketteler was suspected by the Conservatives of sympathy with Socialism and was accused of inciting the working classes to rebellion. The Bishop who was always accessible to sane criticism was strong enough to disregard the attacks of extremists.

"Can a good Catholic be a Socialist?" is a question often proposed to Catholic priests in this country; and the answer is sometimes made to turn on the vagueness of the term "Socialist." The question was put to Ketteler in a more definite form. Three Catholic workmen wrote to him from Dünwald to know whether they were bound to sever their connexion with Lassalle's labour union. Their parish priest had refused them absolution for continuing to belong to it. The Bishop replied at great length, distinguishing between the original scope of the labour union (with

in Germany

which he found no fault) and the developments which had lately taken place within it. Had Lassalle's original idea with regard to the union been kept in sight, there would have been little objection to Catholics joining it. But as it was, the union had become an instrument of anti-Catholic agitation, and as such must be avoided. The Bishop was careful to impress upon the men that the Church sympathized with them in their legitimate efforts to remove economic abuses, and that her antagonism to Socialist action was in the best interests of the men themselves.

For many years Ketteler's book continued to furnish his adversaries with weapons against him. A National Liberal speaker in the Reichstag in 1871 accused the Catholics of fomenting revolution, and quoted the following passage from *The Labour Question and Christianity*:

Why then, for Heaven's sake, should the sovereign will of the people be brought to a standstill by the coffers of the wealthy Liberals? Shall the new social order suddenly halt as though enchanted before the purses of these millionaires? No, no, God will take care that this shall never be.

Such a sentence, taken from its context, was, of course, liable to misrepresentation. Ketteler replied in an open letter, in which he disclaimed any tendency to preach revolution. In all his protests against the crushing abuses of capitalism he had maintained the necessity of constitutional action. As to his concerning himself with the question at all, he considered himself bound to do so in his double capacity of priest and bishop.

In some interesting memoranda written at this time, and found among his papers after his death, we read his opinion of the English trade unions:

They are justifiable as are incisions in a sick body; they presuppose a condition of sickness, and under the circumstances they are relatively good. The workman must be given freedom. All legislative hindrances to the formation of associations must be removed. On the other hand, there must be no participation in the deception of the working classes, as though these trade unions were of themselves a sufficient remedy.

Catholic Social Work

He admits an element of good in the corresponding German varieties of trade union; but complains that they have been exploited in the interests of secularism and so lost much of their value.

He had more faith in the efforts which were being made not merely to unite the working classes into different unions, but to form them into productive associations in which they should receive a substantial share of the profits. The trade union makes of the workmen a class apart and has a tendency to embitter them against the rest of society. What is wanted is to graft them into the social organization and enable them to participate in the life of the whole body. Co-operative associations were the Bishop's special object of study, though he came to see the difficulties in the way of their general extension.

He saw that "self-help" had broken down on the one hand, and on the other that the State could not be trusted to assume the entire control of labour. He looked, therefore, to a universal system of compulsory trade association, combined with a measure of self-help, recognized and aided by the Government and supplied with a Christian basis by the Church. Catholic influence, he thought, was quite indispensable. It alone could develop a sentiment of justice and moderation which would keep the social organism healthy. Yet the State too must co-operate by enforcing protective legislation, by inspection and by providing capital in exceptional cases.

Ketteler brought home to his generation the fact that Christianity really has an important bearing on social questions. He disposed of the Socialistic contention that religion was a matter that could be left to stand over—a matter of the inner life merely. He showed that the actual functioning of society was dependent upon the presence of a religion which should manifest itself in outward act. Thus in a striking address to workmen in 1869 he dealt with some of the claims put forward by the labouring classes, and estimated how far they were in accordance with Catholic teaching. Demands for an increase of salary, for instance, cannot be pushed beyond a certain point without causing

in Germany

a breakdown in a whole industry. Exorbitant claims are suicidal. But exorbitant the claims of the workman will certainly be, unless he has schooled himself to sobriety, economy and thrift, and learnt to rise above not only egotism but class-selfishness. But the Catholic Church is needed to keep these moral forces in constant play. Again, let the men by all means secure a diminution of the excessive hours of labour. But let them learn to give part at least of the time thus gained to family duties and religious obligations; otherwise demoralization and the dislocation of industry would be the only result. With regard to the prohibition of child-labour, the Bishop was as explicit as his hearers could desire. Such labour was "a monstrous cruelty," due largely to the selfishness of parents. It maimed soul and body alike. Catholics, in fine, might associate themselves on the whole with the aspirations and movements of the working classes without violating the principles of their religion. Indeed their religion gave them additional motives for so doing. And their efforts would be vain unless guided by Christian principles.

In 1869 Ketteler had an opportunity of impressing his social doctrines upon his brother bishops. An episcopal conference took place at Fulda, and the Bishop of Mainz was charged with the drawing up of reports dealing with Catholic efforts on behalf of various classes of the working population. Of these the report dealing with the condition of factory hands was the most important. In the course of it Ketteler pointed out the rôle which the Church was called upon to play in the solution of the social question. He disposed of the objection that this question was not sufficiently ripe to justify the interference of the Church. He was of opinion that the clergy should encourage the formation of workmen's associations, and give them all the help in their power.

The bishops endorsed Ketteler's views, and the result of their deliberations will come as a surprise to those who would confine the activity of the priest to the altar and the confessional. What, for instance, could be more enterpris-

Catholic Social Work

ing than the following recommendations, which deserve a careful study?

The Church must awaken interest in the condition of the working classes, especially among the clergy. These are often little interested in the matter, because they are not convinced of the actual existence, magnitude and pressing danger of social evils. They do not grasp the nature and extent of the social question, and they are entirely in the dark as to the method of helping towards a solution. The social question, therefore, must be no longer neglected in the training of the clergy in philosophy and pastoral theology. It is much to be desired that individual priests should be induced to take up the study of Political Economy, and should be furnished with travelling expenses in order that they may learn to know from personal observation . . . both the needs of the working classes and the institutions which help to meet them. . . .

It would scarcely be profitable to call into existence an ecclesiastical organization for the purpose, which should embrace the whole of Germany. It is to be feared that such an artificial organization would be wanting in vitality. The solution of the labour question is, moreover, rather a local matter, since men's needs and the remedies for those needs vary considerably. . . . On the other hand, so far from being open to objection, it would appear to be in the highest degree desirable that in each diocese, without further delay, one or more fit and proper persons, clerical or lay, should be appointed and commissioned to interest themselves in the labour question. They should compile statistics of the factories and workshops, and of the operatives in their respective dioceses, and should inform themselves as to the physical, intellectual, moral and religious condition of those operatives, as well as of the institutions and organizations which have been set on foot in their districts for the well-being of the working classes and the improvement of their condition. A meeting of these diocesan deputies either for each State, or for the whole of Germany should be arranged, at which each might report on his own diocese, and a general consultation be held as to ways and means of solving the labour question.

The result of the conference at Fulda was to interest the clergy of all Germany in social subjects. Priests now began to exert that influence upon the course of social reform which they exercise to-day with such good effect. They multiplied associations for the working classes, and they set themselves to study and apply the principles which

in Germany

Ketteler had for the last twenty years been preaching with such assiduity. The *Christlich-soziale Blätter* was founded and proved an invaluable guide to the clergy, who were kept in touch with the latest results of social study. The supply of Catholic literature on the subject has grown apace in Germany from that day to this. In a subsequent article we hope to give some account of its range and importance, as also of the decisive influence excited by the clergy of Germany in promoting social reform.

Ketteler's last book was published in 1875 and was entitled, *The Catholics in the German Empire*. In it he laid stress upon the duty of the Government to assist in the organization of co-operative associations and to protect workmen and their families against unjust exploitation. In particular, he demanded that the State should prohibit labour to children under fourteen and to married women in factories, and should secure the observance of Sunday, the inspection of factories and the limitation of the hours of labour. These demands were incorporated in the subsequent programme of the Centre Party.

Pietas ad omnia utilis est. Ketteler was ever urging the connexion between religion and popular welfare. Not many years before his death he delivered to 10,000 workmen at Offenbach a stirring address on this subject, which he afterwards published as a pamphlet, dedicating it to "the Christian Workmen of my Diocese." Decurtins, one of the most eminent of Ketteler's disciples, spoke of it as being among the weightiest pronouncements ever made on the Catholic side with regard to the social question and its solution.

And in 1876 the Bishop wrote:

In the course of my episcopal visitations last year I have often spoken of the relation between Christian virtues and popular welfare. People regard the former very properly as being the way to Heaven; but they are often not sufficiently aware that these same virtues are also the right way to happiness on earth; indeed, that for most men they are a necessary condition of temporal well-being.

Ketteler's last years were saddened though his energy was not diminished by the *Kulturkampf*. For a quarter of a cen-

Catholic Social Work

tury he had looked to Prussia as a nation which would eventually give the Catholic Church her necessary freedom of action and allow her to bring her healing influence to bear upon the social evils of the day. He seems to have credited the Empire with a sort of providential mission. He was not disillusionized until Bismarck turned round to rend asunder the Catholics who had helped him to crush France. The story of Ketteler's share in the great struggle for Catholic independence cannot be told here, though it forms one of the most stirring chapters of his life. Elected to the Reichstag in 1871 he was the intrepid fighter to the last.

In 1877 the people of Mainz crowded to the railway station to speed their Bishop on a journey to Rome. A few weeks later the same crowd met, silent and tearful, to receive his dead body. He had been taken ill on the return journey and died in a Capuchin monastery in Bavaria. His death was followed by an outburst of lamentation throughout Germany. The great figure which had dominated the First Catholic Congress some thirty years before had come to dominate the whole country, Ketteler stood, in the eyes of friend and foe alike, for the embodiment of the Catholic cause. His great voice rang out on the battlefield, rousing the slothful and rallying the straggler. The very sight of the man inspired confidence; watchful, untiring and resolute, he was always to be found where the fight was thickest. Everything about him suggested power—the firm pose, the strong mouth, the terrible eyes. "Son front ridé semble receler des orages dans ses plis," says a French biographer. The lion lurked in him till the last.

Like St Paul he could face an angry crowd unmoved, for he thought it a small thing to be judged by a man. Yet again like St Paul he had another side to his character of which we must say a word unless we are to give a totally false impression of the man. Had his life been nothing but "threatenings and slaughter," he would not have captured the hearts of the people as he did. "A gloomy German of the North," he called himself; but he was the idol of little children, and the natural confidant and friend of the poorest in his parish and beyond it.

in Germany

His letters to his family are full of a tender playfulness. Never did grand-nephews and grand-nieces find so charming a correspondent. The weight of his anxieties never seemed to diminish the gaiety and freshness of his relations with them. "I know nothing in the world more painful than separation," he wrote to his brother. "I can never forgive the man who invented them." His love for the poor was no less personal and intimate. He was not of the number of those who are devoted to "the lower orders" in the abstract, and who are singularly ill at ease in the company of concrete representatives of those orders. He was devoted to his confessional and would spend in it ten hours without a break. He loved to sit among the poor at the services in the Cathedral. He was never so happy as when taking part in parochial work. To his servants he was the kindest of masters; the only matter for which he could reproach himself was that he had nothing to bequeath them when he died. At Easter he would serve fifteen poor men at his own table; and he lived like a poor man himself. He kept no carriage, his furniture was scanty and cheap, his food that of a peasant, and he slept on a straw mattress with a single blanket for a covering.

Those who knew him intimately spoke of the strength and tenderness of his spirituality. He rose at five for meditation and spent a large part of the day in prayer. St Peter's phrase about "the hidden man of the heart" was often on his lips. He had no confidence in outward activity unsupported by interior holiness. And so it came about that he was, to an extraordinary degree, truthful. He acted simply from within outward. "I have no thought which I should be afraid to disclose," he said. And again:

There are many proofs of Christianity: but among them not the least important is the interior one. Christianity makes us through and through interiorly true. The wisdom of the world, on the contrary, makes us false to ourselves.

His fervid championship of the working classes and his denunciations of capitalistic tyranny earned for him the reproach of being a Socialist. But his attitude to Socialism was quite plain. He advocated State interference in the

Catholic Social Work

conditions of production and distribution, but limited it to cases where the workmen's own organizations were insufficient. He was a staunch partisan of civil liberty against centralized despotism.

Ketteler was a man of many disappointments. But he succeeded in making the Catholics of Germany realize their power and their mission in the country. Nor was it a mere vague enthusiasm that he bequeathed to them. He left behind him a programme of social reform which has been taken up and carried through, point by point, by the Centre Party. When in February, 1893, a Social Democratic member of the Reichstag endeavoured to claim Ketteler's sanction for his own theories, and twitted the Catholics with apathy in the matter of social reform, Dr Hitze promptly took up the challenge and claimed the Bishop as the prophet and guide of the Centre.

We shall always come back to this great social politician, he said. We shall always point to Ketteler as the man whom we have to thank for our social programme. We shall build on his foundations; opposition between him and ourselves there is none.

Nor is it merely in Germany that his influence has made itself felt. Catholic leaders in many lands have gladly acknowledged their indebtedness to his teaching and to his example. His faith in the Church as the good Samaritan of wounded humanity made him a prophet to his own and to future generations. And if at first he seemed but a voice crying in the wilderness, yet by degrees he brought out men to listen and peopled the desert. The Catholics of Germany were wont to liken him to St John the Baptist for the austerity of his life. But there was more than that in the comparison. Like the Baptist he had rough ways to make plain. Like the Baptist, too, he was forgetful of self and looked for one that was to come. He was confident that a Vicar of Christ would shortly arise who would bid the Church "go to the people." Not only did he anticipate Pope Leo's teaching, but he predicted Pope Leo's coming. In a letter to a friend in 1872 he wrote:

I have an invincible conviction that the time will come when God will send the world a Pope who will know how to awaken in

in Germany

the Church all her divine forces. Nothing is more deeply anchored in my soul than the belief that great and wonderful things will be realized by this Pope.

And if Ketteler testified to Leo, Leo was not unmindful of Ketteler. "The Workmen's Pope" set the seal of Peter upon the social teaching of the "Workmen's Bishop," and gave it as a charter to the world. And once when the work of the Bishop of Mainz was spoken of in his presence, he said:

"Ketteler was my great precursor."

The WORLDLY WISDOM OF THOMAS A KEMPIS

THE *Imitation of Christ*, popularly supposed to be exclusively pious reading, is really much more, for it offers, like all great books, many and various *facets*. Few, however, would fancy that it was an "Everyman's" Guide through the world; and that its maxims and counsels, if laid to heart by the common traveller through society, have such sagacity and good sense, as will more than repay his diligent study. It is curious, also, that even the counsels and directions that apply strictly to the highest standard of piety will be found to apply with equal profit to the ordinary transactions of secular life.

Thomas A Kempis must have learned his worldly wisdom, his knowledge of character as well as of the meaner corners of life, together with the weaknesses of human nature, not in the open "veldt," but in the halls and cells of his own monastery. From his book one can almost fashion an epitome of his life and surroundings. We gather that his brethren were somewhat troublesome and impetuous, indulging in jealousies, rivalries and circulating stories about each other. There was a strong hand needed to raise them to a better standard.

The book has suffered from rather an arbitrary and capricious arrangement of its sentences, each of which is fashioned into a distinct, detached and complete statement, standing by itself. This imparts a weak and fragmentary air. One sentence follows another, and is really a development of the meaning; the lines, therefore, should "run on," as the printers have it. Some are comparatively trivial, and hardly support their isolation. The object in this arrangement was probably to imitate that of the Scriptures; but the effect is certainly to over-emphasize unimportant sentiments. There would be a great gain of strength were the paragraphs fused together according to the meaning.

The one grand cardinal maxim of our author is a very simple one. "*Would you manage others, learn first of all to*

Thomas A Kempis

manage yourself." This is also the world's maxim. It recurs, or is implied, again and again, not enjoined, but tacitly followed by the sagacious. For the restrained man who controls his temper, and also himself, who has learned to wait the opportunity, and has taught himself patience, has generally everything his own way.

There were two noble natures who had much of this A Kempis spirit within them, but in an adapted and constrained shape owing to their surroundings. These were the high-souled Johnson and the sturdy Carlyle. In them conscience and principle were inflexible. These fine natures both learned their high morality during a bitter, scourging childhood, when they were whipped with scorpions and often on the verge of starvation; but in this cruel school they found patience, courage and endurance.

Samuel Johnson, an incomparable critic and unerring judge of a work, had a fashion of his own of "tearing the heart out of a book," that is, of seizing on what was the true point and significance. He never failed to *préciser* the very best thing in it. He knew his *Imitation* well, and his happy phrase, "The world has opened its arms to receive it," almost exactly described the cordial favour with which it has always been received. Once, when lying ill, he taught himself Dutch by reading the book in that language. Talking of its great merits, he cast about for a suitable illustration of his praise and said the most forcible passage of the whole always seemed to him, "*If you cannot make yourself such as you would be, how can you expect to have another exactly to your mind?*" Now this admirable sentence commends itself in every way. There is even a touch of sly humour underlying it. The person, as he reads and it comes home to him, feels that his position is somewhat absurd. The logic is unanswerable. Many a thoughtful reader of "Bozzy," when he comes to this passage, must pause over it and think, "Now here is something new and original! What a home thrust! and what a *tu quoque*! I would cure others, but certainly ought to cure myself first."

It will be noted that his phrase was, "It must be a

The Worldly Wisdom of

good book, as the world has opened its arm to receive it," a good "*sequitur*," we may presume, as the sage has said so. He then related how it had been printed about as many times as there were months, since its first appearance, about three hundred years before the time of speaking. Mr Croker took the trouble of making the calculation, and found that it came to 3,600 editions. To this we may add the product of the following century, say 2,000 editions more. Somehow we feel pleased that the "grand old Samuel," as M. A. Titmarsh called him, should have thus associated himself with the memorable book. And when his faithful henchman was telling him enthusiastically of his religious feelings, he thus warned him, "Do not, sir, accustom yourself to trust to *impressions*. There is a middle state of mind between conviction and hypocrisy, of which many are unconscious. By trusting to *impressions* a man may gradually come to yield to them and at length be subject to them and not a free agent. Favourable impressions as to the state of oneself may be deceitful and dangerous. In general, no man can be sure of his acceptance with God." This shows that Johnson was familiar with *The Imitation*. His religious thoughts are all expressed shortly, clearly and forcibly, and without a tinge of cant or preaching. Conscience, high principle and a deep religious feeling regulated every act of his mundane life, and were his law and guides.

Carlyle, in his sermons to the community—for such they were—shows how saturated he was with the fine A Kempis spirit. The older Thomas was ever enforcing the duty of work—and of doing. Thomas of Chelsea urged the same thing—the necessity of doing the duty next your hand.

In one passage of advice we seem to hear the very ring of *The Imitation*:

He whom experience has not taught innumerable hard lessons will be wretched at the bottom of Fortune's Cornucopia. Be thou compassionate and patiently faithful, leave no means untried, work for thy wages. . . . *Turn outward* [A Kempis's own words]; attempt not to know *thyself*, but to know what thou canst *do*. This last is

Thomas A Kempis

a possible knowledge for every creature, neither is there any way of obtaining it except *Trial*.

Though not orthodox, the sage of Chelsea in his doctrine, was truly amazing in his fervent devotion to the Almighty and in submission to His decrees. When all was dark and gloomy with him, and his family, which depended on him almost altogether, had little to look to, he sent these noble words of comfort to his brother:

Continue to wish honestly with your whole heart to act rightly, and you will not go far wrong: no other advice is needed, or can be given. I have never despaired. One has to learn the hard lesson of *martyrdom*, and that he has arrived on this earth not to *receive* but to give. Let him be ready then to spend and be spent for God's cause; let him, as he needs must, set his face as a flint against all dishonesty and indolence, and puffery and quackery and malice and delusion, and flatly refuse to do the Devil's work in this which is God's earth; let the issue be simply what it may. "I must live, sir," say many; to which I answer, "No, sir, you need not live; if your body cannot be kept together without selling your soul, then let the body fall asunder, and the soul be unsold."*

Johnson's religion was of a true and solid cast. He was a Catholic in all but name, though he had some hard knocks for "the old religion," as he was fond of calling it. In speech and talk, as well as in his writings, he was ever inculcating true practical piety—principle, conscience and truth. These were his foundations. Even in ordinary light conversation, at dinners or routs, he never failed to marshal himself on the right side or to try and do good by some edifying statement; yet never preached or "canted."

Dickens is, perhaps, the only one among novelists who put a passionate religious fervour into his stories. Such things are not now in fashion. But he spoke from his very heart, often speaking of our Saviour with a wonderful tenderness. Most extraordinary of all was his actually kneeling down, as it were, beside the bed of his dying

* I knew well this extraordinary man, who was ever kind and indulgent to me. Not long before his death he allowed me to fashion his powerful head in clay, and the bust, the last likeness that was made of him, is now in Chelsea Town Hall.

The Worldly Wisdom of

heroine, and sending up passionate prayers for her reception into the eternal mansions! This seems unique in novel writing. There was, however, a reason. The heroine in question was the little Nell, in whom he personified a young girl to whom he was deeply attached.

One of Boz's favourite maxims, which his friends often heard him deliver, had the true A Kempis flavour. He would say: "If you confer a favour or a benefit, never heed about the return of gratitude or ingratitude. The act is a holy one, to please a higher power, and should be independent of feelings or results. The reception has nothing to do with it." Equally fine was the compelling nature of his charities. I know that his unflinching principle was never to refuse a genuine application. He seemed to hold, having himself passed through the fires of misery and starvation, that he was in a manner *bound* to share his goods with those who were in sore straits.

How amazing the contrast between these high-souled men and the small writers of our time, who have no purpose, no principle, no wish to teach or preach! Anyone appealing like Dickens to our Lord, as in praying for the soul of a dying heroine, would be greeted with a smile. What noble, elevating men they were! But the line ended with Dickens, for Thackeray exhibited only simple natural feelings in a very homely fashion, but found no occasion to introduce the spiritual, or the powers of principle.

To turn to our author and his worldly guidance. Lack of restraint in temper is fatal to anyone striving to get forward in the world. There is the momentary satisfaction, the momentary victory, but it is bought at a price, for often the work of months and years is overthrown, and the mischief cannot be repaired. Those with long experience must confess that every display of their passion has *cost* a great deal. This, at least, is the writer's experience.

Inferior natures are almost helpless in this matter. They take wrong methods and merely incite to irritation. It is wonderful how one of *facile* manners will contrive to get

Thomas A Kempis

others to do what he wants to be done, will make them do things, and this in spite of humours, caprices and positive hostility. The skilful man knows how to elude such difficulties, perhaps bearing in mind Talleyrand's maxim, "Pour jouir de la vie, il faut glisser sur beaucoup"; that is, you are never to raise issues on trifles, but "turn" them, or "glide quietly" over them. The weak and foolish invariably think that their dignity and supremacy are somehow involved in trivialities, or mistake them for greater things; or by their "contrariness" actually make them all-important.

In this view, perhaps, the author's most profoundly sagacious counsel is the passage on "The Peaceful Man." It is an education. It is, of course, based on the precept, "Do as you would be done by"; but even as a secular guide it is invaluable. All the universally loved and popular persons, persons with "sweet dispositions," who flit through society have gained favour by the lovable virtues here depicted.

A good, peaceable man turns all things to good. He that is at peace suspects no man; but he that is discontented and disturbed is tossed about with various suspicions; he is neither easy himself nor suffers others to be easy. He often says that which he should not say, and omits that which it would be better for him to do. He considers what others are bound to do and neglects what he himself is bound to do.

Have, therefore, zeal in the first place against yourself, and then you may justly exercise zeal towards your neighbour also. You know well enough how to excuse and colour your own doings, and you will not accept the excuses of others. It were more just that you should accuse yourself and excuse your brother. If you will be borne with, bear also with another.

See how far you are yet from true charity and humility, *which knows not how to be angry with anyone, or to be indignant save against oneself*. It is no great thing to be able to live with those who are good and meek, for this is naturally pleasing to all. But to live peaceably with those that are harsh and perverse or undisciplined is a great grace, worthy of high praise and a manly thing.

The truth and vividness of this little portrait is beyond praise. It is telling to a degree. As a composition, too, it

The Worldly Wisdom of

has merit, and the finesse of its antitheses and distinctions is remarkable. It goes home to all. We could fancy some selfish worldling, accustomed to assume that all others must give way to him and submit to his imperious greed and arrogance, chancing to read it—a rare hypothesis—and being struck for the first time with the reflection, that there are two parties at the least in the social life with equal rights—he himself and others.

Some of the strokes are very acute and far-reaching, such as that of the passionate man believing evil of every one and being so suspicious of all. The last thing such persons do—indeed, it is an incomprehensible thing for them—is to put themselves in the place of another. The immeasurable selfishness of the gilded youth of our time recognizes neither feelings nor rights in the case of any other but himself.

Again, the grand remedy for the common rash-judging of others is the simple one of, “Judge *yourself* first!”

Turn your eyes back upon yourself and see that you judge not the doings of others. In judging others a man toils in vain, often errs and easily goes wrong; but in judging and weighing himself he always labours with profit.

Our author offers a valuable and practical comfort for trials and adversities, which is well worth while experimenting with. It amounts to “Just think of this: that others suffer more.”

Little is it that you suffer in comparison with those who have suffered so much, who have been so grievously afflicted, so many ways tried and proved. You ought then to call to mind the heavier sufferings of others, that you may more easily bear the very little things *you* suffer.

And here are some wise, though unexpected, maxims:

¶ No man can safely appear in public but he who loves seclusion. No man can safely speak but he who loves silence. No man can safely command but he who hath learned how to obey well. No man can rejoice securely but he who has the testimony of a good conscience within.

Thomas A Kempis

In another place he returns to the same theme, adding some fresh and striking touches:

What a man cannot mend in himself or others, he must bear with patience. We often do ill, and do worse in excusing it. We are sometimes moved with passion, and we mistake it for zeal. We blame little things in others, and pass over great things in ourselves. We are quick enough at perceiving and weighing what we suffer from others; but we mind not what others suffer from us. He that would well and duly weigh his own deeds, would have no room to judge hard of others. An internal man prefers the care of himself before all other cares, and he that diligently attends to himself is easily silent with regard to others. You will never be internal and devout unless you pass over in silence other men's concerns, and particularly look to yourself. If you attend wholly to yourself, you will be little moved with what you perceive without you. Where are you when you are not present to yourself? And when you have run over all things, what profit will it be to you if you have neglected yourself?

There is something acute in the following account of "free and easy" manners:

We should have charity for all, but familiarity is not expedient. It sometimes happens that a person when not known shines by a good reputation, but when present is disagreeable to those that see him. We think sometimes to please others by being with them and begin rather to disgust them.

This familiarity is the note of inferiority in trivial natures. Solid, earnest people—*doers*, in short—are always reserved; having a reputation at a distance, they maintain it when present. The familiar person "gives himself away" every moment without being conscious of it; nay, fancying that he is commending himself immensely. Again, many make reserves in their self-restraint. They will consent to tolerate A but not B. Against such we read—

Do not say I cannot take these things from such a one, and things of this kind are not to be endured by me, for he has done me a great injury, and he upbraids me with what I never thought of; but I will suffer willingly from another, and as far as I shall judge fitting for me to suffer. Such a thought is foolish, which considers not the virtue of patience, nor by whom it shall be crowned; but rather

The Worldly Wisdom of

weighs the persons and the offences committed. He is not a truly patient man who will suffer no more than he thinks good.

Others of Thomas's precepts are as truly forcible as they are original and practical. Witness this: "Study to guard against and get the better of such things as"—we shall hardly guess what is coming—"such things as oftenest displease thee in others." How simple, practical and useful: make your fellow men mirrors in which to see yourself. If you say, "How absurd he is!" just think, "How absurd I may be."*

Take it not to heart if some people think ill of you and say what you are not willing to hear. *You ought to think worse of yourself and believe every one better than yourself.* If you walk aright, you will make little account of flying words from without. *Let not your peace depend on the tongues of men,* for whether they put a good or a bad construction on what you do, *you are still what you are.* He who desires neither to please, nor fears to displease, men, shall enjoy much peace.

This, of course, is meant for the spiritual life, "detachment," etc.; but it is an admirable rule for the common course, notably the passage, "Believe every one better than yourself," that is, believe that every one—the general public, even—on the whole, is a better judge of things than you are and has more sense than you have. How fine, too, the passage that, in spite of all "flying words," and good or bad opinions, flatteries and calumnies, "*you are still what you are.*"

"What [he asks] can anyone do against you by word or injuries? He rather hurts himself than you. Most men are *much talkers*, and therefore little credit must be given to them."

Most of us will find all this exemplified in our own circles a dozen times in the day. It is truly extraordinary what unaccountable instincts we have against others—likes,

* I knew a literary man who had a few oddities—talking to himself in the street, etc.—at which the children and yokels used to laugh. Instead of being annoyed he was always grateful for such reminders and so corrected and cured himself.

Thomas A Kempis

dislikes, jealousies, a secret wish, if not to injure, to *see* them injured. This often happens in the case of people we are not even acquainted with. We come across them, and their manner, dress, bearing, speech, offend and affront us.

And defects in others have always a disturbing, if not irritating, effect on us. We grow restless, and wish to have them set right or removed—best of all, removed or set right by *our own* action. But our author tells us:

Whatever a man cannot amend in himself or in others, he ought to bear with patience. Reflect that perhaps it is better so for your trial and patience. Study to be patient in bearing the defects and infirmities of others of what kind soever; for you also have many things, which others must bear with.

This *tu quoque* appeal is forcible and compelling, and A Kempis often uses it. Such amiable tolerance would make our social life more easy and is not uncommon; but the contrary practices are almost the rule. No one could deny the truth and fairness of the above pleading, yet everywhere every one "takes" when he can, but few "give," and no one admits the duty of such reciprocity. It is ever "I," "I," not "You, You." The well-trained soul heeds not such things.

Some one tells about "that insufferable fellow." To a controlled nature the fellow is not insufferable, not even if he himself suffers at his hands. All glances off him, the insensibility comes from his thoughts being wholly absorbed by a greater object, nay, as in the case of a truly religious person whose feeling is not affected by ill-treatment which he readily forgives or passes over: while the other, who has not been touched at all, but with whom it is simply a matter of prejudice and annoyance, will have to suffer and indulge himself in a mad hostility.

Saints and really good persons, not being "offended" by anyone, think only of their master. "*What is this or that to thee?*" as A Kempis asks. They would as soon think of being angry with a piece of machinery that injured them.

The evils of continual talk are repeatedly dwelt upon:

The Worldly Wisdom of

Let curiosities alone. If you will withdraw from superfluous talking and idle visiting and from giving ear to idle news and rumours, there will be plenty of time for serious thought.

Then is added this significant confession:

"*As often as I have been amongst men,*" said one,* "*I have returned less a man.*" This we too often experience when we have talked long. . . . It is easier to keep silence altogether than not to fall with excess in speaking. It is easier to keep retired at home than to be enough upon one's guard abroad.

Talk dilutes the mind and leads to a habit of superficialities. It puts the sign for the reality that is behind the sign. It suggests Butler's acute distinction in the *Analogy* between passive and active habits—the former, he says, being certain to destroy the active principle, and vice versa. Thus, a habit of talking of things destroys the habit of doing things, just as a habit of doing things destroys the habit of talking or dreaming of things. A sentimental person who will weep over a touching story by practice loses all impulse to relieve real distress, while a practical good-doer, in his turn, loses all sentiment.

Here are some sound counsels as to resolutions: "As our purpose is, so will our progress be, and he has need of much diligence who wishes to advance much. And if he who strongly purposes does yet oftentimes fail, what will he do that seldom or weakly resolves? The falling off from any good resolution happens in many ways, and a *trifling omission hardly passes over without some loss.*

Nothing is so true as this last remark. The wise man, knowing the danger, will never yield to the slightest attenuation of his purpose, for it is the first stitch gone in the unravelling of the fringe.

Laughter, joking and funny conversation are unprofitable things in the worldly as well as in the religious life. The resolutely successful man is generally serious, for he knows that respect is always lacking for the joker. The practice of jesting often impairs or destroys the moral fibre, and this, again, according to Butler's law of habits.

* The author of the quoted passage was Seneca, a shrewd observer.

Thomas A Kempis

If you would make any progress, our author warns us, be not too free, but restrain all your sense under discipline,

and give not yourself to foolish mirth. . . . For it is wonderful how any man can heartily rejoice in this life who weighs and considers his banishment and many dangers of the soul. Though lively of heart, we feel not the sorrows of our soul, but often vainly laugh when in all reason we ought to weep.

Most true!

"This merriment of parsons, sir," once said the excellent Johnson, "is mighty offensive." And, somehow, it *does* seem to offend. The giggling, sniggering talker is also "mighty offensive," and one wonders how such are so much encouraged as they are. The habitual joker's talk is always more or less destructive; he is ever impairing or belittling, and when he comes to serious things he finds he cannot look at them with fitting gravity. All this does not, of course, apply to honest cheerfulness, good spirits or mirth.

Oftentimes a joyous going abroad begets a sorrowful coming home, and a merry evening makes a sad morning. If you could see all things at once before you, what would it be but an empty vision! *Leave vain things to vain people.*

We must not trust every word or impulse, but cautiously and patiently weigh the matter. *Alas! oftentimes is evil more readily believed and spoken of our neighbour than good; so weak are we.* But perfect men do not easily give credit to every tale-bearer, for they know human weakness is prone to evil, and very apt to slip in speech.

It is great wisdom not to be rash in what is to be done, and not to persist obstinately in our own opinions. *It is a part of this wisdom, also, not to believe everything men say, nor straightway to pour into the ears of others what we have heard or believed.*

The last passage in italics describes the commonest type of foolish person, who accepts the tales and stories of one more foolish than himself "as gospel," and who pours into the ears of others, casually met, every story and every weakness of himself. As the sage of Lichfield said: "Sir,

The Worldly Wisdom of

never tell a thing against yourself, for though there will be applause and laughter, it will always be remembered against you."

You need not to answer, says A Kempis, for others, but must give an account for yourself. Why, therefore, do you meddle with them? Keep you yourself in good peace, and let the busybody busy himself as he will. Whatever he shall do or say will come upon himself.

This is pungent enough and applies to everyday life.
And, again:

How is a man better for being reputed greater by man? A deceitful man deceives another, the vain deceives the vain, the blind deceives the blind, the weak the weak, whilst he extolls him, and *in truth does rather confound him whilst he vainly praises him.*

There is a common self-deceit in finding motives for our action:

Many secretly seek themselves in what they do, and are not aware of it. They seem also to continue in good peace, so long as things are done according to their will and judgement; but if aught happen otherwise than they desire, they are soon disturbed, and become sad.

Open not your heart to every one, but treat of thy affairs with a man that is wise. *Keep not much company with young people and strangers.* Be not a flatterer with the rich, nor willingly appear before the great. Be not familiar with any woman.

The last paragraph is excellent.

It is ever a good rule for mature people not to associate with the young. There is an incongruity. An elderly person and a young man cannot be friends, as their views of everything are opposed, so there is likely to be an unfitting compromise on one side and hypocrisy on the other.

Our author, dealing with the religious order of things, often insists on the necessity of a *oneness* of purpose, that is, on the large, ever-filling end of salvation. This one devours or absorbs all earthly details, or should absorb them. Now in the secular life, to be successful there must be found the same singleness or *oneness* of aim, to the neglect of mere earthly matters, which only distract. The self-made or

Thomas A Kempis

self-making man keeps his own purpose steadily before his eyes.* With this fixed end in view all small things become mere et ceteras, and are unseen and unheeded.

There is a casual passage which might be overlooked, but which has a deep significance:

We should see all things in the world about us, not as they seem or are accounted to be, but as they are.

How deep is this, how much deeper than we might think! For the whole world is practically and purposely built up on illusion. All things in daily life and use are mere forms and shapes of matter, gilded and glorified, set off by fancy and imagination and forced associations. There is one common agreement in this deception, and from habit we accept it, as we do the scenes upon the stage which are mere common screens, coarsely coloured, but bathed in effulgence, electrical and other, and thus made to seem what they are not. The men and women, "merely players," are turned into beautiful beings by the same agencies; glittering gauds surround us on all sides; we lend ourselves to the delusion and *ask* to be beguiled. A beautiful face seems all but supernatural to the lover, but when he awakens from his trance he wonders and wonders again what could have so stupefied him, how could he have so mistaken those ordinary features! Painting, architecture, monuments of antiquity, what are all these? One spends life and fortune in gathering pictures, hanging them on walls, enshrining them in galleries. One day, when the scales have fallen from our eyes and when we are looking at things "as they *are*, not as they are accounted to be," we shall only see pieces of coarse canvas streaked over with some oily stuff, things that an unsophisticated rustic will actually fail to recognize as likenesses. And yet these are the magical and priceless "*Old Masters*"! So

* The late George Moore, London merchant and philanthropist, once described to me how he came to London a penniless lad—and that on the very day that he entered a poorish haberdasher's shop he said to himself, "I am determined that one day I shall marry my masters' daughter and be owner of this shop." And so it actually came about.

The Worldly Wisdom of

with heaps of little shining counters, yellow and white, which are called "money," and which procure for their owners innumerable bits of stone and wood; and baked clay "curios." Architecture seems to us a permanent thing, breathing poetry and dignity, its rules eternal, yet is it nothing but heaps of stone, arranged and piled one on the other: the animals' architecture—birds' nests, beavers' dwellings, etc.—are quite as much according to rule as ours; that is if we see things as they are, not as they seem or are accounted to be.

In this view our author dwells on what he calls true "liberty," which is quite a different thing from what the vulgar consider liberty, viz., to follow this or that, choose or reject at pleasure the things of the world. But the person, he contends, who has become indifferent to earthly objects, and can reject or refuse them without difficulty, has the true liberty, for he is *free*. The man who would get forward in the world must be thus free, or he will be drawn aside from his main purpose. "Strive manfully; habit is overcome by habit. If you can let men alone, they will let you alone to do that which you have to do. Have always an eye upon yourself in the first place, and admonish yourself in preference to all your dearest friends."

Thus, man's true progress in the worldly order as in the spiritual life consists in denying himself, and the man of self-denial is very much at liberty and free from cares. All successful men have been self-deniers, all "failures" self-indulgers. As our author points out, men shift from one thing to another, eagerly pursuing something which he desires, but when he has obtained it, he begins to be of another mind. The steady, thoughtful man is *one* in his purposes.

A trifling point shows how sound was his sagacity. In his day, as in ours, it would seem that some ecclesiastics said Mass quickly, others slowly. The latter class were often carried away by their pious feelings, the former were often careless and, perhaps, indifferent. A Kempis did not side with either party. His advice was, ever to "*take the common way*," to follow the general habit. The value of this was

Wisdom of Kempis

clear. What most people did was certain to be right, at least there could be no harm in doing as they did. If we reflect, we shall see that there is this one "*good, common way*," not of saying Mass only, but of doing everything.

In conclusion I collect a few of our author's pithy sayings, which "give pause," so full are they of suggestion.

Of what use is it to live long, when we advance so little? Long life does not always amend us.

Would that even for one day we had behaved ourselves well in the world.

Few are improved by sickness.

Now he is thought great who is not a transgressor.

All things pass away, and you, too, along with them.

Sadness ever accompanies the glory of this world.

Turn yourself upward, or turn yourself downward, turn yourself inward, or turn yourself outward, everywhere you shall find the cross. If you carry it willingly, it will carry you. If you fling away one cross, without doubt you will find another and perhaps a heavier. Do you think to escape *that* which no mortal could ever avoid?

You must in good earnest conceive a true contempt of yourself if you will prevail against flesh and blood. Your welfare lies not *in obtaining and multiplying any external things*, but rather in diffusing them.

If you perfectly overcome yourself, you shall more easily subdue all things else. For whosoever keeps himself in subjection to that sense obeys reason . . . *he is indeed a conqueror of himself and lord of the world.*

"Few are improved by sickness," which will come as a surprise to many, for the popular notion is that sickness chastens and softens. Often those who have escaped from a dangerous illness, which Johnson says wisely is "a second death," rarely seem to have profited. But, as we have seen, many of the good Doctor's wholesome thoughts are quite in the A Kempis vein.

PERCY FITZGERALD

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF JAMES C. MANGAN*

I HAD the good fortune to enjoy the confidence and friendship of Clarence Mangan from the time when I had not yet reached manhood down to the eve of his premature death. If I may hope to make readers of to-day and of the days to come a little more familiar with his rare gifts, his strange personality and his disastrous fortunes, I must invite them to occupy my personal point of view from the beginning and throughout his career. Whatever I have to say is not the fruit of inquiry or investigation, but the result of personal intimacy and close sympathy.

I went to reside in Dublin in the spring of 1836. One of the enjoyments I anticipated the metropolis would yield was the acquaintance of two men whose writings had mitigated the monotony of life in a country town, William Carleton and Clarence Mangan; when I came to know them, no two men could present a more striking contrast—Carleton, tall, robust, self-confident and jovial; Mangan, pale, slight, shy, reserved and slow of speech. I have described Mangan elsewhere as he impressed me on our first acquaintance:

When he emerged into daylight, he was dressed in a blue cloak, midsummer or midwinter, and a hat of fantastic shape, under which golden hair, as fine and silky as a woman's, hung in unkempt tangles, and deep blue eyes lighted a race as colourless as parchment. He looked like the spectre of some German romance rather than a living creature.

At this time he had written a few translations from the Irish in *The Dublin Penny Journal* and numerous translations from the German in *The Dublin University Magazine*, and although I enjoyed their wonderful vigour and buoyancy, qualities which mediocrity never exhibits, I had not yet reached the years of discretion, and what I relished most was his mad pranks in the *Comet* newspaper. Mangan had

*These Reminiscences were written by the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in 1902, shortly before his death, which took place in February, 1903.

James C. Mangan

well passed thirty at this time and was a dozen years my senior, but he was pleased with my frank admiration, and we speedily became friends. I soon came to know that the pranks in the *Comet* were not natural or spontaneous products of his mind, but experiments suggested by his admiration of Dr Maginn, the Sir Morgan O'Doherty of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Early in the century, when *The Edinburgh Review* was supreme in criticism and philosophy, two or three young Tory men of letters in Edinburgh, under the secret influence of Walter Scott, set up the standard of opposition in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and to their aid came William Maginn, a young classical teacher from Cork, who brought his new allies an inexhaustible store of banter, burlesque and parody, with a liberal supply of more serious gifts. If a critic of to-day were to collect the fifty best stories of the century, he would certainly include Maginn's *A Story without a Tail*, and a critic who has already collected English parodies in six goodly volumes exhibits nothing more perfect in humour and vraisemblance than Maginn's *Don Juan Unread*, a parody on Wordsworth's *Tarrow Unvisited*.

Mangan was a poet of immeasurably higher flight and intenser passion than Maginn, but for more than a dozen years, whenever he breaks into the fantastic or burlesque, one may recognize the influence of the Munster humorist. It was not a fortunate discipline, for Mangan's luminous gifts were sometimes obscured by the habit he acquired of obtruding pleasantries into totally unsuitable places.

I was a journalist at the time I made Mangan's acquaintance, and my only holiday was on Saturday, the evening of which, after a little time, Mangan habitually spent with me *tête-à-tête*—nights of blessed memory. The speeches in Shakespeare, Schiller and Byron, were as familiar to him as the alphabet. Since that time I have lived with many notable men, but the innocent recreation of those nights, when the young poet poured out the masterpieces of dramatic literature, interspersed with speculations and recollections of his own, are more fresh and vivid in my memory than the talk of statesmen or diplomatists. He had a soft, sympa-

Personal Memories of

thetic voice, which vibrated with passion or, in milder moods, quivered with sympathy. I expressed my wonder at his inexhaustible supply of subjects and his perfect memory of them. "Ah," he said, "they are my friends and comrades, my only friends and comrades. Many a time they have peopled my solitude with engrossing visions, when otherwise I would have been miserable and desolate. Many a hundred times I have declaimed them aloud in my solitary garret for my own enjoyment, till my brain throbbed with ardour or my face was wet with tears." He rarely spoke of his own verses and only under friendly compulsion, but when he declaimed one of his ballads of popular commotion or military adventure, the storm of battle or the tramp of hurrying multitudes made my heart beat fast. I still remember, after sixty years, an achievement of the peasant hero Hofer, of which I could never hear too often. This is the opening verse:

Victory! Victory! Innsbruck's taken
By the Vintner of Passayer!
What wild joy the sounds awaken!
Hearts grow bolder, faces gayer;
Maidens, leaving duller labours,
Weave the wreaths they mean to proffer;
All the students, all the neighbours,
March with music out to Hofer.

Another ballad of this era, which has never, I think, won the popularity it deserves, tells a tale of woman's treachery and its ghastly punishment, which became a vivid drama on the tongue of the poet. I have not space to quote it, but I exhort the sympathetic reader to turn to the *Fair and Faithless One of Grailov*, to realize what an appalling tragedy it became on his lips.

After a time he spoke frankly of his past life. He had had no boyhood and no youth, having been set to work at an age when boys are commonly playing leapfrog or football. Like Balzac and Disraeli, he spent years in an attorney's office and, less fortunate than they, in the drudgery of a copying clerk, and the rude jests and horseplay of his comrades exasperated him. He lamented with bitterness, even with ferocity, years in which the silence and abstraction the

James C. Mangan

poet loves were impossible, and the desire for them was a subject of mockery and derision to his companions: "The coarse ribaldry, the vile and vulgar oaths and the brutal indifference to all that is true and beautiful and good in the universe, of my office companions," he afterwards wrote, "affected me in a manner difficult to conceive. My nervous and hypochondriacal feelings almost verged upon insanity"—and he returned from these squalid labours at midnight to a miserable home in the poorest part of Dublin. His father had been a grocer, afterwards a publican, and, failing repeatedly in both pursuits, fell into abject penury, when the support of the family—a father, mother and four children—fell on the shoulders of the eldest, James Clarence. He described himself as labouring from dawn till midnight and returning to a garret, where there was neither affection nor gratitude to mitigate his burden and no parental solace, even when he fell a victim to a loathsome disease.

There was probably exaggeration in his morbid memories of this time, but when we remember that the genial nature of Charles Dickens did not withhold him from avenging a similar neglect on his father and mother by making them objects of eternal ridicule, no one need be surprised that the sensitive and lacerated soul of the poet sometimes found it hard to honour his father and his mother. His father was now dead, however, and his reproaches were always mixed with prayers for his eternal repose.

But the poet has a home from which no master can shut him out. When his body escaped for a time from its captivity, his mind traversed at will the unfenced fields of imagination. Mangan systematized this enjoyment; it was his habit in early life to take up anew, night after night, some drama in which he was the chief actor. He wooed beauty successfully, he won dazzling fame, he faced danger with heroic courage and endured patiently defeat and disaster, and this life almost compensated him for the one he endured from dawn to midnight. But his stolen hours were not all given to imagination. In his schoolboy days a generous priest, educated on the Continent, volunteered

Personal Memories of

to teach him the rudiments of modern languages, and he contrived in his garret, by the light of a prohibited candle-end, to enlarge and solidify his knowledge. At our friendly *noctes* we never had any refreshment but tea, nor did he express the want or desire for any other, but I gathered from his confessions that in the "days of his slavery," as he used to call them, he had sometimes needed and found a more seductive stimulant.

He could now buy a few books, for he brought one occasionally to our Saturday nights, and as there was no free library in Dublin he enlarged the range of his knowledge by hanging over bookstalls, sometimes provokingly long, and turning over the treasures in second-hand bookshops. It was knowledge hardly won but held with a firm grasp. The youth of to-day, with his Penny Poets and Sixpenny Novelists, will be fortunate if he extracts such honey as the poet did from this weedy field.

Before he was twenty he had taken to dropping verses into the letter-box of a newspaper, as instinctively as the young wild duck dips his wings in the flowing stream. Some of these contributions to *The Comet* newspaper, by their originality and spirit, attracted the attention of George Petrie, the eminent artist in more than one field of art. He made Mangan's acquaintance, employed him in his own office, being one of the Directors of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and afterwards introduced him to *The Penny Journal* and *The Dublin University Magazine*, where he might find a more suitable vehicle for his verse. The name of *patron* is odious to modern ears; let me say, therefore, that one man of genius, in a position of influence, came to the aid of another who was poor and bitterly in need of help.

In Petrie's office he met for the first time suitable companions, Eugene Curry and John O'Donovan, afterwards eminent as Irish scholars, and Mr Wakeman, who won distinction as an archæologist. In this retreat he enjoyed tranquillity for the first time and inspiration to higher work. His translations from the Irish in *The Dublin Penny Journal* were made at the suggestion of Mr Petrie from prose versions furnished by Eugene Curry. Had this

James C. Mangan

friendly sympathy come earlier, it would probably have saved him from the worst calamities of his life, but his habits were now formed, the slavery of a dozen years had extinguished animal spirits, and habitual taciturnity is fatal to the frank "camaraderie" which makes the delight of gifted young men.

To estimate Mangan justly one must never lose sight of the chronology of his shifting and contrasted career. At this time, when our acquaintance was still new, he was as cheerful as it was ever his nature to be, and his appearance was less eccentric, his garments fresher, his mood more serene than ever afterwards.

Mangan has left two or three long and elaborate drolleries containing grotesque and contorted pictures of the supposed writer, his opinions, his habits, his costume and the strange personages with whom he held imaginary conversations. Since his death some of these have been taken as precious revelations of the inner man. To the reader who has not seen them it will be enough to say that if Swift were charged with brutality for proposing that the Irish peasants should eat their children, or Whately pronounced an ignoramus because he expressed historic doubts as to the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte, they would be judged in the same fashion as befell Mangan. In one of his wild skits in *The Comet* he spoke of his wig as he would have spoken of his cork leg or his glass eye, if he thought the extravaganza required it; and this idle jest has been seized upon as a revelation, and the poet adorned with a wig. When I knew him first, his hair was golden, in later years it became prematurely white, but he never wore a wig.

On the other hand, the universal recognition which he got in the end from his countrymen came but slowly. He did not at this time know personally one contributor to the *Magazine* except Carleton; and, though they could not shut their eyes to his brilliant gifts, these critical persons were accustomed to undervalue him for what they considered his want of taste and of dignity. Carleton told me, and indeed told Mangan himself in irritating banter, that the grave heads of the *Magazine* were shaken in disapproval of

Personal Memories of

his prose introductions to the German translations. A periodical which aimed to be an organ of the higher criticism objected to admit criticism studded with misplaced puns and pleasantries which did not explode. A specimen or two will indicate their nature. Of some German hymn countryman, Sam Lover, and indeed to psalm-lovers in general. And he remonstrated with the poet, Ludovic Tick, for not being more ordinary and commonplace in this fashion: "Few people catch mermaids in these days, and still fewer are caught by them. A phoenix is a nine days' wonder, a sight to be stared at and talked of during the season, but our affections are given to the goose and she is honoured from Michaelmas to Michaelmas. Let Tick but bring us geese into the market, and we shall be satisfied. We will not even object to go to the length of puffing off all his geese as swans. The sole stipulation we make with him is that he shall close the gates of his Phoenix Park." This was not very good fun; far less was it serious criticism, and when the *Anthologia Germanica* was collected a few years later, the prose was altogether omitted and is unknown to readers of to-day. In his private letters the same jocosity without animal spirits or native gaiety constantly broke out, but it was less derived from Maginn, I think, than from the artificial pleasantries by which Swift was accustomed to relieve his gloomy and perturbed spirit.

But above these trivialities shone the manifest fact that a new poet had arisen, endowed with the supreme gifts that cannot be counterfeited. His verses throbbed with life. Among the multitude of his writings there are some, perhaps many, of inferior merit, but not one that falls flat on the ear. They leap and bound with superfluous life, their music is perfect; they murmur at will with suppressed pathos or rise to the exultant swell of a triumphal march. In after time he wrote too much, but there was a charm in whatever he wrote, subtle and indefinite as the odour of a flower, and the merest trifle from his pen partook of this aroma. The technique of his art was as marvellous as its inspiration. His metres, which were of prodigious variety,

James C. Mangan

murmured at times like a summer stream, but more commonly they bounded and leapt; no difficulty arrested them, they played joyfully with impediments and rushed into unheard-of forms as if they were of daily usage.

It was during this era, after his emancipation by Petrie, that the most memorable incident of his life occurred. An opinion has been created that Mangan, when he was still a boy, had a disappointment in love, and that after the tragic event he kept sternly aloof from all female attractions. This is not merely an inaccurate, it is an impossible, theory of the poet's life. The poetic fancy is often and easily kindled, and the indispensable heroine, if she does not present herself in his daily life, is borrowed from the region of vision or often from some casual and momentary encounter with an attractive face. We meet half a dozen "amourettes" in his early poems which we may safely attribute to this source:

I saw her *once*, one little while, and then no more:

'Twas Eden's light on earth awhile, and then no more.

Amid the throng, she passed along the meadow floor,

Spring seemed to smile on earth awhile, and then no more.

This is often the kernel of a poet's romance. He may be a Moslem or a Mormon in his visions, while his life is a model of propriety, or is, like Mangan's, swallowed up in ignoble drudgery, and there is no idler task than to search for the "dramatis personæ" of the poet's idylls in Thom's *Directory*.

The great disappointment which clouded his life did not occur in his youth, as has been rashly assumed, but after his thirtieth year, and so far was he from severing himself forever from the sex of the deluder that he maintained an intimacy even with the betrayer herself after the transaction. As it occurred more than half a century ago, and I am perhaps the only person living who was acquainted with it when it occurred, I have thought it was due to the poet and to posterity to tell it frankly. I told the story in my memoirs and may repeat it here:

This delightful, but unhappy, man of genius has had his life made the subject of strange and fantastic speculations, especially about the event which made him an unhappy lover, which has been

Personal Memories of

accounted for on half a dozen diverse theories, all of them wrong. Shortly after our acquaintance commenced, he brought me to visit a County Clare family, Mrs Stacpoole and her daughters, living, I think, in Mount Street. I found them agreeable and accomplished, and I repeated my visit several times, always with Mangan. One night, coming away, he suddenly stopped in the moonlit street, and, laying his hands on my shoulders and looking into my face, demanded: "Isn't it true that you are becoming attached to Margaret?" and, finally, he said: "I will save you from my fate by telling you a tragic history; when I knew Margaret first, I was greatly attracted by her charming manners and vivid *esprit*. I talked to her of everything I did and thought and hoped, and she listened as willingly, it seemed, as Desdemona to the Moor. I am not a self-confident man—far from it; but when I besought her to be my wife I believed I was not asking in vain. What think you that I heard? That she was already two years a wife and was living under her maiden name till her husband returned from an adventure which he had undertaken to improve their fortune." "You cannot think," I said, "that she deceived you intentionally, since you have not broken with her?" "Ah," he said, "she has made my life desolate, but I cannot help returning like the moth to the flame."*

After three years from the beginning of our acquaintance I left Dublin to conduct a newspaper in Belfast, and Mangan became a contributor. At this time he knew nothing of politics and cared nothing for them, and he averted his eyes from Irish history as from a painful and humiliating spectacle. A fragment from a letter of this date exhibits his condition of mind:

"My Dear Duffy,—Don't ask me for political essays just now; I have no experience in that genre, and I should infallibly blunder. I send you six pages of 'facetiae' in the American fashion . . . and as I go on I shall intermix them with political epigrams, but as to any formal political essay I fear I am not equal to do it at all."

*I told this story years afterwards to John Mitchel and John O'Hagan and to no other person. After the poet's death Mitchel published the story in America, but in ten years he had forgotten the precise circumstances. The curious nature of the *dénouement* I probably did not mention, as it was too profound and painful a secret while the parties were all living. This is what Mitchel says, somewhat abridged: "Dubiously and with difficulty I collect from those who were his intimates many years thus much. He was on terms of visiting in a house where there were three sisters, one of them

James C. Mangan

For nearly three years I saw Mangan only on flying visits to Dublin to keep terms, but in 1842, when I returned to found *The Nation*, our intimacy was renewed. He promised me his co-operation in the new journal, his name was published in the prospectus with other proposed writers, and he was a contributor from the first number. But I was disappointed in another design I had much at heart. I thought the gifted and gallant young men associated in the enterprise, who were afterwards known as "Young Irelanders," would bring him companions for his mind and heart for the first time and that his slumbering nationality would be awakened by their design to raise up their country anew and place a sceptre in her hands. But his habit of isolation had hardened; he shuddered at the idea of social intercourse. He refused to come to our weekly suppers, and I could only make him known to them individually and from time to time. On my return to Dublin I heard mooted among the few literary men who knew anything of him that he had become an opium-eater. In our first interview I told him of the report and besought him to remember the fate of Coleridge. He contradicted the report indignantly, and his denial was so frank and specific that I believed it on the moment, and I have never since seen any reason for doubting it. The suspicion arose from the splendour and terror of his visions of the mystical world; but he afterwards acknowledged repeatedly in letters and conversation and in imperishable verse the vulgar vice of drunkenness. Why should he deny the sin which Coleridge and de Quincey had made famous and which in the popular mind was surrounded by the glamour of romance, lifting it into the mysterious recreation of heroes and poets? There beautiful, *spirituelle* and a coquette. The old story was here once more re-enacted in due order. Paradise opened before him; the imaginative and passionate soul of a devoted boy bended in homage before an enchantress . . . until she knew that she was the centre of the whole orbit of his being and the light of his life; then, with a cold surprise, as wondering that he could be guilty of such a foolish presumption, she exercised her undoubted prerogative, and whistled him down the wind. . . . He never loved and hardly looked upon any woman for evermore." This is a mere freak of fancy. I told Mitchel nothing which could justify these details, and no other of Mangan's friends had any knowledge of the misadventure.

Personal Memories of

is not a scrap of evidence on the subject extant; the "chiffoniers" of literature, who have tracked him to the whisky-shop, would surely have found some of the chemists who sold him the drug or the marvellously persuasive counsellor who induced him to abandon it for ever.

I am persuaded Mangan was never an opium-eater. The sympathetic reader who desires to comprehend the poet is invited to note these facts. Unhappily, solitary tippling had become an attraction potent enough to win him from the society of his natural companions and the recreations suitable to his age. But up to this time, when two-thirds of his literary career were past, his conduct in public was unexceptionable, and there were few, if any, who suspected his private weakness. He has been described as a Dermody, a scarecrow of dirt and debauchery, by men who never saw him; and the cruel phrase, "the Mangan of the police," has been applied to him by one who saw him only half a dozen times in a newspaper office at the latter end of his career; but from '36 to '44 he guarded his secret successfully and he was never at any period of his life in the hands of the police.

From the first issue of *The Nation*, Mangan came weekly to the office to talk over what he had done or was about to do for it and at more or less long intervals he came to my residence in the suburbs to converse as of old; but it is notable that of his individual hopes and fears, his good intentions, which, poor fellow, were seldom realized, he rarely said a word, but disclosed them in elaborate letters, mixed at times with speculations on the moral problems of life. A heap of these letters lie before me, some of them deeply touching in their profound penitence or hopeless agony, but how to get a few fragments of them, or even an intelligible précis into the nutshell of these reminiscences, passes my skill. At this time he was employed on the Trinity College catalogue by favour of Dr Todd, the librarian, and for the first time had a noble library at his service. Good fortune could probably have bestowed no other gift so welcome or so necessary.

Mangan never sent a contribution to an English periodi-

James C. Mangan

cal, mainly from modesty and self-distrust, and though he had loving friends, they were far too few, and his voice was drowned for a time in the roar of popular clamour. Some of them wished to procure for him a wider recognition and a more adequate income. Thomas Davis, always foremost in good works, wrote to his friend, Daniel Owen Madden, author of a couple of books very successful in that era, to negotiate with an English publisher for the production of Mangan's poems in London, where money might be had which no publisher in Ireland would spend upon German translations.

"I think," he wrote, "you were a reader of *The University Magazine*. If so, you must have noticed the 'Anthologia Germanica,' 'Leaflets from the German Oak,' 'Oriental Nights,' and other translations and apparent translations of Clarence Mangan. He has some small salary in the College Library, and has to support himself and his mother. His health is wretched. Charles Duffy is most anxious to have the papers I have described printed in London, for which they are better suited than for Dublin. Now you will greatly oblige me by asking Newby if he will publish them, giving Mangan £50 for the edition. If he refuses, you can say that Charles Duffy will repay him half the £50, should the work be a failure. Should he still declare against it, pray let me know soon what would be the best way of getting some payment and publication for Mangan's papers. Many of the ballads are Mangan's own and are first-rate. Were they on Irish subjects, he would be paid for them here. They ought to succeed in London nigh as well as the *Prout Papers*."

When this attempt became hopeless, I went to James McGlashen, the managing partner in the firm of William Curry and Co., publishers of *The University Magazine*, to urge the propriety of reprinting Mangan's translations which had helped to make his periodical famous and profitable. He insisted that next to nobody would buy them, that for that reason the price must be high and the result would be a serious loss. At length we came to an agreement that he would publish them, provided I advanced

Personal Memories of

£50 to be divided between Mangan and himself, and for which I should receive a hundred copies of the book, many of which I felt persuaded my friends would purchase. This was in the spring of 1845, and by midsummer the *Anthologia Germanica* was published. It sold slowly, but since his death has been republished in America by John Mitchel and in Ireland by James Duffy and Sons. After the field of German literature was nearly traversed, Mangan made an excursion into the unknown regions of Eastern song. In the *Litteræ Orientales* he disported himself so wildly that it has been suggested the entire series was of his own invention, but this is a mistake. He knew no Oriental language, but he found in the studies of German scholars a wide survey of the East and helped himself at will. The prose is graver and more discreet than in the *Anthologia Germanica*, but the rhymes are boundless in their extravagance and audacity. There are several epigrams and quatrains and even political squibs of manifestly Western origin, but three or four poems of singular beauty, which to our Occidental minds seem as Oriental as the Arabian Nights, preserve the series from oblivion. The "Time of the Barmecides" and "Boating down the Bosphorus" might be placed beside Tennyson's "Haroun-al-Raschid," as confidently as a landscape of Turner is hung beside a landscape of Claude.

In private he scarcely defended the originality of the smaller pieces. To an acquaintance who objected that a particular translation was not Moorish he replied: "Well, never mind, it's *Tom Moorish*."

But a greater work awaited him some years later. To draw the scattered legends and ballads of a people into something resembling a national epic is a task which Tennyson may be said to have begun in his Arthurian legends and which certain critics have insisted Homer performed in the *Iliad*. The original ballads of Ireland were untranslated and unconnected, and it would have been a great undertaking for a native poet to harmonize and consolidate them. Mangan attempted it in the book published, since his death, as *Munster Ballads*. In some country home, among sympa-

James C. Mangan

thetic friends, he would have done the greatest work of his life; but with the ballads of Munster, translated by fits and starts from the prose of an illiterate man and in places where there was neither tranquillity nor adequate leisure, the result was different. Many of his earlier renderings from the Irish, such as "Woman of the Piercing Wail" and the "Lament for Banba," breathe the very soul of Celtic poetry, and one may conceive what he would have accomplished under the inspiration of so great a task; but, alas! the time had gone by, the lute of his song was riven and the bow of his will was broken.

The famine of 1847 and the wave of passion which spread over Europe in 1848 moved Mangan profoundly. A fragment from a letter of the latter date must be given, as it was the starting-point of a series of events memorable in his life:

"I, James Clarence Mangan, promise, with all the sincerity that can attach to the declaration of a human being, to dedicate the portion of life that may yet remain to me to penitence and exertion.

"I promise, in the solemn presence of Almighty God, and, as I trust, with His assistance, to live soberly, abstemiously and regularly in all respects.

"I promise in the same Presence that I will not spare myself, that I will endeavour to do all the good within my power to others, that I will constantly advocate the cause of temperance, the interests of knowledge and the duties of patriotism, and, finally, that I will do all these things irrespective of any concern personal to myself, and whether my exertions be productive of profit and fame to me, or, as may happen in the troublous times that I believe are at hand, eventuate in sinking me further into poverty and (undeserved) ignominy.

"Lastly, I promise, in a special manner—and my friend Duffy may, if he will, make the promise public—that I will begin in earnest to labour for my country henceforward, and that, come weal or woe, life or death, glory or shame, the triumphal chariot or the gallows, I will adhere to the fortunes of my fellow-patriots. And I invoke the vengeance

Personal Memories of

of hell upon me, if I ever prove false to this promise!
May God bless him. He has been to me, as Godwin remarked of Curran, the sincerest friend I have ever had."

I did not publish the pledge for reasons which, I trust, will be obvious, but I encouraged him to help the national cause in the only way he could, and he wrote among many other things some noble and thrilling appeals to the young men of Ireland. Miss Guiney, the American poetess, who has a genuine sympathy with Mangan and a keen appreciation of his merits, regards these political verses as doggerel. It is difficult for a critic, remote in time or place, to comprehend the effect of political verse. 'Tis probable that such a one, encountering the rude vigour of "Scots, wha hae," "Rule, Britannia," or "God save Ireland," for the first time, would pronounce it doggerel; but nations thrill under each of these, and Mangan's odes were singularly fit for the time and circumstances which produced them. This is the opening of one:

By your souls! I implore you,
Be leal to your mission—
Remembering that one
Of the two paths before you
Slopes down to Perdition.

To you have been given
Not granaries and gold,
But the Love that lives long
And waxes not cold.

And the Zeal that hath striven
'Gainst error and wrong,
And in fragments hath riven
The chains of the strong!

Now, therefore, ye True,
Gird your loins up anew!
By the good ye have wrought!
By all you have thought,
And suffered, and done!

By your souls! I implore you,
Be leal to your mission—
Remembering that *one*
Of the *two* paths before you
Slopes down to Perdition.

James C. Mangan

The poet felt all the passion he uttered; he came to me after a time and asked to be proposed a member of the Irish Confederation, that he might share its labours and dangers. I combated the proposal warmly; he could not be of the slightest use to the Confederation; he had none of the qualities that make a man at home in a political assembly; he was shy, timid and eccentric, always clothed in a manner which excited curiosity and perhaps ridicule, and though he could not be of service to the public cause he might and must bring disastrous consequences on himself. Those who never saw Mangan will scarcely understand how strong my feeling was on this subject. Self-sacrifice is natural and proper in a revolutionary movement, but one could scarcely think pushing a woman or a child into the fire was a permissible sacrifice. The injury he would do to himself was manifest. His only constant and steady income was a small salary from Trinity College Library, and it was certain that employment would be discontinued if he became a member of a revolutionary organization. He yielded, somewhat unwillingly, to my remonstrance, and I heard no more of the subject for a time. But he was not content; some months later he went to John Mitchel with a note proclaiming his determination to march with him to the last step of revolution. Mitchel published the letter, and the unfortunate poet had never another day's tranquillity or comfort. He lost his employment, he lost self-respect, and for the few months that remained he became the shocking spectacle of weakness and degradation which inconsiderate critics have applied to his whole life.

A great political catastrophe occurred soon after; the friends who would have helped him were imprisoned or exiled with one exception. Father Meehan, who had known him before his fall, watched over him to the end. I was a prisoner of State for the last year of his life, and the first news I heard after my return to Dublin from a month's excursion which followed my deliverance from Newgate, was that Clarence Mangan was dead. Father Meehan wrote to me, and I cannot do better than give his own words on the subject:

James C. Mangan

"Alas, yes! The poor poet is dead. He was taken from Bride Street by directions of Dr Stokes to Meath Hospital. I was at his bedside there, and he received Extreme Unction from the then chaplain to Meath Hospital. He did not die unknown. Dr Stokes and Burton, the painter, watched over him. Burton painted his portrait in the morgue of the hospital. Cholera was his victor."

Thus died, in his six-and-fortieth year, after a life rendered miserable by fatal helplessness of will, a man endowed with the supreme gift of song not given to ten men in a century. Of his shortcomings, which were chiefly sins against himself, posterity will have most reason to complain of the habitual neglect of his great gifts; of his multitudinous poems not one in twenty was ever revised, and after fifty years it is too plain that no poet ever lost more by such neglect. His spontaneity and profuseness proved a snare. The stream of song rushed forth triumphantly; it gushed and gurgled in its exultation; but the headlong stream carried leaves and brambles and the debris of a hundred forgotten dreams in its current. He wrote too much, goaded by necessity; but even these poetical pot-boilers (or, alas! flask-fillers) are never altogether wanting in grace and delicacy. If he had had the leisure and will in the decline of life to review the immense volume of his writings, which amounted to nearly a thousand poems and essays, destroying peremptorily what was of small value and treating what remained as a skilful gardener treats a noble tree, cutting away superfluous branches, grafting new shoots and budding vacant spaces, the transformation would have been a marvel. But Mangan never had leisure, his will was broken, and he habitually undervalued his own work.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY

THE GARDEN

OUR Lord, Christ Jesus, Son of God
Loved gardens while on earth He abode.

There was a garden where He took
His pleasures oft, by Kedron's brook.
There in His uttermost agony
He found a pillow whereon to lie
And anguish while His disciples slept.
Be sure the little grass-blades kept
Vigil with Him, and the grey olives
Shivered and sighed like one that grieves,
And the flowers hid their eyes for fear!
His garden was His comforter.
There to the quiet heart He made
He came, and it upheld His head
Before the angel did. Therefore
Blessed be gardens evermore!

Christ Jesus in the sad world's dearth
Lay three days in the lap of earth.
And while He lay, stabbed through, one Wound,
The garden waited tear-bedrowned,
Quiet from sunrise to sunrise.
The widowed flowers had veiled their eyes;
Nor Canterbury bells did ring;
Nor rose lift her burnt-offering;
Nor primroses nor violets,
Nor sops-in-wine nor mignonettes,
But thought upon the thorns and spears
And on the blessed Mary's tears.
All in a truce of God, a rest,
The garden held Him to her breast.

But O! in the beautiful rose-red day
Who comes a-walking down this way?
Why's Magdalen weeping? Ah, sweet lady,
She knows not where is her Lord's Body!

The Garden

Sweet Magdalen, see! here is your Lovel
Whom Solomon's-seal and the sweet-clove
Brush with their lips as He goes by;
And love-lies-bleeding and rosemary.
Now bid His disciples haste! Bring hither
His Mother and St John together!
But 'twas the Garden saw Him rise.
Wherefore she flaunts her peacock's eyes;
Wherefore her birds sing low and loud.
The heart that bore His sleep is proud.

Because the garden was His friend
Blessed be gardens world without end!

Amen.

KATHARINE TYNAN

The ORTHODOX EASTERN CHURCH

The Orthodox Eastern Church. By Adrian Fortescue, Ph.D., D.D. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1907.

I VENTURE to congratulate Dr Fortescue upon having written this volume, and the Catholic Truth Society upon having published it. The work supplies a distinct want in a most admirable way. I suppose the great majority of educated Englishmen derive such knowledge as they possess of the Byzantine Church—if Dr Fortescue will forgive that expression—from the splendid but sophistical pages of Gibbon. A few may have gleaned some information from Dean Stanley's Lectures, a most interesting and, indeed, fascinating book, but, as Dr Fortescue truly says, "never of any real value." Some, but fewer still, may have perused Dr Neale's incomplete *History of the Holy Eastern Church*, of which Dr Fortescue observes, with equal truth, that "it has long been superseded." But, as a rule, people in this country "possess only the vaguest and most inaccurate ideas about the Christians whom they confuse under the absurd name of Greeks." Now, every page of Dr Fortescue's volume is marked by clearness and precision. He is master of his subject: and a very confused and difficult subject it is. He is master also of a perspicuous and polished style, and his pages are not unfrequently enlivened by flashes of pleasant wit or by scintillations of gentle irony. Further, although he writes confessedly "from the Catholic point of view" and "for Catholics," there is no trace of the *odium theologicum* in his volume. He is intolerant only of intolerance, and just towards error.

Dr Fortescue calls his book *The Orthodox Eastern Church*, and begins with an apology for his title. "Orthodox is just what Catholics believe the Christians in communion with the Patriarch of Constantinople not to be," "but the name," he observes, "has a special and

The Orthodox Eastern Church

technical meaning." The body about which he writes calls itself "the Orthodox Eastern Church," and is usually so called throughout the East, just as we are called Catholics, and it is convenient as well as courteous to follow in this matter the *jus et norma loquendi*. Certainly, as Dr Fortescue pleads, the name seems open to less objection than any other. "Eastern is too wide: the Copts and Armenians are Eastern Churches. Schismatic involves the same difficulty, besides being needlessly offensive. The name commonly used, Greek, is the worst of all; the only body which ever calls itself, or can, with any sort of reason, be called the Greek Church, is the Established Church of the Kingdom of Greece, and that is only one, and a very small one, of the sixteen bodies that make up this great Communion."

And now I will proceed to the task which I have set myself in respect of Dr Fortescue's book. If anyone imagines that I am about to criticize it, he is much mistaken. Dr Fortescue knows more about his subject than I do, more probably than anyone else in this country does, and I am quite satisfied to hold the place of the unlearned, and to benefit by his instruction. What I propose to do is to give my readers a brief account of his work, using, as far as possible, his own words, in the hope that I may induce some—nay, many—of them to betake themselves to his pages. His object, as he states it, is to give a certain amount of information about the enormous mass of Christians—there are from ninety-five to one hundred millions of them—who live on the other side of the Adriatic sea and the river Vistula. He begins, in true scholarly fashion, by a bibliography which, of course, does not profess to be a complete one—"any sort of complete bibliography of the question touched upon in this book would be a very large undertaking"—but which contains the most considerable of the works consulted or used by him. He divides his volume into Four Parts. The First treats of the Orthodox Church before the Schism: the Second relates the story of the Schism itself: the Third traces the history of the Orthodox Church since the

The Orthodox Eastern Church

Schism: and the Fourth describes its situation at the present day. Each Part is divided into chapters: and each chapter is preceded by an Introduction and followed by a Summary. It is a most admirable arrangement, and the work is a model of *lucidus ordo*. The Summaries are particularly excellent. I will here give the first, which must have been one of the most difficult to do.

We have seen, then, that already in the first ages some bishops had authority over others; metropolitans ruled over bishops, exarchs over metropolitans; the first three sees were those of Rome, Alexandria, Antioch. This was already an "ancient custom" at the time of the First General Council. That council (Nicæa, 1, 325) acknowledges it and gives an honorary rank to Jerusalem. The Second General Council (Constantinople, 381) wants to give second rank to Constantinople, "because it is New Rome," but the Canon is not accepted by the Pope. The Third Council (Ephesus, 431) makes Cyprus autocephalous. The Fourth (Chalcedon, 451) changes the honorary rank of Jerusalem into a real Patriarchate and enormously extends the power of Constantinople, but its Canon is again rejected by the Pope. Meanwhile two other sees, Ephesus and Cæsarea in Cappadocia, have their careers cut short by Constantinople. The Nestorian heresy produces a schism in the extreme East of the Empire, and then a national Church in Persia. Monophysism causes permanent schismatical national churches in Egypt and Syria, and cuts off all Armenia. Islam overruns Egypt, Syria and Palestine, completing the fall of their three patriarchates. Constantinople is left without a rival in the East, becomes the head of all the Eastern Churches, and already is very jealous of Rome; but the Canon Law both of East and West always recognizes the five patriarchates and Cyprus.*

As a corollary to this Summary it may be well to quote some of Dr Fortescue's words regarding the prerogatives of the Pope:

We must, first of all, carefully distinguish the patriarchal dignity and rights from those the Pope has as Vicar of Christ and visible Head of the whole Catholic Church, that is, from his Papal rights. The distinction is really quite a simple one. The Pope is, and his predecessors always have been (1) Bishop of Rome, (2) Metropolitan of the Roman Province, (3) Primate of Italy, (4) Patriarch

The Orthodox Eastern Church

of the West, (5) Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church. Each of these titles involve different rights and different relations to the faithful: to the citizens of his own city he is Bishop, Metropolitan, Primate, Patriarch and Pope all in one; to us in England he is neither local Bishop, nor Metropolitan, nor Primate, but Patriarch and Pope; to Catholics of Eastern rites he is not Patriarch, but only Pope. It is true that the papal dignity is so enormously greater than any of the others that it tends to overshadow them; it is also true that one cannot always say exactly in which capacity the Pope acts; in earlier ages, especially, Popes were probably often not explicitly conscious themselves.*

In the second chapter of the First Part Dr Fortescue treats with the fullness of learning, of Rome and the Eastern Church, and produces testimony which completely establishes that those Churches acknowledged the Primacy of the See of Peter during the first eight centuries, revering the Pope as the Supreme Judge of Appeal.† "But," he adds, "on the other hand, we have seen that there were causes of friction and ill-feeling between East and West long before the final Schism broke out." Note the phrase, "final Schism." As a matter of fact, the See of Constantinople was in schism five times from the year 323 to Photius's usurpation in 852. The number of years that the Schism lasted, if added up, amounts to 203, and in every one case, as even Eastern Christians now allow, Rome was in the right. "Such continual breaks," Dr Fortescue well observes, "must gradually weaken the bond," the more especially as Eastern Christians never stood in quite so close a relation to the Pope, as his own Latins. "The ambition of Constantinople was a continual source of dispute, and the Popes were not always wise in their relations to the East." When the final Schism did come, it happened because the time was only too ripe

* p. 9.

† Dr Fortescue writes (p. 67): "The Fathers [of the Eastern Churches] not only proclaimed the Pope's universal jurisdiction; they continually made use of it to defend themselves against opponents; so that the long list of their appeals to Rome speaks even more eloquently than words." I cannot understand how anyone acquainted with the facts can gainsay this statement.

The Orthodox Eastern Church

for it. The troubles of the ninth and eleventh centuries had cut Christendom in half along a line that jealousies, misunderstandings, quarrels of all kinds, had already long marked out. But "until the Schism, the faith of the Eastern Church was that of Rome; the development of doctrine went on in parallel lines in East and West; what differences there were did not affect points of faith. There were real differences of ritual."

In Part II of his book Dr Fortescue tells the story of the Schism, and he tells it in some detail—very wisely, because travesties of the story have obscured the real facts in the public mind. One such travesty was put forward, not long ago, by an Anglican writer from whom better things might have been expected. "Two great names," writes Mr W. H. Hutton, "embody in the East the final protest against Roman assumption." "Photius . . . owed his throne to an election which was not canonical. . . . The papal claim to decide between two claimants to the patriarchate was fiercely resented. The position which Photius defended with skill and vigour in the ninth century was reasserted by Michael Cerularius in the eleventh. He regarded the teaching of the West on the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, says Psellus, as an intolerable heresy, and he was prompt to reassert jurisdiction over the Church of Apulia, now conquered by the Normans and made subject to Rome. The final breach came from Rome itself. On July 16, 1054, two Legates of the Pope laid on the altar of St Sophia the act of excommunication which severed the Patriarch from the communion of the West, and condemned what were asserted to be seven deadly heresies of the Eastern Church." * Dr Fortescue points out—what, indeed, every tyro in ecclesiastical history must know—that this account is full of inaccuracies. Photius, as well as the other and rightful claimant, appealed to Rome. Apulia had always been ecclesiastically subject to Rome, and the Normans did not conquer it till Roger II (1105–1154). Cerularius's grievance was not the Filioque but Azyme bread. The final breach between East and West, as

* In Dent's *Medieval Town Series*, 1900, pp. 86, 87.

The Orthodox Eastern Church

we shall see later, did not come from Rome, but from Constantinople. The Legates referred to were three in number, not two, and they did not accuse the Eastern Church of any heresies.

The truth is, as Cardinal Hergenröther has amply shown in his well-known work, of which Dr Fortescue has made full use, that the Great Schism—the greatest calamity, not excepting the Protestant Reformation, which has befallen Christendom—was the outcome not of Roman usurpation but of Byzantine arrogance and intolerance. It is sometimes spoken of as “the Photian Schism,” and not unjustly; but more than a century had elapsed after the death of Photius before it was finally consummated. Photius has been called, with some reason, “the Luther of the Orthodox Church”—he was, indeed, incomparably more learned than Luther—which numbers him among her Saints. It is difficult to discern in him any rudiments of the saintly character, but Dr Fortescue is unquestionably right in regarding him as “the greatest scholar of his time and in every way the greatest man of the Byzantine Church.” He came of a good stock. His kin were a great and lordly house who had been distinguished for orthodoxy, and had even suffered persecution in the Iconoclast days, and he was not originally intended for the ecclesiastical state. In fact, he held the important office of Secretary of State (*πρωτοσηκρήτης*) and Captain of the Life Guard (*πρωτοσπαθάριος*), when in 857 a palace intrigue deposed and exiled the Patriarch Ignatius, a man of high character, who had refused to admit to Holy Communion the Emperor’s uncle, Bardas, on account of open and shameless incest. The See of Constantinople, thus emptied of its lawful occupant, was offered by the Emperor to Photius, who, having hurriedly received all the orders, was consecrated on Christmas Day, 857, by Gregory Asbestas, the suspended and excommunicated Metropolitan of Syracuse, in Sicily. Ignatius refused to resign his see although chained and half-starved and beaten in the face till his teeth were knocked out. Both sides appealed to the Pope, who, in the event, decided in favour of Igna-

The Orthodox Eastern Church

tius, acknowledging him in his right and office as Patriarch, and requiring Photius, under pain of excommunication, to retire from the usurped see. This Photius declined to do, preferring, with the support of the Emperor, to go into open schism. It is true that he had appealed to Rome, but now, with the judgement of Rome against him, he determined to ignore the judgement and to defy the judge, to deny the Pope's authority altogether, and to make up whatever charges he could against the Latins. He turned his personal quarrel into a general dispute. He issued a manifesto in which he alleged against the Christians of the Roman Patriarchate six points which were merely local customs, for even the Filioque was nothing more, and he ended by pretending to depose the Pope. It is not necessary to follow further here this Photian business. In 891 Photius died in exile. Some Court revolution, of which we do not know the history, had led to his deposition and banishment. The charge against him was that he had conspired to depose the Emperor and to put one of his own relations on the throne. But, as Dr Fortescue observes, "These charges never mean anything; if the Court did not want a man, he was always condemned for treason on some absurd charge (aiding and abetting the Saracens was the favourite) and then banished, or blinded, or strangled—anything so long as he did not trouble Cæsar any more."

"The evil that men do lives after them." The quarrel between Rome and the Eastern Churches was indeed patched up after Photius disappeared; but it was never really healed. And a hundred and fifty years later the final rupture came. For an account of it I must refer my readers to Dr Fortescue's pages. We do not know what motive actuated Cerularius, who brought it about. Dr Fortescue writes, not unjustly, "It would almost seem as if he and his friends had no other motive than a love of schism for its own sake." Like Photius, whom he seems to have kept before him as a model, he was not originally intended to be a priest. He began his career as a statesman, and became a monk when he was banished from the Court for alleged complicity in a plot to depose the

The Orthodox Eastern Church

Emperor Michael IV. The next Emperor, Constantine IX, greatly favoured him, and when the Patriarchate of Constantinople fell vacant went, "like an arrow to the target" (in the phrase of the historian Psellus), and nominated him to the see, without even the pretence of election. He seems to have been, from the first, intent on war with Rome, on any or no pretext. In fact, the pretexts which he eventually put forward, such as the Latin custom of fasting on Saturdays and the use of unleavened bread in the Eucharist, were of the flimsiest; but they sufficed. The Pope, Leo IX, bore himself throughout the whole business with dignity and moderation. Only when Cerularius declined to see the papal Legates, and excommunicated the Pope by taking his name off the diptychs, did the crash come.

It was Saturday, July 16, 1054,* at the third hour (9 a.m.). The Hagia Sophia was full of people, the priests and deacons are vested, the Prothesis (preparation) of the holy liturgy has just begun. Then the three Latin Legates walk up the great Church through the people, go in through the Royal Door of the Ikonostasis and lay their bull of excommunication on the altar. As they turn back, they say: "Videat Deus et iudicet."† The schism was complete. It is always rather dangerous to claim that misfortunes are a judgement of God, and, indeed, no one could have any thought of satisfaction at the most awful calamity that ever happened to Christian Europe. At the same time one realizes how, from the day the Legates turned back from the altar on which they had laid their bull, the Byzantine Church has been cut off from all intercourse with the rest of Christendom, how her enemies gathered round the city nearer and nearer each century till at last they took it, how they overturned this very altar as Cerularius had overturned the Latin altars, took away the great church as they had taken ours, and how since that the successors of the man who would not bow to the Roman Pontiff have had to bow to, have had to receive their investiture from, the unbaptized tyrant who sits on the throne of Constantine, one realizes this and sees that the words of the Legates were heard, and that God has seen and judged.‡

* Bréhier's date (July 15) is wrong (p. 117). Card. Humbert says: "XVII Kal. Augusti adierunt ecclesiam sanctæ Sophiæ . . . iam hora tertia diei sabbati."—Will, pp. 151-152.

† Will, l.c.

‡ p. 185.

The Orthodox Eastern Church

It was nearly four centuries after this formal breach that the end of the Roman Empire came. Throughout that length of years the Popes never lost hope of healing the schism, and formal attempts to do so were made by three councils, the first held at Bari in 1098, the second at Lyons in 1274, and the third at Ferrara and afterwards at Florence in 1438-1439. Of the Synod of Bari we know very little—its Acts have been lost—except that St Anselm was the moving spirit of it. The Second Council of Lyons, the Fourteenth General Council, was a very imposing assembly, five hundred bishops and a thousand abbots being present at it. St Bonaventure "was the soul of its discussions till he died." St Thomas Aquinas had died on the way to it. The reunion effected by it did not last a dozen years. The Emperor Michael Palaiologos had been led to desire it chiefly for political reasons. He was in dire need of Western help against the Turks; but when he saw that no help came, his zeal cooled, the union became the merest shadow of a pretence, and his successor, Andronikos II, broke the last link. In 1438-1439 Pope Eugenius IV held another Council, first at Ferrara and afterwards at Florence. The Eastern Empire was in terrible straits from the Turks. It was, indeed, at its very last gasp. The only hope of its salvation lay in the support of the Western powers. As we all know, the issue of the Council of Florence was the formal reunion of East and West, and on July 6, 1439, the decree of the Council was published, beginning, "Let the heavens rejoice and the earth be glad," in which this happy consummation was proclaimed; but when the Emperor and his followers returned to Constantinople, they found the populace violently excited against them. They were reviled as creed tamperers, dogs, heretics, hypocrites and Latinizers. Still the Eastern Church continued officially in union with Rome not only until the fall of Constantinople but for nineteen years afterwards, when the Patriarch, Gennadios II, rejected the union and anathematized the Council of Florence and all who accepted its decrees. There can be no doubt that in so doing he expressed the mind of Byzantines generally. Probably the Crusades did

The Orthodox Eastern Church

more than anything else to deepen and intensify their animosity against the Latins. The Crusaders studiously ignored the civil rights of the Roman Emperor when they had driven the Turks from the Holy Land and set up their Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. In ecclesiastical matters they acted in precisely the same way. They had no notion of considering the Eastern Christians or the old lines of the Eastern bishops, and, upon the whole, the Orthodox were worse off under them than under the Moslems. It was in the fourth Crusade that the mutual rancour between "the Franks and the Romans" came to a climax. There are few more shameful things in the annals of the world than the history of that crusade, when forces and money raised for a holy war against the infidel were used to murder fellow Christians and to sack their beautiful city. "The Greek people have never forgotten it," writes Dr Fortescue, "and of all things they complain of against the Latins, none has left such a legacy of hatred as this." Dr Fortescue notes that in the reading-books used by public authority in the primary schools of the kingdom of Greece there is a most lurid account of the horrors done in 1204 by the Franks out of hatred for the Orthodox faith.

It is curious that the aggrandizement of the Patriarch of Constantinople was one result of the taking of that city by the Turks. They classify the peoples subject to them according to religion—the word *millet* (nation) means religion. Now of these subject peoples, by far the largest is what they call the Roman nation (*rum millet*)—"strange survival," Dr Fortescue remarks, "of the dead Empire." This Roman nation is nothing else than the Orthodox Church, under the Patriarch of Constantinople.

When we first met him, he was not a patriarch at all, nor even a metropolitan, but only a local bishop under Thrace. Now he has an enormous patriarchate covering all Russia, Turkey in Europe, and Asia Minor; in ecclesiastical affairs he has precedence and something very like jurisdiction over the other Eastern patriarchs, and in civil affairs he has authority over them and all orthodox Christians. Only he must humble himself before the Sultan, and to make

The Orthodox Eastern Church

this degradation quite complete he is invested with the signs of his spiritual jurisdiction by the unbaptized tyrant who is his lord. The patriarchs, although they held so great a place over Christians, have always been made to feel that they are nothing before the Turk. They represent the enormous majority of subjects of the Porte in Europe, but they have never been given even the smallest place in the Divan, that is, the Sultan's advising council. And the Sultans have deposed them, re-appointed them, even killed them just as they liked. . . . Very often, after having been deposed for a time, the same man was re-elected. This has happened as often as five times. There seem to have been nearly always, as there are at this moment, three or four ex-patriarchs living at the same time. None of them reigned more than a year or two, and so the number of Patriarchs of Constantinople since 1453 is quite incredible. For instance, during the seventy-five years from 1625 to 1700 there were fifty patriarchs—an average of eighteen months each. . . . The patriarchate, having lost the cathedral of the Holy Wisdom, was first set up at the church of the Pammakaristos ("the All-blessed one," our Lady); Murad III (1574-1595) in 1586 turned this into a mosque, and the Patriarch moved to St Demetrios's Church. In 1603 he moved again to St George's Church, where he still remains. This church of St George is the centre of the Greek quarter of Constantinople, the Phanar (so called from the old lighthouse), on the bank of the Golden Horn, behind the city. The Phanar has been ever since the centre of the Orthodox Church, and the name is used for its government, much as we speak of the Vatican. It has also been the centre of the Greek people under the Turk; the rich Phanariote merchants who live around the seat of the patriarchate have always been the leaders of their countrymen; they pride themselves on speaking the purest Greek, their strong national feeling has formed the nucleus of the hatred of the Slav, Roumanian and Bulgar; that is still the chief note of Greek policy, and even now that part of their people are independent, Greeks all over the world look, not to Athens and the Danish Protestant who reigns there, but to the Phanar as the centre, and to the Œcumenical Patriarch as the chief of their race. . . . It is only fair to remember that much of the degradation of the patriarchal throne during the long dark ages of Turkish oppression was not their fault, but the very great misfortune of the Christians. And many of those patriarchs who had to serve the tyrant so basely, stood out valiantly against him when it came to a point that no Christian possibly could concede. Gennadios's immediate successor, Isi-

The Orthodox Eastern Church

dore II (1456-1463), was murdered for refusing to allow a Christian woman to become the second wife of a Moslem. Maximos III (1476-1482) was mutilated for the same cause.*

It should be noted that each Patriarch presents the Sultan with an enormous sum of money in return for his appointment, money obtained by selling benefices to bishops and priests, so that simony became a characteristic of every rank in the Orthodox Church.

During the four centuries of Ottoman oppression the Orthodox Church has kept the faith, but has sunk to a very low intellectual level. This was natural, nay, inevitable. She had no means of education until, in the eighteenth century, the Phanar managed to set up schools and colleges of which the great school of the nation—*σχολὴ τοῦ γένους*—at Constantinople was the chief. Meanwhile her few and quite undistinguished theologians studied at Western Universities. They were chiefly occupied in writing against the Pope, “fussing over and over again,” as Dr Fortescue puts it, “about the Filioque and the Primacy, and repeating the feeble accusations they always trot out against our rites and customs.” On the strength of this anti-papalism Protestants from time to time made advances to them, and wrote controversial letters about which Dr Fortescue gives us some amusing pages.† In this connexion the affair of Cyril Lukaris is the most important. He was made Patriarch of Constantinople in 1620, and was subsequently deposed and then reappointed no less than four times. He was a Protestantizer who formed a party of Calvinists in his Church, and whose opinions were afterwards condemned by four synods. His famous Confession—its authenticity, although denied by Orthodox controversialists, is certain—is quite frankly Protestant and Calvinistic. His end was tragic. “His enemies persuaded the Sultan Murad IV that he was stirring up rebellion among the Cossacks. He had already been deposed so often that this time Murad meant to make an end of him altogether. So he sent some Janissaries to throttle him and throw his

* p. 240-244.

† See especially pp. 252-254.

The Orthodox Eastern Church

body into the sea. His friends found it washed down far from Constantinople, and gave him Orthodox burial with the repeated prayers for his soul that he would have abhorred while alive.”*

The last part of Dr Fortescue's book treats of the present condition of the Orthodox Church, a tangled subject which, however, he presents with much perspicuity. It will surprise some readers to learn that this Orthodox Church consists “of sixteen separate independent bodies, who all profess the same faith, use the same liturgy (though in different languages), and are all (with one exception) in communion with one another and with the Patriarch of Constantinople, though he has no authority over them. The list of these sixteen Churches is: (1) The Great Church (Patriarchate of Constantinople); the Churches of (2) Alexandria, (3) Antioch, (4) Jerusalem, (5) Cyprus, (6) Russia, (7) Carlowitz, (8) Montenegro, (9) Sinai, (10) Greece, (11) Hermannstadt, (12) Bulgaria (in schism), (13) Czernowitz, (14) Serbia, (15) Roumania, (16) Bosnia and Hercegovina. It is curious to note how in this complex system the most unequal bodies, the colossal Russian Church and the one monastery of Mount Sinai, for instance, are ranged side by side as equal branches and sister-Churches.”† The dominant note of these sixteen Churches is their excessive quarrelsomeness. The Greeks hate the Bulgars, Serbs and Romans, who cordially return the hatred, and who hate each other in a degree only slightly less. The national idea dominates the minds of these races, and the Phanar detests‡ the national idea, while Russia, for her own ends, openly or covertly encourages it. Her object is to make the Orthodox faith synonymous with the Russian national Church, a consummation naturally distasteful to the Œcumenical Patriarch and the Phanar. As a matter of fact, nine-tenths of the Orthodox

* p. 266.

† p. 273.

‡ Naturally enough, for it has stripped the Œcumenical Patriarch of authority bit by bit, until he is now little more than the shadow of a great name. The process began with the independence of the Greek Church (1833), which is constituted under a Holy Governing Synod of the Russian model.

The Orthodox Eastern Church

Communion are Russians, and wellnigh everywhere throughout the other Eastern Churches Russian influence is predominant.

It is needless to say that the Sovereign authority in the Russian Church—the Patriarchate of Moscow, established in 1591, was abolished by Peter the Great—is the Holy Governing Synod, which is really “the shadow of the Czar.” The Russian Church is the most Erastian body in the world. Each member of the Governing Synod takes an oath in which he confesses, “I acknowledge the Czar for the Supreme Judge in this spiritual assembly,” the chief of which is a layman, generally a soldier, appointed by the Government as Procurator.

One of the most interesting of the sixteen independent separate bodies constituting the Orthodox Church is the Church of Cyprus. It was undoubtedly at first subject to Antioch, but on the strength of its claim to have been founded by St Barnabas, it has since the Council of Ephesus (431) been recognized as autocephalous. Its head is the Archbishop of Cyprus, who resides at Nicosia, but since 1900 this very ancient See has been vacant, and as there are at present only two members of the Holy Cypriote Synod, and both of them are candidates for the primacy there is what may be called a deadlock. The Patriarch of Constantinople tried to interfere, but was told by Mr Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, that he had no jurisdiction and could not be allowed to meddle in the affairs of an autocephalous Church.

One puts down Dr Fortescue's volume “a sadder and a wiser man.” The condition of these ancient Churches is depressing. The Patriarchate of Constantinople, claiming to be, and generally acknowledged as, the Great Church (*ἡ μεγάλη ἐκκλησία*), has fallen upon evil days. The Patriarch is, indeed, adorned with pompous titles, “The most holy, the most Divine, the most Wise Lord, the Lord Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome, and Œcumenical Patriarch.” He is addressed as “Your most Divine Holiness.” He enjoys the right of riding a horse—until recently no other Rayah in Turkey might do this—and

The Orthodox Eastern Church

is presented with a white one by the Sultan on his appointment, and he is entitled to have two candles and a cross borne before him in the street. The present Patriarch, Joachim III—he was re-elected in 1901, but had previously occupied the throne of Constantinople from 1878 to 1884—appears to be an estimable man, zealous for the good estate of his Church and wise in seeing its weakness: desirous, too, of taking any possible steps towards reunion with other Christian bodies. The rest of the Eastern Patriarchs, however, are little disposed to work with him, and rival ecclesiastics in his own Patriarchate seem to think that he has reigned long enough, and lags superfluous on the stage; but so far the Turkish Minister of Religion has protected him.

So much as to the Patriarchate of Constantinople. As to the other Patriarchates the fewest words will suffice. The Orthodox Patriarch of Alexandria, who claims to be St Mark's successor, has an infinitesimally small flock; they reckon it at 35,000 souls; and the bishops of the four sees subject to him do not reside in their titulars, but form his Curia. "The Orthodox Patriarch of Antioch, like his brother at Alexandria, lives rather on memories of his past splendours than on any practical importance." Of the hundred and fifty sees which obeyed his predecessors, only twelve remain to him, and the number of his communion is reckoned at some 200,000. The Orthodox Patriarch of Jerusalem, "the See of St James, the brother of God," is in worse case still. Only 15,000 people obey him in the thirteen sees over which his jurisdiction extends.

Dr Fortescue's book has brought to my mind certain words of De Maistre: "All the Churches separated from the Holy See at the beginning of the twelfth century may be compared to frozen carcases, the form of which cold has preserved. This cold is the ignorance which was destined to last longer for them than for us, for it has pleased God to concentrate, till a new order of things shall arise, all human science in our Western countries. As soon as its warm breath shall have blown on those Churches, there will happen what according to the laws of nature ought

The Orthodox Eastern Church

to happen; the ancient form will dissolve and only dust will remain.”* De Maistre is here, as usual, trenchant; but one would naturally like a kinder judgement of these ancient and venerable Churches. They have obtained like precious faith with us, and through centuries of persecution and obloquy they have preserved it. Their creed agrees in the enormous majority of points with that of Catholics. “The Orthodox believe in a visible Church with authority to declare the true faith and to make laws. They have an hierarchy against which our only complaint is that it has lost the topmost branch; they accept the Deuterocanonical books of Scripture as equal to the others; they believe in and use the same seven Sacraments as we do, they honour and pray to Saints, have a great cult of holy pictures and relics, and look with unbounded reverence towards the all-holy Mother of God. Their sumptuous ritual, gorgeous vestments and elaborate ceremonies, their blessings and sacramentals, all make their Church seem what she so easily might once more become, the honoured sister of the great Latin Patriarchate. It is only when one examines the niceties of theology that one finds four or five points in which they are heretics, and of these most are doubtful. Both sides in this quarrel recognize that the real issue is one rather of schism than of heresy.”† As Dr Fortescue quaintly and happily puts it, “The pious Orthodox layman lives in the same religious atmosphere as we do.” Of course, though the faith of the Eastern Church is substantially the same as the faith of the Catholic Church, there is a real difference in rites. All the Eastern Churches commonly use,‡ in different languages, the liturgy of St John Chrysostom, which is a shortened form of that of St Basil. But an Orthodox priest says Mass only on Sundays and great feasts, and when many priests are present they celebrate together. The Byzantine

* *Le Pape*, bk v, ii.

† p. 361.

‡ The older and longer liturgy of St Basil is now used only on the Sundays of Lent, except Palm Sunday, on Maundy Thursday and Holy Saturday, the eves of Christmas and the Epiphany, and on St Basil's feast (Jan. 1). Mass is not said more than once on the same day at the same altar.

The Orthodox Eastern Church

liturgy lasts for two or three hours. "It is undoubtedly a very splendid and majestic service, and the prayers, the Prefaces especially, often reach a very high point of devotional poetry."

When travelling on the Continent, some years ago, I made the acquaintance of a well-educated Greek gentleman, who took a most intelligent interest in the Catholic religion. He frequented our Churches and observed attentively our various devotional practices, and his constant exclamation was, "How modern!" I remember that the rite of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the reverence paid to the Sacrament reserved in the Tabernacle, and Low Mass, specially elicited from him this observation. Of course it was true. The rite of Benediction dates, I believe, from the sixteenth century. It is unknown in the Oriental Churches. Mr Edward Bishop is well warranted when he writes: "It must be allowed that during the whole Middle Ages the Blessed Sacrament reserved was treated with a kind of indifference which at present would be considered to be of the nature of irreverence."* It is so treated at this day among the Orthodox. Low Mass (*Missa Privata*), unknown in the earlier Christian centuries, then discountenanced and even disallowed, gradually obtained recognition and toleration towards the end of the first Christian millennium, and has now become *the* Mass in the West, superseding the Primitive Eucharist, even the Solemn Mass—the High Mass,† as we have it to-day—being virtually only a *Missa Privata* accompanied by ceremonies and the solemnity of deacon and subdeacon. Among the Orthodox Low Mass is unknown.‡

* *On the History of the Christian Altar*, p. 11.

† The words High and Low in the expressions High Mass and Low Mass refer to the pitch of the voice of the celebrant.

‡ Among the Orientals the Eucharistic Sacrifice has preserved its original character of a great common act, a representative act. "When many priests are present, they all celebrate together, and the rite of consecration which we have only at ordinations, may be seen almost at every time a Byzantine Bishop says Mass." As a rule there is only one altar in an Orthodox Church—some large cathedrals have side chapels with altars—and there is only one celebration of the Eucharist.

The Orthodox Eastern Church

These things, as my Greek friend said, are modern. But that is precisely their justification. Ideas are not dead things, they are most vital; and it is because of this that they unfold and expand. Up to the time of the great Schism such explication went on in the East as in the West. No one who has studied the subject without blinkers can doubt that for the first thousand years of Christianity the idea of the Blessed Sacrament grew steadily in the Christian consciousness. It has since gone on growing in the West, while the East has suffered from what Dr Fortescue happily calls "arrested development." Moreover, the dictum, "Perpetual self-adaptation to environment is the very law of life," applies as much to religions as to physics. And the practices which my Greek friend reprobated as modern are instance of such adaptation. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament supplies a great devotional want in our days, and has been aptly described by Cardinal Newman as "one of the most beautiful, natural and soothing actions of the Church." The reverence paid to the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the Tabernacle is a perpetual witness—most needed in these latter ages—to the presence among us of the Invisible King. And Low Masses are simply a necessity in the busy Western world, for without them the vast majority of the faithful would never hear Mass at all.

Dr Fortescue concludes his volume by some valuable and eloquent pages on the question of reunion. For myself I must confess that I see no prospect of a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

By heaven may yet the miracle be wrought,
But human ways are weak and words are naught.

The progress of the Orthodox communities is rather towards Erastianism. The various bodies which have split off from the Constantinople Patriarchate have constituted themselves as Churches upon the Russian model, under the government of Holy Synods directed by the State. And in Russia herself, where the overwhelming majority of the Orthodox is found, this national idea is

The Orthodox Eastern Church

firmly in possession. Moreover, the sphere of Russian influence, as we learn from Dr Fortescue's pages, is every day widening. And the outlook would seem to be that in half a century, or perhaps sooner, all Oriental Christians will own the hegemony of the Czar.

But in some quarters the question will be asked: Is there not, however, a prospect of, if not a reunion, at least a *rapprochement*—I use the French word with reluctance, in default of a precise English equivalent—between Anglicans and the Eastern Church? It is a dream. The Branch theory—it is the product of what we may call the High Anglicanism of the seventeenth century—looks absurd even on paper,* and has never had any other than a paper existence. It is true that in the sixteenth century a Cretan divine—one thinks irresistibly of Κρήτες ἀεὶ ψεύσται—broached a sort of Branch theory in which he included "those from Luther" as a portion of the true Catholic Church: but his view found no favour among Orthodox theologians, and has long disappeared. The Easterns welcome the conversion of individual Anglicans, as of other Protestants, to their communion; and the negotiations from which Anglicans hope so much for the general reunion of Christendom appear to them simply as first steps towards such conversion. It is notable that to a recent application received by the Orthodox Patriarch of Jerusalem from the Anglican Bishop in that city, Dr Blyth, for the formal recognition by the Easterns of the validity of Anglican baptism and Anglican orders, "His Most Holy Beatitude, Most Beloved of God, replied that he could not give an

* Cardinal Newman writes: "What is called the 'Branch Theory' is that the Roman, Greek and Anglican Communions make up the one visible, indivisible Church of God, which the Apostles founded, to which the promise of perseverance was made: a view which is as paradoxical when regarded as a fact, as it is heterodox when regarded as a doctrine. [But] the motives which have led Anglicans to its adoption, when charitably considered, . . . are far from reprehensible: on the contrary, they betoken a good will towards Catholics, a Christian spirit, and a religious earnestness, which Catholics ought to be the last to treat with slight or unkindness."—*Essays Critical and Historical*, vol. 1, p. 217.

The Orthodox Eastern Church

affirmative answer." * That the aspirations of devout Anglicans of the High Church party should turn in this direction is, indeed, not only pathetic, but curious. Dr Fortescue well observes, "It would, on the whole, be more dignified, as well as more natural for them to be, as a Russian theologian said to Mr Palmer, first reconciled to their own Patriarch, the Pope, than to become yet another (the seventeenth) of the very unequal and very quarrelsome bodies that make up the Orthodox Communion."

* *Tablet*, Dec. 14, 1907.

W. S. LILLY

The CAUSE of the ELEVEN ELIZABETHAN BISHOPS

The Pictures of the English College at Rome, which have conferred the title of Blessed on Fifty-four of the English Martyrs. By Father John Morris, S.J. Stonyhurst College. 1887.

MOST readers of THE DUBLIN REVIEW no doubt well remember the joy which was caused to English Catholics when by the two decrees of 1886 and 1895 the honours of the Blessed were conferred by the late Pontiff in all on sixty-three of the earlier of our martyrs. But it is probably less generally recollected that the martyrs named in those decrees had all, save one, been singled out for this distinction in consequence of their being shown to have been represented in the frescoes of the English College Church, into which frescoes, in one series with the canonized martyrs of more ancient times, Pope Gregory XIII had authorized the introduction of a number of the sufferers under Henry VIII and Elizabeth.

The fact that they had been thus already honoured, with the full knowledge and sanction of Gregory and the succeeding Pontiffs, was accepted (to quote the words of Father Morris)

as proof of an ecclesiastical veneration accorded to the earlier martyrs by Pope Gregory XIII. No examination was necessary in that case into the actual martyrdom. What Pope Gregory XIII had permitted the Sacred Congregation of Rites could ask our Most Holy Father Leo XIII to confirm and approve. This the Promoter of the Faith proposed to the Congregation, and thus those earlier martyrs, prior, of course, to 1583, the date of the paintings, were accepted by the Sacred Congregation, and His Holiness approved their decision.

The above account given by Father Morris, who was himself the Postulator in the martyrs' cause, is fully borne out by the Decree of 1886, which, besides being styled *Decretum Confirmationis Cultus*, refers expressly to the previous approval of the pictures and inscriptions by Pope Gregory XIII. On the strength of this approval the

The Cause of the XI Bishops

honours of the Blessed were allowed by this Decree to fifty-four martyrs, who were either found named in the inscriptions, or had been otherwise identified with those represented in the pictures.

Nothing, moreover, shows more strikingly the importance attached to the testimony of these pictures and inscriptions than the fact that six of the fifty-four martyrs who were thus beatified had not even been originally included in the Process, and were not mentioned in the list of those for whose beatification the English bishops had petitioned.

Nevertheless, upon its being found that they were named in the inscriptions to the frescoes, they were added to the list at Rome. These six martyrs were B. John Hale, Margaret Pole, Thomas Plumtree, John Felton, John Storey and Thomas Woodhouse.

Again in the same way, by a second Decree in 1895, the Holy See also confirmed the cultus of eight other martyrs who meantime had been identified with martyrs spoken of in the inscriptions, though not there mentioned by their names. These were the three abbots along with four companions and Blessed Thomas Percy, to whom was joined Blessed Adrian Fortescue, the only one of our martyrs as yet beatified on other grounds, who, though not represented in the English College pictures, was proved to have been elsewhere honoured with a similar cultus.

Of all the martyrs represented in any individual manner in these frescoes* the only ones whose cultus is as yet left unconfirmed are eleven of the deposed and imprisoned bishops who, in the inscription set beneath a picture of their prison, are expressly stated to have "died for the Faith," worn out by the miseries of their long confinement: "*propter sedis Romanæ et fidei Catholicæ confessionem undecim Reverendissimi Episcopi Catholici ex diuturna carceris molestia contabescentes obierunt.*"

The silence which the Holy See has so far observed with

* One of the pictures exhibits the tortures inflicted on the Catholics in a general manner, without specifying individuals.

The Cause of the XI Bishops

reference to these eleven bishops is sufficiently explained by the difficulty which in their case, just as in that of the three abbots and their companions, existed for a time regarding their exact identification. It seems, however, now to be agreed on all sides that this difficulty exists no longer, and that the eleven bishops spoken of in the inscription can have been no others than the following:

BISHOP	IMPRISONED AT	DIED
Cuthbert Tunstall, of Durham .	Lambeth	Nov. 18, 1559
Ralph Bayne, of Lichfield . .	St Paul's	Nov. 18, 1559
Owen Oglethorpe, of Carlisle .	St Paul's	Dec. 31, 1559
John White, of Winchester . .	The Tower and elsewhere	Jan. 12, 1560
Richard Pate, of Worcester . .	The Tower	Nov. 23, 1565
David Poole, of Peterborough .	The Fleet	May, 1568
Edmund Bonner, of London . .	Marshalsea	Sept. 5, 1569
Gilbert Bourne, of Bath and Wells	The Tower and elsewhere	Sept. 10, 1569
Thomas Thirlby, of Ely	The Tower and at Lambeth	Aug. 26, 1570
James Turberville, of Exeter . .	The Tower	Nov. 1, 1570
Nicholas Heath, Archbishop of York	The Tower and elsewhere	Dec., 1578

A twelfth prisoner, Bishop Watson of Lincoln, who died in Wisbeach Castle on September 27, 1584, could not be commemorated in the pictures, being still alive when they were erected. For the proofs that the above were the eleven, I must beg to refer the reader to my *Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy*, and here can only say that this identification of their names has met with the acceptance of authorities such as the Bollandist Father van Ortruy, S.J.,* and Dr James Gairdner, Keeper of the Public Records and editor of the State Papers' Calendar.†

Assuming, therefore, that the eleven bishops may be now regarded as identified, *their* beatification seems to be at least the natural, if not the almost necessary, sequel to the beatification of the other martyrs represented in the

* *Analecta Bollandiana*, Tom. xxv, Fasc. iv, p. 523.

† *English Historical Review*, April, 1906, p. 377.

The Cause of the XI Bishops

pictures, inasmuch as it was evidently the intention both of the designers of the pictures—foremost amongst whom is to be named Cardinal Allen—and of the Pope who gave his sanction to them to hold up these bishops, who died of their sufferings in prison, to the same veneration as the others.

This view is strongly confirmed by Father van Ortrov in a letter to the present writer, in which he states his conviction that the beatification of the eleven bishops will be sure to come about, if it be urged at Rome:

Vous avez raison de vous appuyer sur la fresque du temps de Grégoire XIII. C'est un argument *juridique* de toute première valeur; . . . et comme vous avez parfaitement démontré quels étaient ces 11 évêques, les promoteurs de leur cause, en se tenant sur ce terrain, sont sûrs de réussir à Rome. C'est d'ailleurs là le seul argument qui pour les autres béatifiés par Léon XIII a été rigoureusement poussé par le Père Morris. Mes vœux les plus ardents vous accompagnent.*

It is clear from what was done in the case of the three abbots and their unnamed companions that the mere absence of the bishops' names from the inscription will present no obstacle to their beatification, provided that the eleven are sufficiently identified in other ways. If, moreover, the testimony of the frescoes sufficed to establish the death for the faith of Blessed Margaret Pole and the five other martyrs named above, why should not the same testimony suffice also in the case of the eleven bishops, whose death for the faith from the sufferings of their imprisonment is equally attested by them?

It must not, moreover, be forgotten that the inscription quoted above by no means stands alone in its assertion that the imprisoned bishops had died of their sufferings, inasmuch as the Catholic writers of the time are found to be unanimous in asserting the same thing; whilst, on the other hand, the opposite tradition as to the alleged kindly treatment of the bishops, which the efforts of their persecutors successfully made current, is now shown to have had no other

* Letter of Dec. 19, 1906, to the writer of this Article.

The Cause of the XI Bishops

basis than the interested statements of these selfsame persecutors and their partisans.*

To show what was the belief on this point of the Catholics themselves, we may here quote the following words of Sander with reference to the imprisoned bishops, in his unfinished History written about 1576.

She [Elizabeth] has already slain them nearly all by their prison's stench. For in order that they might neither be set free by a speedy death, nor receive the glory of martyrdom, she has thought it better to dispatch them gradually than at once to crown them.†

Similarly, Cardinal Allen, in answering Lord Burghley's statement that the bishops had been gently treated, says:

What courtesy soever was showed . . . in good sooth was no other than, instead of a present quick dispatch on the gibbet, to allow them a long and miserable life, or rather a lingering and languishing death in durance, desolation and disgrace, a far worse kind of persecution;

and he speaks of their "martyrdom" as having been

before God as glorious as if they had by a speedy, violent death been dispatched.‡

Rishton, also, who in 1585 continued Sander's History, describes the deprived bishops as having "died in chains for their confession of the Catholic Faith," and he declares them to have been "most glorious Confessors, ever to be borne in memory."§ Of all of them, too, excepting the two exiled prelates, Bridgewater says expressly: "All these died in prison, martyrs."||

From other works of the same time it would be easy to bring similar quotations to prove that the imprisoned bishops, though not put to public execution, were universally regarded by their own Catholic contemporaries as

* See *Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy*, pp. 26-39.

† Ibid. p. 418.

‡ *True, Sincere Defence of English Catholics*, 1584, pp. 39, 42.

§ Rishton's *Sanderi De Origine Schismatis*, 1585, fol. 157.

|| *Concertatio Ecclesiae Catholicae in Anglia*, 1588, fol. 403. For a series of like testimonies I must beg to refer the reader to the last chapter of *The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy*.

The Cause of the XI Bishops

having laid down their lives for the Faith. We all know that the Church herself has always recognized as martyrs some who were not such in the sense of having actually shed their blood, and, in fact, a special Responsorium is provided for such martyrs in the Breviary, as in the case of St Eusebius of Vercelli, who, though honoured with the office of a martyr, actually survived his imprisonment and exile several years, and died at last in tranquil possession of his See.

The quotations above given suffice of themselves to show that the inscription on the frescoes is abundantly supported by testimonies drawn from other sources; although, if the cause of the eleven bishops comes to be introduced at Rome, as so many of us hope it will, that inscription, with its commemorative mention of them, will naturally be the chief authority appealed to. Indeed—speaking always with submission to the Holy See's decision—there would seem no room for doubting that, since Pope Gregory allowed the same cultus to all represented in the frescoes, the bishops must be entitled to the same honour as the rest. By the reproduction of the same pictures and inscriptions in the present church of the English College at Rome, the "eleven bishops dead in prison for the faith" are, we may add, now again held up in Rome itself to the devotion of the faithful, just as they were by Pope Gregory XIII; and since his approval of the pictures has been formally declared equivalent to the beatification of the persons thus held up to veneration, there seems no escape from the conclusion that the honours of beatification have, at least implicitly, already been accorded to the eleven, taking them *in globo*, and that the only thing now wanting is the authoritative declaration of their names.

Considerations such as these appear to offer us real grounds for hoping that we shall see the honours of beatification decreed, on their behalf, ere long by the Holy See.

But apart even from the special sanction attaching to the frescoes, and looking at the matter from a merely historical point of view, it is hard indeed to see how anyone,

The Cause of the XI Bishops

who gives due consideration to the circumstances, can reject the testimony of the inscription mentioning the bishops dead in prison, constituting, as it did, a public and contemporary record of the fact. For it must not only be remembered that the persons responsible for the statement it contained were men of the highest character furnished with the means of information, but that they publicly erected the inscription, whilst in Rome itself there was still living on the exiled Bishop Goldwell, to whom each of the eleven it referred to had been personally known.

Can it then with any sort of reason be supposed that, in a matter so important, and in which an error was so certain to be followed by exposure, men such as Cardinal Allen and the friends who helped him would have ventured to put up permanently on the church walls such a statement if they had not been first made certain of its accuracy? When to this the fact is added that the contemporary Catholic writers are all found to speak in its support, and that the State Papers extant confirm it, the truth of the inscription can hardly be questioned.

It may be well here to add some of the reasons, which are now leading many of us to desire to see the beatification of the eleven bishops brought about.

We feel that their real heroism having been so long obscured, owing mainly to the too successful efforts of their persecutors, it seems but due in reparation that we should seek now to obtain for them the honour they deserve. We hope, moreover, that great good may flow from calling attention to the forgotten example of these admirable prelates, who from their firm attachment to the Faith submitted gladly to the loss, not only of rank and riches, but also of liberty and even life, to die "rotting away"—as Dr Gairdner would translate *contabescentes*—from the miseries of their imprisonment.

In a certain sense the example of the bishops' admirable firmness under Queen Elizabeth is enhanced in force, rather than diminished, by its striking contrast to

The Cause of the XI Bishops

the want of courage shown by many of these very prelates in the earlier persecution under Henry. Everybody feels, I think, the special consolation and encouragement afforded by the spectacle of a *convert* saint—of one, namely, who, though in the end triumphant, had at some period succumbed to human weakness. If saints of this class were to be judged unfit to be held up to honour, both St Peter and St Mary Magdalen would have to disappear from the Calendar, to say nothing of our own martyrs, Blessed Cuthbert Mayne and Edmund Campion, each of whom had once taken Orders in Elizabeth's new Church.

If many of us now desire to see raised to the honours of the Blessed one such as the aged and repentant Tunstall, who in the earlier part of his career had let himself be terrorized into upholding the King's ecclesiastical supremacy, thereby falling into open schism, it certainly is not from any wish to disguise, either from ourselves or others, still less to glorify, this culpable weakness for which he himself expressed his bitter sorrow. But, by the very greatness of the previous fall of Tunstall and some others, the thoroughness of their conversion later and their heroic final constancy is made the more admirable and instructive, nor can any but the greatest good be looked for from the holding of them up on this ground to the veneration they deserve. Moreover, martyrdom is held of itself to wipe out all preceding stains.

The prejudice attaching in some quarters to the name of Bishop Bonner must, of course, be taken into account, and it is not for us to prejudice the case which will doubtless be weighed carefully by the Holy See. To the present writer it seems no just obstacle to the honours rightly belonging to himself and the rest of the eleven being bestowed upon them. It is admitted now by all the more respected of even Protestant writers that the traditional idea of Bishop Bonner, based, as it is, largely on the estimate of Bale and Foxe, is entirely at variance with his real character as revealed by genuine history. So far, then, from being a just reason for withholding from him the honour which is rightly his, this seems but to offer a

The Cause of the XI Bishops

fresh motive for seeking to obtain it, in reparation for the long injustice done him.

The real reason why Bonner was so specially detested by the Protestant fanatics of his time was his fearless zeal for the Catholic Faith, and his successful opposition to their heresies. It is shown from the writings of the time that his Catholic contemporaries regarded him throughout with singular love and veneration. "That constant Confessor of God" was Harding's way of speaking of him in his lifetime. The heroic cheerfulness and patience with which he bore the ten years of his imprisonment give him a fresh title to our veneration and devotion.

The fear of an outcry on the part of those who will always be ready to raise a howl against the Catholic Church, seems, to the present writer, a very insufficient reason for withholding from our martyrs the honours they deserve, particularly when, as in the present case, it means withholding from them the honour which at an earlier period has been at least implicitly accorded to them by the Holy See. In reality, moreover, the probability of such an outcry, at all events of any serious nature, appears to many very doubtful.

Finally, the beatification of these holy bishops, whose merits are just beginning to be recognized, is undoubtedly desired by great numbers of the Catholics of England—in fact, apparently by almost all of those whose attention has as yet been drawn to it. Many religious communities have been for some time praying for it; and it is no secret that a number of the bishops who are urgent for the introduction of the cause at Rome have already addressed the Archbishop of Westminster upon the subject.

G. E. PHILLIPS

STONEHENGE and the STARS

Stonehenge and other British Stone Monuments astronomically considered. By Sir Norman Lockyer. Macmillan & Co. 1906.
Recent Excavations of Stonehenge. By William Gowland. *Archæologia*, vol. LVIII, p. 37.

A Bibliography of Stonehenge and Avebury, Wilts. By W. Jerome Harrison. *Arch. and Nat. Hist. Magazine*, vol. XXII.

AMONGST the works of Thomas Hearne and in the volume consecrated to Langtoft's *Chronicle* there is hidden away a quaint and amusing pamphlet entitled, *A Fool's Bolt soon shot at Stonage*, which is there ascribed to an anonymous author who is believed to have actually been one John Gibbons, who was a Pursuivant at Arms (1629-1718). This entertaining discourse commences with a tale of

a wander witt of Wiltshire, rambling to Rome to gaze at Antiquities, & there skrewing himself into the company of Antiquaries, they entreated him to illustrate unto them that famous Monument in his country called STONAGE. His Answer was that he had never seen, scarce ever heard of, it. Whereupon, they kicked him out of doors, & bad him goe home, & see STONAGE; and I wish all such Æsopical Cocks as slight these admired Stones & other our domestic Monuments (by which they might be admonished, to eschew some evil, or doe some good) & scrape for barley Cornes of vanity out of foreigne dunghills, might be handled, or rather footed, as he was.

And, truly, it may be said that whilst England possesses such relics of early races as the great circles of Stonehenge and Avebury, not to speak of many other smaller but still deeply interesting examples of the same kind of edifice, there is no lack of material for the study of home-keeping antiquarians. Not that "these admired stones" have lacked attention in the past, for Mr Harrison's most carefully compiled Bibliography runs to no less than 158 pages, an index of the amount of ink which has been spilt in expounding various theories as to the history and origin of these two great early monuments.

There is some possibility that Stonehenge was the temple

Stonehenge and the Stars

alluded to by Hecataeus of Abdera, a writer who flourished about 330 B.C., when he spoke of the

Hyperboreans [who] inhabitant an island in the ocean, under the Bear, situated opposite Celtica [Gaul] and as large as Sicily. They have [he continues] a stately grove and a renowned temple of a round form, dedicated to Apollo, and adorned with many rich gifts.

Whether this "temple of a round form" was really Stonehenge is a moot point, and we have to come down to a date some thirteen hundred years later before we meet with any mention of these stones by name or any description of them. This first account is given by Henry of Huntingdon (1084-1155) in his description of the four "wonders" of England, two of which are natural curiosities still to be seen, namely, the Peak Cavern and Cheddar Caves. The fourth wonder is this:

That in some parts of the country the rain is seen to gather about the tops of the hills, and forthwith to fall on the plains,

which operation of nature one would scarcely expect to meet with in a list of marvels. The second wonder is

at Stonehenge, where stones of extraordinary dimensions are raised as columns, and others are fixed above, like lintels of immense portals; and no one has been able to discover by what mechanism such vast masses of stone were elevated, nor for what purpose they were designed.

Geoffrey of Monmouth (1100-1154), who was Bishop of St Asaph, gives a picturesque and wholly untruthful narrative of the origin of the monument which was afterwards adopted by that most agreeable chronicler, Giraldus Cambrensis. According to this tale the stones were originally set up on the Curragh of Kildare in Ireland, and there known as the "Giant's Dance." Now about 470 A.D. Hengist treacherously massacred 460 British chieftains "at the monastery of Ambrius," and Aurelius Ambrosius, desiring to erect a monument to this little army of princes, consulted Merlin, and was advised by him to steal the Giant's Dance from Ireland, a suggestion which seems to lend quite a touch of verisimilitude to an otherwise unconvincing narrative. Further, Merlin told his sovereign that these stones

Stonehenge and the Stars

were not originally Irish, but had been brought to that country by giants from Africa, under which circumstances it was obvious that they were the rightful possession of England. At any rate Merlin was dispatched with an army to Kildare, and the stones were removed and set up on Salisbury Plain, near the "Mount of Ambrius," and subsequently served as the burial-place of Aurelius, of Uther Pendragon and of Constantine.

The author of the *Fool's Bolt* thought

surely, it was some heathonish temple demolished by the immediate hand of God, as an intollerable abomination unto him: yet reserving so much of it standing, as may declare what the whole was, & how, & why, so destroyed, that, as we are to remember Lot's wife, turned into a Pillar of Salt, for looking backward towards idolatrous Sodome, so we should remember, that these forlorn Pillars of Stone are left to be our remembrancers, dissuading us from looking back in our hearts upon anything of Idolatry, and persuading us, in imitation of Moses and the Prophets, so to describe and deride, it in it's ugly Coullers, that none of us, or our posterity, may return with Doggs to such Vomit, or Sows to wallowing in such mire.

The surmises as to the nature and origin of Stonehenge have been most numerous and most varied. Of course it has been associated with the Druids, the last resort of all in search of an author for any ancient monument, and according to one writer these Druids were a Phœnician colony who came to Britain in the time of Abraham, and brought the patriarchal religion—whatever that may have been—with them, whilst another writer says that the Druids were certainly Brahmins and that "Stonehenge is evidently one of the temples of Boodh."

Another effort explains it as a monument erected to Boudicca, whom we used to call Boadicea in the uninstructed days of our youth, and the convincing arguments by which this claim is established are (1) that the battle in which that ill-fated queen was killed was fought upon a plain, and (2) that Dion Cassius, the historian, tells us that the Britons "intombed their Queen with solemn and magnificent pomp." These arguments are quite in the style

Stonehenge and the Stars

of some of those set forward in our own day for the establishment of the theses of the wilder kind of folk-lorist.

Stonehenge has been called—with no shred of reason—a Mithraic shrine, and it has been also suggested that it might have been a sort of British "Tower of Silence," where dead bodies were laid to be devoured by birds and insects, wild beasts being kept off by a kind of zareba of thorns inserted between the upright pillars of the trilithons.

Stukeley, an imaginative archæologist who assigned reasons and names for ancient objects because it struck him that such reasons or names were pretty and attractive, thought that Stonehenge and other like edifices were consecrated to snake-worship. He gave the name of Dracontium to such an edifice and has a pretty but largely imaginative rendering of Avebury—that greater Stonehenge in Northern Wilts—as a snake, with an eye, passing through a circle and weaves quite a thread of folk-lore around his mythical design.

The sagacious and experienced reader will scarcely fail to expect that, in the midst of so much misdirected ingenuity, there will be found some attempt to connect Stonehenge with the "number of the beast."

Oddly enough, I can find no such effort, though it can hardly be supposed that it has not been made. Certainly, within the last few years one of the Scotch Stone Circles has been so associated, and the writer of the paper in question goes so far as to say that "it is obvious that had it not been for the 'number of the beast, six hundred threescore and six,' in the Apocalypse," the distance and numbers which he has worked out in connexion with this circle "would have been without meaning." And he asks, "Cannot we go back, in imagination, 1,850 years, to the island of Patmos, and see a converted Phœnician High Priest laying at the feet of the beloved Disciple his once most cherished possession, the Secret Number of the Sun God?"

At the end of this list of explanations—and it might have been made longer—the reader will perhaps find himself inclined to exclaim with Pepys, "God knows what their use was! they are hard to tell, but yet may be told."

Stonehenge and the Stars

It now remains to be seen whether recent researches have thrown any light upon the date and purpose of stone circles in general and of Stonehenge in particular.

On the last day of the last century two of the stones of the outer circle and the lintel thereof fell to the ground, and this fact coupled with the obviously insecure condition of some of the other stones and the recent formation of a great military camp in the immediate vicinity of the monument led to steps being taken to secure Stonehenge from further damage and to make good that which had recently occurred. The work was carried out under the immediate direction of Professor Gowland, than whom no more competent person could possibly have been found, and the results which have been obtained from the necessary excavations have certainly thrown much light upon the period when these stones were set up. Before mentioning what these are, it may be well, for the sake of those unfamiliar with the subject, to call attention to two points peculiar to this monument. In the first place, then, whilst it resembles in certain respects other and smaller circles in different parts of the island, it differs from all of them in the fact that its stones have been shaped whilst all the others are constructed with rough, undressed pillars. Moreover, the lintels which surmount the trilithons, which may roughly be described as a species of stone doorways, are not merely laid on the tops of the stones which support them, but are fitted thereto by means of a kind of mortice and tenon joint, for on the top of each upright there is a stone peg which fits or fitted into a corresponding recess on the under surface of the lintel. This superior workmanship has always been held to have been a proof that Stonehenge was later in erection than the other monuments of a similar kind. Even the much more magnificent ruin of Avebury, which in Charles II's time was said by Aubrey to "as much exceed Stonehenge as a cathedral doth a parish church," was made of rough, unhewn stones and so had been looked upon as an earlier edifice than its southern sister.

Then, in the next place, the stones at Stonehenge are of two kinds. The greater number and the larger stones

Stonehenge and the Stars

are the so-called "sarsens" of the district, sandstone blocks which in certain places, for example at Clatford Bottom, between Marlborough and Avebury, may be seen as regular rivers of stone. No doubt in early days, before many of them had been used up for road-mending, boundary stones and the like purposes, there must have been many more of these great blocks in existence over the surface of Salisbury Plain, so that the builders of the temple had, in all probability, no very great distance to go in search of the materials for their edifice. But in addition to these great stones there is an interior horseshoe-shaped arrangement of stones of a different character. These "blue stones," as they have long been called, are of a different nature from the others, being mostly what is known as porphyritic diabase, and, as there are no stones of this kind on the plain, nor, indeed, within many miles of Stonehenge, it was thought that they must have been carried from a distance and that they were perhaps the sacred stones of some distant tribe who had brought them to the Plain when migrating there themselves; had set them up as sacred objects; and, finally, had surrounded them with the great trilithons of local stone which complete the edifice.

All this, it appears, may now be regarded as exploded, or at the least as most doubtful, for Professor Judd thinks that there is no reason to suppose that these "blue-stones" might not have been found on the Plain with the sarsens. They must have been transported there, for they are certainly foreign to the locality, but then there is no reason why they might not have been brought there as glacial drift, deposited and found ready to their hands by the builders of Stonehenge.

Turning next to the dressing of the stones, the observations of Professor Gowland seem to make it clear that this was accomplished almost entirely by the use of stone implements. A certain amount of the rough shaping may have been effected by the use of fire and water, as we know has been the case with monuments erected in our own times by primitive races. But the final tooling seems to have been carried out by means of flint axes and large stone

Stonehenge and the Stars

mauls made of the compact sarsen stones met with on the Plain. Large quantities of these implements were found in the course of the excavations, indeed used-up axes and mauls had been employed to pack the bases of the upright pillars in the holes dug for their reception. Moreover, it was observed that the faces of all the stones showed evidence of very careful tooling, and this more especially where they had been protected from the weather. That this tooling was effected by means of quartzite hammers seems to have been demonstrated by the fact that the foreman mason was able to produce with these hammers an exactly similar kind of tooling on a piece of sarsen whereas he was quite unable to produce a similar appearance on the same stone by the use of any of his own mason's tools. There can be little doubt that Professor Gowland is perfectly correct in assigning the rough hammers and mauls which he discovered to the neolithic or later stone period. Their roughness of construction is no argument to the contrary, for it is quite clear that early man had sense enough not to make a razor for the purpose of cutting a granite block, and that he reserved his highly finished and polished implements for better purposes than that of tooling great blocks of sarsen, a task which could be perfectly well carried out by less carefully modelled and finished implements.

There is one further point connected with the period of construction of Stonehenge which must not be omitted. The eagle eye of Professor Gowland detected a small patch of green incrustation upon the base of one of the tooled slabs; and a portion of this having been analysed, it was proved that the incrustation was carbonate of copper and that it could only have been produced by prolonged contact with a small lump of copper or bronze, or other alloy of copper or with some small ornament made of a substance of this nature. A prolonged search was made for any remains of this object, but without success, though Professor Gowland is quite sure that nothing which was larger than one-eighth inch could possibly have escaped his scrutiny. We may suppose, therefore, that all the object must have been converted into carbonate; but, at any rate, it is quite clear

Stonehenge and the Stars

that there must have been something of a coppery nature in contact with the stone and, therefore, that it must have been erected at a period when that metal was known. That the tooling was done with stone implements is no bar to the possibility of Stonehenge having been erected during what is known as the Bronze period. Many of the most shapely and most carefully executed stone implements seem undoubtedly to have been made during that period and even during the Iron Age in England, and one must not forget that many of the combatants even at Senlac fought with stone mauls. At the same time it seems probable, to say the least, that if Stonehenge had been erected during the full swing of the Bronze Age some implements of that material would have been found during the progress of the excavation, which, however, was not the case. From the fact, then, that copper was known but that no metal implements were discovered we may draw the conclusion that the monument was erected at the very beginning of what is known as the Bronze Age, and we may set ourselves to inquire when that Age may be supposed to have commenced in Britain. Here we enter a region where surmise alone is possible, but it may be said that Montelius, who is a leading authority on the subject, has assigned the date of about 2,000 B.C. as the probable period of the commencement of this Age in Northern Italy. Sir John Evans suggests 1,400 B.C. as the appropriate date for Britain, but thinks that his estimate probably errs by being too near our own times. Professor Gowland agrees with this latter view, and thinks that a country where copper and tin were both so accessible and so easily discoverable—and “no country in the world presented greater facilities for their discovery”—would also be a country in which they would come comparatively early into use. He thinks that it would be safe to date the commencement of the Bronze Age in Britain as far back as 1800 B.C. and to assign to a similar date the construction of Stonehenge. This is, perhaps, as near an approximation to the date of this famous monument as we can ever hope to reach.

It now remains to be seen whether any further light has

Stonehenge and the Stars

been thrown upon the origin or use of this edifice. There seems little doubt that Stonehenge and its kindred must have been religious temples of some kind. It is difficult to suppose that any other incentive than one of a religious or a military character would have led to the construction of buildings and earthworks which must have cost such a vast amount of time and labour. Military they clearly were not, for even at Avebury, where there is a gigantic fosse and vallum enclosing some twenty-eight acres, these structures are turned in the reverse way to those of military earthworks and, indeed, are constructed in such a manner as to be a source of danger rather than of protection to those within their boundary, should the place be attacked. By a process of elimination we arrive, then, at a religious origin, and this view is strengthened by the vast number of burials which exist in the immediate vicinity of Stonehenge. Indeed, this part of the Plain may almost be considered to resemble the graveyard which surrounds a country church.

But if the object was religious, can we go any further and say what was the object of worship? Mr Arthur Evans, whose opinion on any matter of this kind is worthy of the most careful attention, thinks that the central object of worship in Stonehenge was an oak-tree, "the Celtic image of Zeus" according to Maximus Tyrius. He also is of opinion that the whole edifice is really a kind of enlarged model of the sepulchres of the dead, and is associated, therefore, with the idea of a future life and perhaps with the worship of deceased chieftains or relatives. The outer circle of stones is the descendant of the hedge of stones which surrounded the barrow, or was placed just within its outer edge; the avenue of stones which is imperfect at Stonehenge, but well marked at Avebury and at some other places, represents the underground gallery which in the case of some long barrows, such as those at Uley and West Kennett, leads into the place of sepulture; whilst the central dolmen, which is wanting at Stonehenge but is present in some other instances, is an actual or perhaps a ritual place of interment.

Stonehenge and the Stars

Others, and these not all of the present day, have associated Stonehenge and other circles with the worship of the heavenly bodies. One ingenious writer surmised that the Druids had laid out a kind of celestial map on the Wiltshire Downs, in which five planets were shown. Stonehenge represented the planet Saturn; the two circles at Avebury stood for the Sun and Moon, and they all centred round that most marvellous and wholly unexplained earthwork, Silbury Hill, which was taken to mean the Earth. Dr John Smith, who published in 1770 a work called *Choir-Gaur*, dealing with Stonehenge, which he calls "the Grand Orrery of the Ancient Druids," gets nearer to modern theories when he describes it as an astronomical "Temple erected in the earliest ages for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies." Further, he goes on to say that the Stone, at some little distance from the circle itself, which is known as the "Friar's Heel," indicates the "sun's greatest amplitude at the summer solstice." This large stone is a point of importance in all solar and stellar theories in connexion with Stonehenge, and the guide who used, in my earlier days, to show people over the place, always used to point it out with the remark that the sun rose over the Friar's Heel on Midsummer morning, and shone straight over the Altar Stone, and between the pillars of the great central trilithon. As a matter of fact this statement is correct, for Professor Gowland says that

If on the morning of Midsummer Day we stand in the middle of the horseshoe curve in which the trilithons are arranged, a point once marked by the aperture between the two piers of the central and greatest of them, and look in the direction of the "hele stone" [i.e., the Friar's Heel], the sun will be seen to rise approximately over the summit of that monolith.

And he proceeds:

This can hardly be accidental. It is, in fact, impossible to conceive that the arrangement of the trilithons in an open curve, with its opening directed eastwards, and more especially that the position of the central trilithon and altar stone in relation to the "hele" stone and the avenue, can have been the result of mere chance. If not the result of chance, this disposition of the stones must have

Stonehenge and the Stars

been made with some purpose, and that purpose cannot have been other than to direct observers or worshippers to the point where the sun rose in the heavens.

And he strengthens his argument by producing similar instances from Japan, where sun-worship is actually practised. It is obvious that Stonehenge might have been oriented in connexion with a star, and in fact it was suggested in the *Astronomical Register* that Sirius was the star in question, and that in 977 B.C. it rose exactly above the Friar's Heel, a fact which the writer supposed would fix the date of that monument.

Moreover, Piazzzi Smith and Sir Norman Lockyer have both of them endeavoured to show that the Pyramids were oriented in respect of certain stars, and Mr Penrose has advanced similar theories with regard to the orientation of some of the Greek temples.

However, the sun in the case of Stonehenge seems a more likely object than any star, having regard to what has been said as to its rising at the summer solstice; and if Sir Norman Lockyer's view that it is a solar temple is correct, we may also perhaps accept his further statement that astronomical data point to its having been erected somewhere about 1,700 years B.C., a date which very closely approximates to that arrived at by Professor Gowland by quite a different line of argument.

Sir Norman thinks that Stonehenge and many humbler edifices, such as dolmens and the like, were really astronomical temples erected by the priests of the period, and that their purpose was to indicate the seasons with a view to agricultural operations. As he says, nowadays anybody can go into a shop and buy an almanack for one penny or, one may add, may even obtain it gratis from his grocer or some other tradesman who desires to keep himself before the mind of a possible customer. Hence, there is no reason why the generality of mankind should study astronomy or desire to know how they may learn from the heavens what time of the year it may happen to be. But in the days before calendars it was of the utmost importance that the farmer should know when he was to plough

Stonehenge and the Stars

and when to sow, and this information, it is urged, he obtained from his priests, who were his priests just because they could give him the information in question.

Of course we all know that our date for commencing our year is purely arbitrary, that the year did not always begin on January 1 and that it might be made to begin on almost any day. And, in fact, Sir Norman shows that, if his hypothesis is correct, different years were employed by different races, each determined by the arrangements of the heavens, but each depending upon a different way of looking at them. Thus he says:

If we study the civilizations of Egypt, we find that, so far as we know, one of the first peoples who used this principle of orientation for agricultural purposes was some tribe that came down the Nile about 6,400 years B.C. They used the star Canopus, and their determination was that of the autumnal equinox, which practically was the time when the Nile began to go down and when their sowing might begin. There was another race who, instead of being interested in the sun, and therefore in agriculture, at the time of the autumnal equinox were interested in the year about the time of Easter as well. This race built the Pyramids about 4,000 B.C. . . . There were others, who at Thebes started the solstitial worship—that is to say the worship of the sun at Midsummer—and at Memphis in May, so as to enable them to go on with their agricultural operations with greater certainty.

And further, with regard to England, he thinks that in various times there has been a

farmer's year beginning in the month of May; we have had another farmer's year beginning in the month of August; we have had another farmer's year beginning at the longest day; and it appears that the year beginning at the longest day was really the last year to be introduced. So that while we have in Stonehenge a solstitial temple—that is to say, a temple to make observations of the length of the year by observing the rise of the sun on the longest day of the year—in other parts of England there were other temples observing the sun, not on June 21, but early in May and early in August.

The thesis which has thus briefly been explained is developed at great length and with much minuteness of observation in the book whose title is set at the head of

Stonehenge and the Stars

this article, a book which also diverges into folk-lore considerations which cannot be dealt with *hic et nunc*. Respecting the main theory, however, this much may be said, that it is perfectly obvious that the sun, moon and stars form some of the most natural objects of worship to any primitive race unprovided with the knowledge of the Creator of those bodies, and that, as a matter of fact, the worship of these bodies has been and is the religion of many races. Hence, there is no inherent improbability, certainly no impossibility, that the circles and other similar objects in England and elsewhere were erected for the worship of the sun and stars.

Further we must admit, with Professor Gowland, that it is almost impossible to suppose that the collocation of stones at Stonehenge and their relation to the rising sun at the time of the summer solstice is the result of mere chance. But if it is not the result of mere chance, then it must have had a meaning, and that meaning may well have been that which Sir Norman Lockyer has postulated. On the other hand it is quite clear that it may not, but that the path of the sun on the day in question may have had some symbolical and esoteric meaning to those who erected the monument, quite apart from any utilitarian motive connected with agricultural operations. Nor, certainly, is there any proof that whatever kind of priesthood may have existed amongst these shadowy predecessors of other races in England owed its existence to the knowledge which its members possessed of the seasons and their power, and consequently, of telling when certain agricultural labours should be undertaken. Nor, again, in our opinion, is there any kind of evidence that many, perhaps any, of the dolmens were ever star or sun observatories for similar purposes, since their orientation seems to us to have depended far more probably upon some religious motive than on any other.

Those who have paid any attention to folk-lore—and these considerations may be judged to belong in some measure to the domain of that fascinating branch of study—will not have failed to note that there are dominant fashions there as in other and more mundane affairs.

Stonehenge and the Stars

Just now the solar theory of monuments is such a fashion, but it may find itself replaced some day by another, as it has supplanted the snake theory and the horticultural theories of other writers.

At the same time the evidence in connexion with Stonehenge and with some other circles is so strong that it will require a great deal of proof to the contrary to show that they were not connected in some way with the worship of the sun, whatever may have been the special significance of the peculiar method of orientation followed in each.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

SAINT DOMINIC AND SAINT FRANCIS

A Parallel

THE return to the Middle Ages, which was the chief note of the *Romanticism* of the last century, has issued at length in a certain sympathy, imperfect but sincere, with the medieval saint, the last of the medievals to receive recognition. Knight and lady, student, monk and friar, with many another Chaucerian type, grave and gay, have been long familiar in history and romance, but the saint, even when more than a name, remained a type apart, a figure in the background, a marionette moved by some conventional bundle of motives, rather than a person. To this type ordinary men and women, full though they might be of warm, throbbing sympathy with human thought and effort, could vouchsafe no full understanding. The modern mind turned with a certain disgust and shrinking from the Saint as from something wholly alien, but now at length men are beginning to realize that there is not only a psychology of saintship, but a psychology of the saints, and that from the study of their lives a host of interesting, human and beautiful things may be gleaned.

More especially has it been given to us to see something of the strength and sweetness of saintship in the most popular of medieval saints in these latter days, St Francis of Assisi. Through St Francis many men and women have been introduced for the first time to some intimacy with a saint, to some knowledge of the detail of a saintly life and insight into its spirit. And this is well. But is the St Francis so enthusiastically and generously honoured as hero and patron by thousands to-day the true St Francis, the poor brown-frocked friar who loved and lived, nay flamed out, his life on the hill-sides of Umbria? Or is it not rather some Pygmalion image which the times have moulded to their fantasy, and then fallen down and adored? The true St Francis was greater and smaller than this image of him

St Dominic and St Francis

which the moderns have set up; greater in many ways, smaller in this, that he is often seen and understood as a man apart,* and not as one of a company of men and women sharing his spirit at least in some degree.

It would be an ungracious and ungrateful task to attempt to belittle by one jot the conception which the modern mind has made to itself of that wondrous personality, but to see things in proportion is necessary for full knowledge. The mysterious force of personality who shall explain? No psychologist may ever fathom it. Charm, that most elusive of things, dominates often, it would seem, unreasonably. One may question, hesitate, reflect, in absence, but in the presence of a great or lovely personality conscious reason is swallowed up in generous and grateful submission. And as it is with contemporary, so it is in some degree with historic personality. If the modern "medievalist" singles out St Francis of Assisi as the object of his admiration and love above all other medieval saints, he is not to be called upon to analyse his motives. If it is a sincere and serious affection, it owes no explanation more than does the bond which binds the soul of any human being to another in love. But let it be a sincere and understanding affection, and no mere fashionable sentiment. Let him see clearly the poor man of Assisi through the golden haze of dust and sunlight which rests upon the Umbrian hill town in summer. Let him see him with the dust upon him, begrimed with sweat and tears, let him realize St Francis as he was, an ascetic of ascetics, moved in this indeed by no scorn of that nature whose smallest children he loved, but none the less full of that spirit which in many another the modern voice has belittled and reviled.

Paradoxical though it may seem, one element in the attraction which St Francis has for us is his bodily beauty. He was, we are told, of mean stature, not comely, and so unattractive to the unseeing eye that on one occasion at least people withheld their alms from him and bestowed them rather on his companion, won to charity by the ruddy

* He was indeed a man apart in the sense in which the saint, the hero, the dedicated, must ever live lonelier than other men.

Saint Dominic and

beauty of the youth. Yet try as we will, we find it hard to believe that St Francis was ugly or deformed. The soul indeed worked upon the body and fashioned it into a rare beauty, having the qualities of some delicately moulded material, so that the Della Robbia image of the Saint in Santa Maria degli Angeli, with its wonderful fineness and pathos, seems to be much more than a portrait. It was the beauty, which, a glimpse obtained, men and women leave all to follow, the beauty of a fine asceticism.

But in his asceticism as in so much else St Francis was rather typical than unique. The strength and sweetness of it lay in the subordination of the flesh to the spirit, a harmonious yielding based like much of the asceticism of the Middle Ages on the due sense of proportion and the necessity of discipline not on any Manichean contempt for matter as an evil principle. The joy in sorrow, the sweetness of suffering, was not the discovery of St Francis, it was the contribution of the highest medieval thought to the philosophy of life, and modern thought has not wholly rejected it. As it was worked out by individuals, it took forms more or less sympathetic with modern taste, but the balance was in the direction of wisdom, and it is illogical to find attractive in one saint the very practices which seem peculiar, even contemptible in others. The asceticism of St Francis finds its reasoned justification in the ordered teachings of St Thomas Aquinas, as his love for bird and beast and for all the children of nature, is linked with the mysticism of St Bonaventure.

But it is not only his asceticism which St Francis has in common with the other great saints of the Church. His whole life unique in some ways is yet full of parallels with their history. In how many saints is to be found the same sudden "conversion" to the things of God, the all-consuming love and zeal when conversion has come, the strong agonies and warm joys of an intense spiritual life, the desire to give up all for God. His desire to evangelize, to bind unto himself disciples and fellow-workers in a single cause seems but the natural instinct of those who have realized once for all in the vivid way in which the saint does realize

Saint Francis

them the realities of their faith. The combination of the love of solitude with this desire to enlist others in the service of God has been the root idea of all the great religious Orders, and these have, in nearly all cases, been founded by saints. The sweetness of his intercourse with his brethren, the love which they bore him is the very seal of his sanctity, the testimony to that winning quality which has caused the name of many another saint to be venerated from generation to generation not only with reverence but with a filial and personal love. Even the external manifestations of his sanctity, his preachings and penance, his journeyings to and fro, were the outcome of an instinct always found in a certain type of saint. Some of his acts of eager humility, such as his nursing of the leprous, were always characteristic of thirteenth-century saints, even royal saints like St Louis of France and St Elizabeth of Hungary.

The modern tendency has been to neglect all this, to isolate St Francis, to ignore rather than deny that he was in many ways typical of the highest life in the Church in all ages but especially in his own day. Conscious attempts have even been made to contrast the spirit of St Francis with the spirit of the Church. This can only be at the expense of historical proportion and cannot add any real lustre to the name of one of the most loyal children of the Church.

Perhaps the best method of illustrating the tendency there has been to distort the personality of St Francis through isolation will be to note some of the conventional traditions which have grown up round the history of the Franciscan Order and its founder. The snare of all historical study is the too ready acceptance of traditional views, and perhaps no tradition had been received with less questioning by students of medieval things than the conventional contrast between the enthusiastic, mystical, unpractical Friars Minor and the scholarly Preaching Brothers, men of religion, true, but men of keen insight also, ever bringing the ideal to the touchstone of the actual. For the most part men are ready to praise the "saner" ideal, but their hearts go out to the noble failure which the early Francis-

Saint Dominic and

can ideal is said to represent. There is a certain superficial truth in this tradition. By their words, as by their works, ye shall know them. It is in the literature of the two Orders that the contrast is strongest, the contrast represented by the positions of St Bonaventure and St Thomas in medieval letters. St Thomas was indeed styled the "angelical" teacher because of the profundity of his knowledge, but a just instinct gave the title of "seraphic" doctor to St Bonaventure, whose name has become almost synonymous with all that is best in medieval mysticism. The name of St Thomas stands for the ordered and subtle arrangement and completion of the vast mass of philosophic and theological science which was the gift of the twelfth century to the thirteenth, and thus it stands for the highest intellectual achievement of the thirteenth century, while the name of St Bonaventure immediately suggests the obscurer though no less daring flights into the rarified atmosphere of mystical experience. The line of separation was not by any means maintained throughout the latter Middle Ages; but the tradition remained, and very characteristic tendencies may be discerned in the two great schools of philosophic thought formed by the Franciscan and Dominican teachers, the great rival schools between which endless controversy raged. It would be venturesome to attempt to sum up the subtle reasonings on either side, but to the lay mind, at any rate, the balance in the matter of clear, cold reasoning seems to lie with the Dominicans and the Thomistic tradition, while a more fanciful element seems to run through the arguments of the Franciscan Schoolmen.

Again, in a quite other branch of medieval literature the Franciscans represent what is most lyrical and intense in medieval hymnology, while the Dominicans seem to carry with them even here the very spirit of the schools. The contrast cannot be better illustrated than by the *Dies Ire* of Thomas Celano and the *Pange Lingua* of St Thomas Aquinas, each supreme of its kind.*

* In the writings of even so untypical (in some ways) a Franciscan as Archbishop Peckham, the true Franciscan touch appears. Witness the delightfully tender lines addressed to the infant Jesus, beginning:

Saint Francis

Of course it is easy to exaggerate contrasts of this kind. The claim to the authorship of many medieval hymns, even the *Dies Irae* itself, has been bandied from the one Order to the other, and there is often much uncertainty; but it is a significant and perhaps a just instinct which in the absence of complete evidence attributes to a Franciscan origin hymns such as the *Stabat Mater*, the hymns of "feeling," as compared with the Dominican hymns of dogma. The contrast really lies in the addition in the Dominican hymns of this dogmatic element, worked in with supreme craftsmanship so as not to detract in the least from the sweetness and melody, often the intense lyricism, of many masterpieces of religious poetry; where the Franciscan is content to aspire or narrate, the Dominican, true to his tradition, concerns himself also with the theological aspect of any subject he may treat.

So much for the contrast between the literary work of the two Orders. The very existence of a Franciscan literature, however, illustrates the tendency to approximation. In St Bonaventure himself is found the union of the "intellectual" attitude of the Dominicans with the "mystical" spirit of the Franciscans, while a distinct mystical vein developed in the Dominican Order, as may be seen in the life of Blessed Henry Suso or St Catherine of Siena so fitly bearing Blessed Raymond of Capua's application to her of the words of the Apocalypse, "I saw an angel descending from heaven having the key of the abyss." Catherine indeed, inherited the practical ability of her father, St Dominic, and used it to make history, but she appears also pre-eminently in art and legend as the mystic spouse of Christ.

From the beginning, though there was always a real difference between the ideals and spirit of the two Orders, they had much in common. Even in the lifetime of St Francis the complete *abandon* of his early ideal was giving way to the pressure of external circumstance. He himself

O prædulcis parvule, puer sine pari
Felix cui datum est te nunc amplexari,
Pedes, manus lambere, flentem consolari
Tuis in obsequiis jugiter morari.

Saint Dominic and

might close his eyes to the all-pervading intellectual movement of the century, but his followers could not resist the fascination of the schools.

After all the friars, grey or black, made much the same impression on their contemporaries. In Matthew Paris it is the Franciscans, in the chronicle of Burton the Dominicans, who bring unpopularity on themselves by striving to stem the tide of vengeance on the Jews for their crucifixion of little St Hugh of Lincoln in 1255. Or again, Peckham, the Franciscan Archbishop of Canterbury, sends equal numbers of friars from both Orders throughout his diocese to supplement, by their preaching and teaching, the work of the parish priests.

A careful reading of the early history of the two Orders tends to show that the contrast between them has been over-emphasized. And as it has been with the Orders, so also with their founders. The names of Dominic and Francis are linked inevitably together, but oftenest, perhaps, for the purpose of contrast. They are regarded as quite different types, the one the complement of the other perhaps; but the "Father of the Poor" can have little, if anything, in common with the "Hammer of Heretics." Even to a student of the Middle Ages like Paul Sabatier, the resemblance which a closer study must detect is due to a somewhat "*banal*" imitation of St Francis by his more commonplace contemporary. This view is a singular example of a spurious tradition triumphing over historical fact. It is not, indeed, put forward without show of justification, but the evidence for it is of a very slight and accidental sort while it has complete psychological and historical unlikelihood. In contrast it can be shown that St Francis had very much in common with St Dominic, as also with the great band of men and women upon whom the Church has set the seal of sainthood.

The association of the Dominican Order with the Inquisition has been responsible for the sinister associations which have clung for so long to the name of Dominic; and though history has not failed to declare that St Dominic met the heresy against which he strove with spiritual weapons alone, the old impression still lingers on, an im-

Saint Francis

pression almost ludicrous to those who know anything of the Saint as he really was. True, Dominic had always something of proud Spain's chivalry about him; its dignity clung to him, and yet in simplicity he was not surpassed by the tradesman's son of Assisi. Already a priest and a canon before his "call," he had an ecclesiastical dignity alien to St Francis with his simpler, not to say cruder, traditions. Again, St Francis had never felt the fascination of books, and perhaps this is one reason for the wideness of his appeal. The "people" are ever ready to pay a certain tribute of respect to scholars, but in the nature of things it is not sympathy. St Dominic was a scholar, St Francis a man of the people.

But how far did the obvious contrast go? Did not common aims and feelings give to the emotional Italian and the stately Spaniard a character in which lesser differences were merged? The agony of love which transformed St Francis is known to all, the love which brought him into an ecstasy of charity towards man and beast and every creature, the love which burnt into soul and body the marks of the passion of Christ. What is less known is that St Dominic too had the "gift of tears," that he also was consumed, not only by zeal in the cause of the Church, but by a tender, sensible love for all creatures. Like the love of St Francis himself Dominic's charity was not altogether a natural gift. Both prayed that this intensity of love might be given to them, as it was in abundance. From the days when, as a student in the Castilian University of Palencia, Dominic sold not only his clothes and property but even his beloved books to feed the famished poor, or with the very ecstasy of love offered to sell himself to the Moors to ransom the son of a poor woman, to the time when as head of a great religious Order he wept from heartache at the distress of a novice whom he had occasion to reprove, his life is full of tenderness and sympathy.

The sterner agony and sweet consolation of his spiritual life are witnessed by the long nights spent on the stone floors of churches in meditation before the altar on the mystery of things and the sins of men. Never would he

Saint Dominic and

sleep in a bed but always in a church wherever he might be, and three times each night he disciplined himself, "the first time for himself, the second for sinners and the third for the souls in purgatory"; when, overcome by fatigue, he had slept for a short space, he would start up and pray once more, and so the night passed away till the hour of Matins. Yet at midnight "he would softly visit the sleeping brethren and cover them up when he saw fit," an irresistible touch of human tenderness. In view of this long-formed habit of solitary watching, we can hardly, with Sabatier, regard the grotto at Segovia where, we are told, St Dominic on his return to Spain to sow his Order there, prayed by night with blood and tears, as a somewhat dramatic and conscious imitation of the sacred mount of la Vernia.

Not only have the resemblances between the two Saints been minimized, but the points of contrast have been exaggerated. St Dominic was a great organizer, St Francis was not. From the first the Preaching Friars looked towards Rome and adopted regular methods under papal approval, while the ideal of St Francis seems to have neglected organization as such. He seemed to fear the danger of routine. But the difference is not so great as at first appears. The *Fioretti*, that treasury of anecdote, is witness of this. St Francis by no means despised all discipline. In the community which he ruled the common monastic distribution of offices was observed, though on a certain day Fra Masseo, to try his patience and humility, might be bidden to be door-keeper, almoner and cook all in one. "And Fra Masseo drew on his capuce and bowed his head and humbly received and followed this command." But the Saint, satisfied, and at the desire of the brethren, relieved him and "distributed the offices with great charity." St Francis, mystic though he was, had all the instincts of a master of novices.

His zeal also for the ordinary disciple and doctrine of the Church is apt to fall into the background. Naturally the Franciscan biographers emphasized the less common traits of his character. Certain things they take as matter of course, but the result might be to deceive the uncritical.

Saint Francis

From the pages of the *Fioretti* itself, however, it can be seen how St Francis regulated his ascetic practice in conformity with the times and seasons laid down by the Church. The true servant of God, "because he was in some things as another Christ," fasted during the forty days of Lent on an isle in the lake of Perugia, eating, however, half a loaf lest the parallel being complete he might prove presumptuous.* It was while keeping the "Lent of St Michael" that St Francis received the crowning joy and sorrow of the Stigmata.

What might be termed the "orthodox" side of St Francis—did not the term sound a little invidious?—comes out in his anxiety that due reverence should be shown to the Blessed Sacrament, and for not only cleanliness and decency but beauty and richness in the vessels and linen of the altar—moved in this by piety towards "Him whom daily we receive." Nowhere is this "orthodox" side of St Francis better illustrated than in his importunate petitioning to Pope Honorius III for the indulgence of the Portiuncula. Formerly an attempt was made to dissociate the name of the Saint from the indulgence, but in the light of documentary evidence the attempt has perforce been abandoned. The men who hated to acknowledge the zeal for so characteristically a Catholic practice on the part of the Saint, whom they had represented as at least indifferent to many of the Church's methods and institutions, have had to be content to minimize as best they might the anxiety of St Francis to obtain this great boon for sinners. His answer to the question of the Pope as to the length of time for which the indulgence should be granted, "I ask not for days but for souls," will naturally be interpreted, as the Pope himself understood it, as a request for a plenary indulgence, but

*The note of humility suggests another parallel between the two Saints: St Dominic when approaching a town, after his long and weary journeyings on foot, was wont to quench his thirst at some wayside spring, lest the people, seeing him so parched, might guess at the extent of his fatigue and praise his labours. Again a "Franciscan note" appears in the utter disregard with which the Saint wore a ragged tunic shortened to the knees through the people's anxiety to obtain pieces of his garment in remembrance of him.

Saint Dominic and

it has been perversely quoted as illustrating the antinomian attitude of the Saint. The same spirit has been manifested in attempts to prove that St Francis had a complete aversion to the organization of his Order. Some parts of his various rules are said to have been wrung from him as it were by violence, but he was no weakling to accept uncritically, and the provisions and wording of his rules show much power of organization.

All this to show that St Francis had his practical side as St Dominic also his softer traits of character.

The fact that the two Saints and their Orders have much in common is illustrated by their "legends." Over against the naive Italian of the *Fioretti* may be placed the simple thirteenth-century Latin of the *Vita Fratrum* of Gerard de Frachet.

To some the Dominican "legend" would seem less poetic and convincing than the Franciscan. It were truer to say that its poetry is of another mould. St Francis and his early disciples have all the poetry of the Umbrian scenery round them; the poetry of the Dominican legend is that of the dim church at evening, at the hour of Compline, or the singing of the *Salve Regina*. Its romance circles round the figure of our Lady to whom the Order ever paid a special devotion, a peculiarly tender and chivalrous sentiment.

It was in the time of Blessed Jordan of Saxony, second Master General of the Order, that the solemn procession during the singing of the *Salve Regina*—a special feature of Compline according to the Dominican rite—was instituted, and the legend tells of frequent apparitions of our Lady at this hour. Once she came with "a throng of heavenly citizens" as the brethren approached the Lady altar; and as the words, "O sweet Virgin Mary," were sung, she bowed to them in turn and gave her blessing. Or again she is seen "a queenly dame accompanied by a troop of maidens" passing through the dormitory by night, and sprinkling the cells and beds and persons of the brethren with holy water.

Her loving protection of the brethren freed them from

Saint Francis

many an attack of Satan, who was indeed to these early friars a ravening wolf and a cunning enemy, not always content with spiritual temptations, but often inflicting physical injury. To the friars of both Orders the fiend was a "cruel beast," often appearing in visible form.

Again, the subtler temptations, which so often assailed the novices, the looking back to the pleasures and joys of secular life, are much the same in the *Vita* and *Fioretti*, as are the methods and motives by which youths of high birth and delicate nurture are persuaded still to keep their hands to the plough.

In the pages of Gerard de Frachet many "Franciscan" notes appear. He shows that one of the brethren at least (not St Dominic, but his first biographer Blessed Jordan of Saxony) possessed that peculiar power over animals which St Francis had. True, there is no such minute and elaborate picture as that of the reasonings of St Francis with the wild wolf of Agobio; but some fascination in him made the wild ferrets which he met on the road willing to be tamed and caressed by Jordan, and the brethren told how a beautiful white weasel which had escaped to its lair came forth again at his bidding that he might admire and caress it. Blessed Jordan had a great joyfulness in common with the first Franciscans in England, with whom he had very intimate relations. He sometimes even scandalized the pious by the exuberance of his glee. Indeed, cheerfulness was ever a note of the Dominican Order, true in this to the spirit of its founder.

Perhaps enough has been said to indicate in some slight way the numerous points of contact between the two most characteristic institutions of the thirteenth century, and more especially to suggest the qualifications with which the conventional contrast between their founders should be accepted. The contrast is less than has been represented, and yet the resemblance is not that of mere imitation. To the impartial student of the thirteenth century St Dominic must appeal with somewhat of the same strength as St Francis does. He will realize that a certain bias and tradition have tended to distort the facts. He will distrust the

St Dominic and St Francis

attitude of mind which can regard the legend of the Saint as "slow to form" and "encumbered with a spurious supernaturalism" in the face of the life of St Dominic written by Blessed Jordan himself.

Nor will he regard as very serious the fact that St Francis was canonized amidst the clamourings of the people within two years of his death, while St Dominic had to wait twelve years before the Church proclaimed his sanctity. He will conclude perhaps that, as Blessed Jordan says, the delay was due to the humility of these first preaching friars, content to admire and love and imitate the virtues of their founder, whilst biding patiently their official recognition.

A truer and more understanding devotion will be paid to St Francis when, side by side with the Poverello of Assisi, shall be honoured with a like passion of love Dominic, the child of proud Castile, with the musical voice and slender hands and the great light upon his brow.

THE INFLATION OF ASSESSMENT

I Na paper recently published by *The Contemporary Review* I attempted to sketch the general causes which render Direct Taxation more and more onerous as the economic complexity of the State develops, to show why the limits of such taxation are so soon reached in a highly developed community, and why a given proportion of Direct Taxation becomes harder and harder to collect as the commercial activities of a country increase. That it does so become is the plainest of all historic lessons: every high civilization has suffered from, some have broken under, the difficulty of gathering Direct Taxes after a certain degree of complexity had been reached by society. I pointed out that England was undoubtedly now entering this perilous phase of a nation's existence, and that the discussion of its causes was therefore of immediate and practical value.

These causes may be enumerated under three main categories. *The Mentality of the Payer*, who is more and more inclined to Indirect, less and less to Direct Taxation as economic society develops; *Inequality of Assessment*, which grows necessarily graver as economic activities grow more numerous and varied; and, finally, the *Inflation of Assessment*.

This last cause, the Inflation of Assessment, is the most important to us at the present moment, both because it has been less studied than the first two and because it exercises a greater effect to-day than ever it has in the past. It is proposed in what follows to consider *Inflation of Assessment* alone, and that in more detail than was possible in the brief general sketch to which allusion has been made.

By *Inflation of Assessment* is meant the error by which the State tends to exaggerate the total amount of wealth present for taxation, and *assessment* is said to be *inflated* when the economic power distributed among the citizens of a State is less than that which the Government, in levying its tax, presumes to exist.

It is evident that where such an error prevails, Direct

The Inflation of Assessment

Taxation imposes a burden heavier than that which it pretends to impose. An estate owning a thousand sheep and subject to a death duty of one-tenth should pay but a hundred sheep on changing hands by inheritance. If from some misconception of actual conditions the thousand sheep are believed by the State to be fifteen hundred, if the State, by the ill-working of an involved calculation, assesses the estate at fifteen hundred sheep when really but a thousand are present, then the nominal duty is in fact increased by one-half. If the State is so far in error as to presume the presence of two thousand sheep, the tax is in fact doubled, and it is clear that as the error in assessment increases the same nominal percentage of toll becomes in practice an increasing burden.

So put, in terms of a single case in some primitive society where the flock could be counted and tithed, the error is elementary, easily to be detected, and the chances of its having effect are negligible; but when one inquires into the nature of Assessment in a complicated society, one soon perceives not only that such an error *may* arise, but that it *must* arise. It *may* arise from certain factors (such as "the distinction between material and immaterial wealth," "the scale of proportionate demand," etc.) with which we shall not here be concerned. It *must* arise from causes more immediate and more easily discernible, and it is these causes which I here propose to examine and define.

I say first that there must be an inflation of Assessment under all save the simplest conditions of Direct Taxation; later, as the thesis is proved, it will be seen that this inflation must vary directly with the complexity of the conditions in which the Assessment is made.

Direct Taxation is that system of Taxation which regards the person controlling economic power, while Indirect Taxation regards the things to which economic values are attached. When the State taxes Indirectly, it says: "Here is an article—tobacco, for instance, or beer—take it or leave it. But if you take it, rich or poor, whoever you are, you must hand me over so much." When the State taxes Directly, it says to one of its citizens, if it is taxing income:

The Inflation of Assessment

"You have a yearly effective demand of such and such a capacity, and such and such a portion of that demand you shall transfer to me"; or again, if it is taxing property, it says: "You are possessed of values to such and such an amount, and such and such a proportion you shall transfer to me."

In any condition of society, therefore, save in the very simplest, Direct Taxation must involve what is known as *Assessment*: that is, a computation of general and abstract economic power as distinguished from a simple enumeration of things; and even in the simplest some measure of abstraction enters in.

One can, indeed, imagine a theoretical society in which one family should be possessed of so many oxen, so many measures of wheat, etc., and no more: another of similar objects in some different amount, and no more. In such a society the community might conceivably tax upon a basis of simple enumeration and simple proportionate payment in kind. It might say to the individual citizen: "You have a hundred oxen; my levy is one-tenth. Give me ten oxen. You have fifteen measures of corn; my levy is one-tenth. Give me a measure and a half of corn." But these theoretical conditions of simple enumeration and direct proportionate payment in kind have not, and never could have had, actual existence, and that for three reasons.

First, because some considerable categories of wealth must always have remained indivisible in kind; e.g., a man's house: a man could not hand over one-tenth of his house.

Secondly, because the State, however primitive, can never make full and proper use of mere payment in kind—it needs a system of payments convertible into objects useful to itself. Thus, if the State wants to build a ship, it would rather have readily exchangeable tokens of wealth to pay for labour and material than receive a quantity of oxen or cloth to be tardily and clumsily exchanged for timber and the services of shipwrights.

Finally, because no human society would, in fact, remain in such a condition even if it could conceivably so exist for a moment. There would necessarily arise, as an historic fact

The Inflation of Assessment

there have been always present, other factors in individual wealth. Obligations are entered into which mature in time, and add prospectively to the wealth of one or take prospectively from the wealth of another. Existing values are offered in exchange for mere expectations. Particular portions of wealth are subjected to conventions which divide its value between various individuals: as when land is subjected to a servitude.

I repeat, then, that in any condition of society Direct Taxation cannot be imposed without some abstract computation of the economic position of the person taxed; a computation expressed in terms of general purchasing power and not in terms of particular things. Thus we say, "So-and-so has £1,000 a year and shall pay £50 a year in income-tax." By which we do not mean that a thousand material sovereigns are paid to him during the course of a year and that he must, of these, hand over fifty at the end to the State; but that he is possessed of a general purchasing power which is expressed in amount and time, under our present conditions of currency, at the figure "£1,000 a year." We know roughly what that abstract purchasing power stands for in our society, and we determine that one-twentieth of such general purchasing power can without injustice, and shall, be abandoned by him and conveyed to the community for public purposes. The State in making the assessment cares nothing for the objects to which he might have directed this "potential demand." He might be spending the whole £1,000 a year in plain food to be given to the poor, or the whole of it on one picture; the State is concerned only with the general economic power possessed by the individual.

Now Assessment being thus divorced, and necessarily divorced, from existing things, suffers, and necessarily suffers, two forms of error: and each form, as necessarily, exaggerates the total economic power present for assessment.

The first form of error inherent in this general or abstract computation of wealth may be called *Multiple Assessment*.

The second form of error inherent in this general or

The Inflation of Assessment

abstract computation of wealth may be called the *Assessment of Imaginaries*.

A *Multiple Assessment* is the assessment of the same portion of real wealth over and over again.

The *Assessment of an Imaginary* is the assessment of a statement that certain wealth exists which is, in fact, non-existent.

Thus, an extreme example of *Multiple Assessment* would exist in the case of a man who should give his whole income over regularly to a friend in charity, his friend to another in charity, and so forth, each person through whose hands it passed being assessed at its full amount. An extreme example of the *Assessment of Imaginaries* would exist in the case of a man who, for some purpose of ostentation or fraud, should return his income at a large figure when, as a fact, he was in receipt of nothing. But these extreme examples, which are but chosen by way of illustration, are as unlikely as they are irrelevant. Multiple and imaginary assessment attach in a very real and, as I shall show, in a necessary way to all abstract computations of economic power, however practical and minute.

I. MULTIPLE ASSESSMENT

How does Multiple Assessment appear in any abstract computation of economic power? It appears through the interdependence of the various units whose separate economic power is separately assessed; and though every attempt be made by a series of exceptions and safeguards to eliminate this factor of error, some portion of it must remain.

If we imagine a family completely self-contained, producing and consuming all it needs, and if we imagine that family assessed and taxed as one unit, we imagine a condition which eliminates this factor or error. But the moment interdependent units are separately assessed, Multiple Assessment appears. To appreciate the truth of this, eliminate the checks and rebates by which every system of Direct Taxation attempts to palliate the evil, and next observe how partial the effect of such palliation must always be.

A man with an income of £20,000 a year pays £10,000 in

The Inflation of Assessment

allowance to children in separate establishments. If no inquiry be permitted into the source of income, and if a tax of a twentieth be demanded upon each establishment, the father's, then the children's, an actual tax of one-fifteenth will be paid. The assessment has been inflated by half as much again as its true amount. Again, a man pays one quarter of his total productive—and consuming—power to his landlord. That quarter, if no rebate is allowed, appears again in the landlord's income and a tax of one-twentieth on the man's assessment becomes a tax of one-sixteenth on the wealth really present. When a man pays salaries to those whose services terminate in him, as to secretaries, then if both the source and the receipts are assessed, whatever portion he so spends suffers, if no exceptions exist, Multiple Assessment. All payment for an article superior to the total cost of production of that article in wages, material and current interest, like all transfer of economic power by inattention, waste or misfortune, involves a Multiple Assessment, save where the case is considered and exemption allowed—thus where a £1,000 a year is spent on luxuries and £500 more than the full cost of production of these luxuries is expended, the payer will have no relief on such a plea as extravagance or ignorance; he pays on the full £1,000 though he has had but £500 worth of true values, and the recipients of his bounty pay on their enhanced incomes also, though no second £500 has been created by their fraud. The whole expenditure of the wealthier classes in a community is affected by this consideration.

In general, every mutation of economic power between such units of the State as are separately assessed, every payment back and forth, involves a corresponding Multiple Assessment, and the enormous error so created is relieved to the extent, and only to the extent, in which the State recognizes that error, follows it to its source and attempts to eliminate it by a system of exemptions. It is even true that such an operation as the conduct of a great factory would, but for the scrutiny of motive and capacity admitted by the State, and the large exemptions allowed by it, be the cause of Multiple Assessment on a gross and

The Inflation of Assessment

ruinous scale. It is only because all wages and salaries below a certain high level are exempt, because the State is careful to consider nothing but pure profit as taxable in the master, because it fully allows for every banking transaction and for every portion of productive expenditure that a system of Direct Taxation has not crippled modern industry, as a similar system crippled the less-involved productive powers of antiquity.

Here it is important to consider a point which, if it were omitted, might confuse the reader or weaken my argument.

As a fact the greater part—very much the greater part—of Multiple Assessment is provided against by the common sense of mankind. In this country, where, on account of our active commercial conditions, the danger of Multiple Assessment is greater, and the attachment to Direct Taxation more firm, than perhaps in any other, it has been most largely provided against. All that expenditure which is necessary to production is supposed to be protected from assessment.* An elaborate arrangement of payments exempted from assessment is devised and constantly added to as our economic life increases in complexity; a very large and continually increasing exemption is granted to the smaller incomes. It must be admitted that all but a small fraction of Multiple Assessment is prevented. If the root formula were rigorously applied to modern England: that "every mutation of economic power between the separate economic units of the State involves, where all are assessed and directly taxed, an increment of Multiple Assessment," then Direct Taxation would be levied on a supposed wealth many hundred times superior to that actually present, and the smallest proportionate levy of Direct Taxation—a mere penny in the pound—would be intolerable.

No such calamity has befallen us. It is none the less true that, with all our safeguards, Multiple Assessment exists; and that though the amount escaping exemption is but a very small fraction of what might be present, it bears a very large proportion to the total amount of wealth assessed for Direct Taxation. All rents that are not allowed

* The rating of machinery is an anomalous exception.

The Inflation of Assessment

to be for "business," all the luxurious expenditure of that wealthy class which disposes of more than a third of the annual national income, all waste in that class, all loss by misjudgement (when it is loss from income) is liable to the error which I here deal with. All Multiple Assessment not disputed, though provided against by law, all allowances unappealed against, and the rest, all, or most, small debts repaid out of current expenditure, provide this category of error with material for its exercise; and though it is not possible to estimate the exact amount of the Inflation in assessment so produced, it suffices to consider the nature of our society to appreciate how considerable this source of misconception may be.

My purpose, however, is not here to consider the particular conditions of this country. It is sufficiently clear that, with every precaution, Multiple Assessment must remain a necessary fault attached to any system of Direct Taxation, and one the remedies to which in exemptions must always lag behind the increasing activities of the State.

II. ASSESSMENT OF IMAGINARIES

THE next source of error is more serious. It consists in what I have called "The Assessment of Imaginaries."

The Assessment of an Imaginary I have defined as the Assessment of a statement that wealth exists, where, as a fact, no wealth is to be found.

In what ways is such an error admitted, and inevitably admitted, into any scheme of assessment?

In two main ways, which, apart from certain minor accidents, cover the field of inquiry. The first is the admission of *Speculative Values*; the second, the admission of *Values presumed by mutual credit*. I will deal with each in turn.

1. *Speculative Values*. As to speculative values. It is an admitted part of man's economic effort that he presupposes achievement: upon this attitude of mind, indeed, is all his economic energy dependent. Derived from that presupposition is the excess of value placed upon the opportunity for future gain. That excess is always and necessarily present. It is true that in many cases the actual results of a

The Inflation of Assessment

venture are greater than its promoters expected, but not only are such cases, though numerous, rare in proportion to their opposites, they are also liable at various stages of their success to suggest hopes higher even than those they are capable of fulfilling. In one way and another there is always, on a number of years and spread over a number of ventures, a very large preponderance towards the inflation of expected results in the investment of capital.

The truth of this may be seen in the case most open to exact examination: the case of a lottery. The prizes are publicly proclaimed; their total amount as compared with the sum to be subscribed may be calculated in a moment. The total number of tickets is published; it suffices to divide the sum of the prizes by the total number of the tickets issued to discover what precise chance, mathematically certain, each ticket may have of obtaining a given share of the prize-money. Nevertheless, it will invariably be found that men will pay from three to twenty times the exact and ascertained value of such shares, and that, if some one large prize be offered, even these inflated values may be exceeded.

This process is apparent in every investment with the exception of those in which the investor demands security *alone*; and even here a citizen who has put his money into consols for the very sake of security will more readily risk that credit in a "forward" commercial policy or a commercial war than, upon equal chances, withdraw from the gamble.

When, therefore, the State enregisters speculative values upon a large scale and over many years, it is invariably registering, over and above wealth really present, a certain considerable margin of imaginary wealth which has no existence. By an obvious paradox the opportunity for future enjoyment has a market value to the owner, at a moment when its true, nay its ascertainable value to the community in actual wealth is either out of proportion *less* than the quoted value, or even actually non-existent.

Let me cite as an example the expectations which the late Mr Rhodes conveyed, or, to use his own term, unloaded upon the governing classes of this country. Mr Rhodes

The Inflation of Assessment

obtained by certain methods from the Cabinet of the day a monopoly in the future production of a great tract of land in South Africa. He printed upon a number of pieces of paper characters which gave, to the holders of such paper, a proportionate share in this expected wealth—when it should accrue—such shares to be guaranteed by the full political and military power of Great Britain which happened to be at his service. For many years his dupes continued to exchange these pieces of paper at good prices. The prices fell: from £5 and more at which a single share could once be sold they fell to one; but even to-day those pieces of paper, the value of which is exactly nothing, will fetch some 13s. to 15s. from the sanguine. How much have not these Imaginaries paid to the Treasury? They were mainly unloaded upon aged men and wealthy men subject to high death duties; they have been hawked up and down the world for now sixteen years and more. It is certain that in the duties of inheritance alone these pieces of paper have already paid their full price of issue. That story is true of all the millions that annually disappear in the gambling of the exchanges. Of those lost millions but a very small proportion represents a loss of actual wealth; but a very large proportion of the fictitious remainder is called upon to furnish real wealth to the revenue.

Nor does speculative value attach to such ventures alone. It is or has been present in most rents paid for urban sites, in the sums paid, and assessed, in expectation of a renewal of monopolies, and in every kindred speculation. To give two glaring examples: the speculative value registered recently in the expectation of renewal of licences alone is equal to one year's rental of the land of Great Britain. To what real wealth does that correspond? The value of London sites is from a seventh to an eighth of that of all England. Will anyone pretend that London affords a true Ricardian rental equivalent to this? That London affords a special opportunity for the production of wealth in that proportion?

In a word, speculative values contain a proportion of *Imaginaries*, they affirm the existence of wealth which, as

The Inflation of Assessment

a fact, does not exist. Yet, in assessment, both non-existent and existent are reckoned, and the one is added to the other.

2. *The Presumption of Mutual Credit.* As for these imaginary values which are *presumed in the operations of mutual credit*, an ideal example will discover at once their nature and their importance.

Let A be indebted in £10,000 to B and be receiving from B £400 a year as interest.

Let B be indebted in £10,000 to C and be receiving from C £400 a year as interest.

Let C be indebted in £10,000 to A and be receiving from A £400 a year as interest.

Here the State has present for assessment three investments of capital of £10,000 each, amounting in all to £30,000; it has also present for assessment three annual incomes of £400 each, making in all £1,200. Yet there is no wealth present! The £30,000 worth of "capital" does not exist; the £1,200 a year of income is not earned—it is not there.

The example thus stated for the sake of simplicity could not, of course, exist in practice. The most primitive scheme would allow rebate for such unproductive interest, and even without that an exact triple coincidence in the sum owned and an ignorance of each person as to the relations of the other two, where so obvious a transaction was in question, could not be maintained. The mutual debt would be "cleared," that is, cancelled out, and the nominal incomes extinguished.

But though the example is an ideal one it is a paradigm of a feature continually present in commerce and finance; most business men become, through a long chain of transactions, in part their own creditors and help to pay that revenue which, in another capacity, they receive.

One has but to specify the interests involved and to consider varied concrete investments made by a body of men to see how wide a margin of imaginary wealth may be put under assessment.

Thus, let A be the ground landlord of a bank in which

The Inflation of Assessment

B is a partner. Let the bank advance money to C, the owner of a shooting let to D; lastly, let D be some one possessed of a life charge on A's estate.

Then, here is D paying rent to C for his shooting; C paying interest to B on his bank-advance, B paying ground-rent to A, and A in turn making his quarterly payment to D who, a little later, pays C his next season's rent, and so forth, in a perpetual chain.

Behind all this circulation of credit there is real wealth, just as, behind cheques, paper money and bills there is metal; but in every system of assessment there is, compared with the real wealth present, a proportion of imaginary wealth, presumed by the system of mutual credit upon which all commerce must be based, and this proportion may be indefinitely expanded. The modern commercial world in particular is not a series of small circles in which cancelling arrangements can easily take place; it is one vast system of credits reliant each upon all the others, perpetually exchanging investment against investment and living, as by a circulation of the blood, upon a perpetual circulation of acknowledgements of credit mutually received and given.

This process of the *Assessment of Imaginaries on the presumed values created by mutual credit*, is by far the most important factor, at this moment in this country, of the *Inflation of Assessment*.

I will leave it to a future and concluding paper to show how both these factors of error increase rapidly with the increasing complexity of an economic—especially a mercantile—community, and how, in conditions such as ours, the error is so large as to distract all calculations of the fisc.

H. BELLOC

MR BALFOUR ON DECADENCE

Decadence. Henry Sidgwick Memorial Lecture. By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.P. Cambridge. University Press. 1908.
The Key to the World's Progress. By Charles Stanton Devas. London: Longmans. 1906.

A GREAT deal of contemporary speculation on political philosophy as well as on theology assumes a law of indefinite progress, expressed by and summed up in the word "evolution." The assumption contains, along with the true facts which it embodies, so many fruitful sources of fallacy that we may welcome all careful contributions to its critical discussion. And it is very wholesome to be reminded—as we have been recently—by a great thinker and statesman that if we confine our attention to the region of the most practical and verifiable speculation—to the history of specific civilizations and communities—there is on the contrary an ascertainable law of decadence. This is the subject of Mr Balfour's recent address at Cambridge. The death of one man is no obstacle to the progress of the community of which he is a member; and so, too, the decadence of one civilization is not the decadence of the human race. The Roman Empire decayed; yet this was not the death of even Western civilization. There was plenty of vigour in the Christendom which reached its zenith in the thirteenth century. That, too, in its turn decayed. Its ideals ceased to stimulate the many, its institutions were superseded. Yet many of us would like to regard the Victorian era and the civilization represented in the British Empire of the nineteenth century as showing a more many-sided vigour than any of its predecessors. Still, such rebirth after decay or death depends on causes largely outside our ken. Its possibility must not be confused, as it often is, with the supposition of an indefinite law of progress in the actual civilization in which we live. That may decay as did the Roman and the medieval. The late Mr Devas, in his remarkable book, *The Key to the World's*

Mr Balfour on Decadence

Progress, to which we have before now called attention, pointed out that a good deal of loose thinking on the subject of progress arises from the supposition that an idea of "progress" which is in reality, however true, very vague, is more precise and unqualified in its implied beneficial results than it really is.

"Although we can apply the word progress to civilization as a whole [he writes], we can seldom say more than what is vague or uncertain. If we distinguish material from intellectual civilization, we can make our statements more precise; for example, that the Roman Empire of the second century after Christ showed in material civilization a great advance over the first century before Christ, but in intellectual civilization a decline; or that Spain in the first half of the seventeenth century compared to the second half of the fifteenth century displayed great progress intellectually (with her five stars in Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Velasquez, Murillo and Calderon), but retrogression materially. But if in either of these two instances we sought to determine whether in civilization as a whole there had been retrogression or progress, we should be met by the difficulty of having no common measure for comparing Roman roads with the poems of Virgil or for comparing a flourishing woollen manufactory with the pictures of Velasquez."

It would be instructive to compare in detail Mr Balfour's treatment of his theme with Mr Devas's. But from this attempt we must for the present refrain, for it would carry us very far. We shall limit ourselves to setting before our readers the main lines of Mr Balfour's argument and making thereon a few comments and supplementary observations. Mr Balfour's "tentative and interrogative" causerie owes much of its value to its very incompleteness. For completeness on such a subject nearly always means premature generalizations and a measure of special pleading on their behalf. There is, therefore, utility as well as "luxury," to use his own phrase, in "putting wide-ranging questions to which our ignorance forbids any confident reply."

Mr Balfour on Decadence

His lecture falls into two parts. The first is in its conclusion somewhat pessimistic. The lecturer maintains in it that as there is a law of inevitable "senescence" in the individual, so is there of "decadence" in communities. The second is more optimistic, and encourages us not to regard the inevitable doom of all civilizations as near at hand for ourselves. It indicates the lines on which a new exhibition of vitality and new scope for our vital powers in the twentieth century may be looked for—in proof that "senescence" and "decadence" are for us at least still a long way off. Senescence is not, he points out, a law inherent in life as such, for Weissmann has noted the fact that the simplest organisms know no old age, but perish by "accident, starvation or specific disease." But it is a law of the highest organisms, and even if we could understand its causes far more nearly than we do, "decadence" or "senility," like "life," are terms which we cannot dispense with—words for which we cannot find a substitute in the best possible explanations of their meaning (p. 32). The first part of the lecture may be, indeed, called a "defence of philosophic doubt" as to the causes of decadence, and perhaps its most interesting paragraphs are those in which the phenomena of the decadence of the Roman Empire are set forth with very fine perception—in a summary based evidently on a very careful examination and consideration of contemporary records and of the views of expert historians. Mr Balfour describes the position of the Empire in the middle of the second century, its almost unique equipment in military strength and economic prosperity, its extraordinary power of assimilating to its own life the various nations which became subject to its rule by conquest; and he contrasts with this the decay of power visible 150 years later—a decay of its inherent power—of energy, of vitality—for mere circumstances, external and internal were no less favourable.

The sketch of Roman prosperity is singularly interesting. Mr Balfour sums up what an intelligent "observer"—a favourite always among the dramatis personæ in his writings, as a third party interposing in the conversation

Mr Balfour on Decadence

between himself and his reader—would decide as to the military strength and economic prosperity of the Empire in the second century, that it was “rarely equalled in the modern world and never in the ancient,” and then proceeds to give his impressions as to Rome’s assimilative power and the absence of all apparent symptoms of decay in an exceptionally interesting paragraph:

Our observer, however, might, very rightly, feel that a far-spreading Empire like that of Rome, including regions profoundly differing in race, history and religion, would be liable to other dangers than those which arise from mere external aggression. One of the first questions, therefore, which he would be disposed to ask, is whether so heterogeneous a state was not in perpetual danger of dissolution through the disintegrating influence of national sentiments. He would learn probably, with a strong feeling of surprise, that, with the single exception of the Jews, the constituent nations, once conquered, were not merely content to belong to the Empire, but could scarcely imagine themselves doing anything else; that the Imperial system appealed, not merely to the material needs of the component populations, but also to their imagination and their loyalty; that Gaul, Spain and Britain, though but recently forced within the pale of civilization, were as faithful to the imperial ideal as the Greek of Athens or the Hellenized Orientals of Syria, and that neither historic memories, nor local patriotism, neither disputed succession, nor public calamities, nor administrative divisions, ever really shook the sentiment in favour of imperial unity. There might be more than one emperor, but there could only be one Empire. Howsoever our observer might disapprove of the imperial system, he would, therefore, have to admit that the Empire, with all its shortcomings, its absolutism, and its bureaucracy, had solved more successfully than any government, before or since, the problem of devising a scheme which equally satisfied the sentiments of East and West; which respected local feelings, encouraged local government, in which the Celt, the Iberian, the Berber, the Egyptian, the Asiatic, the Greek, the Illyrian, the Italian were all at home, and which, though based on conquest, was accepted by the conquered as the natural organization of the civilized world.

Rome had thus unique sources of strength. What sources of weakness would our observer be likely to detect behind her imposing exterior? The diminution of population is the one which has, rightly,

Mr Balfour on Decadence

most impressed historians; and it is difficult to resist the evidence, either of the fact or of its disastrous consequences. I hesitate, indeed, to accept without qualification the accounts given us of the progressive decay of the native Italian stock from the days of the Gracchi to the disintegration of the Empire in the West; and when we read how the dearth of men was made good, in so far as it was made good, by the increasing inflow of slaves and adventurers from every corner of the known world, one wonders *whose* sons they were who, for three centuries and more, so brilliantly led the van of modern European culture, as it emerged from the darkness of the early Middle Ages. Passing by such collateral issues, however, and admitting depopulation to have been both real and serious, we may well ask whether it was not the result of Roman decadence rather than its cause, the symptom of some deep-seated social malady, not its origin. We are not concerned here with the aristocracy of Rome, nor even with the people of Italy. We are concerned with the Empire. We are not concerned with a passing phase or fashion, but with a process which seems to have gone on with increasing rapidity, through good times as well as bad, till the final cataclysm. A local disease might have a local explanation, a transient one might be due to a chance coincidence. But what can we say of a disease which was apparently co-extensive with imperial civilization in area, and which exceeded it in duration?

I find it hard to believe that either a selfish aversion to matrimony or a mystical admiration for celibacy, though at certain periods the one was common in Pagan and the other in Christian circles, were more than elements in the complex of causes by which the result was brought about. Like the plagues which devastated Europe in the second and third centuries, they must have greatly aggravated the evil, but they are hardly sufficient to account for it. Nor yet can we find an explanation of it in the discouragement, the sense of impending doom, by which men's spirits were oppressed long before the imperial power began visibly to wane, for this is one of the things which, if historically true, does itself most urgently require explanation.

Mr Balfour goes on to investigate some of the other alleged causes of the decay which became apparent in the following century, but finds them wanting. The most plausible is Mr Lecky's contention as to the destructive effects of slavery. Yet here Mr Balfour has certainly a cogent answer, while he recognizes the importance of the consideration:

Mr Balfour on Decadence

Slavery is a far more important matter. The magnitude of its effects on ancient societies, difficult as these are to disentangle, can hardly be exaggerated. But with what plausibility can we find in it the cause of Rome's decline, seeing that it was the concomitant also of its rise? How can that which in antiquity was common to every state, have this exceptional and malign influence upon one? It would not in any case be easy to accept such a theory; but surely it becomes impossible when we bear in mind the enormous improvement effected under the Empire both in the law and the practice of slavery. Great as were its evils, they were diminishing evils, less ruinous as time went on to the character of the master, less painful and degrading in the slave. Who can believe that this immemorial custom could, in its decline, destroy a civilization, which, in its vigour, it had helped to create?

Mr Balfour's sketch of the decline of the Empire is impressive and simple, and his conclusion as to the constituent elements of decadent vitality is much the same as that of the Buddhist, who, after discussing for some time all that was involved in "Nirvana," broke out with "the only true account is that Nirvana is Nirvana." So, too, he concludes that "Decadence is decadence."

In a few generations from the time of which I am speaking [he writes] the Empire lost its extraordinary power of assimilating alien and barbaric elements. It becomes too feeble either to absorb or to expel them: and the immigrants who in happier times might have bestowed renewed vigour on the commonwealth, became, in the hour of its decline, a weakness and a peril. Poverty grew as population shrank. Municipal office, once so eagerly desired, became the most cruel of burdens. Associations connected with industry or commerce, which began by freely exchanging public service for public privilege, found their members subjected to ever-increasing obligations, for the due performance of which they and their children were liable in person and in property. Thus, while Christianity, and the other forces that made for mercy, were diminishing the slavery of the slave, the needs of the bureaucracy compelled it to trench ever more and more upon the freedom of the free. It was each man's duty, so ran the argument, to serve the commonwealth; he could best serve the commonwealth by devoting himself to his calling if it were one of public necessity; this duty he should be required under penalties to perform, and to devote, if necessary, to its performance, labour to the limits of endurance, fortune to

Mr Balfour on Decadence

the last shilling and family to the remotest generation. Through this crude experiment in socialism, the civilized world seemed to be rapidly moving towards a system of universal caste, imposed by no immemorial custom, supported by no religious scruple, but forced on an unwilling people by the Emperor's edict and the executioner's lash.

These things have severally and collectively been regarded as the causes why in the West the imperial system so quickly crumbled into chaos. And so, no doubt, they were. But they obviously require themselves to be explained by causes more general and more remote, and what were these? If I answer as I feel disposed to answer—Decadence—you will properly ask how the unknown becomes less unknown merely by receiving a name. I reply that if there be indeed subtle changes in the social tissues of old communities which make them, as time goes on, less resistant to the external attacks and the internal disturbances by which all communities are threatened, overt recognition of the fact is a step in advance. We have not an idea of what "life" consists in, but if on that account we were to abstain from using the term, we should not be better but worse equipped for dealing with the problems of physiology; while, on the other hand, if we could translate life into terms of matter and motion to-morrow, we should still be obliged to use the word in order to distinguish the material movements which constitute life or exhibit it, from those which do not. In like manner we are ignorant of the inner character of the cell changes which produce senescence. But should we be better fitted to form a correct conception of the life-history of complex organisms if we refused to recognize any cause of death but accident or disease? I admit, of course, that the term "decadence" is less precise than "old age," as sociology deals with organisms far less definite than biology. I admit also that it explains nothing. If its use is to be justified at all, the justification must depend, not on the fact that it supplies an explanation, but on the fact that it rules out explanations which are obvious but inadequate. And this may be a service of some importance. The facile generalizations with which we so often season the study of dry historic fact; the habits of political discussion which induce us to catalogue for purposes of debate the outward signs that distinguish, as we are prone to think, the standing from the falling state, hide the obscurer, but more potent, forces which silently prepare the fate of empires. National character is subtle and elusive, not to be expressed in statistics nor measured by the rough methods which suffice the practical mora-

Mr Balfour on Decadence

list or statesman. And when through an ancient and still powerful State there spreads a mood of deep discouragement, when the reaction against recurring ills grows feebler, and the ship rides less buoyantly to each succeeding wave, when learning languishes, enterprise slackens, and vigour ebbs away, then, as I think, there is present some process of social degeneration which we must, perforce, recognize, and which, pending a satisfactory analysis, may conveniently be distinguished by the name of "decadence."

That the fate of the Roman Empire may suggest fears for ourselves Mr Balfour admits (p. 34), but like a good politician he does not encourage the idea that they concern our immediate future. A man of action must not be among the pessimists as to the immediate outlook. Whether Mr Balfour the philosopher may possibly have apprehensions which Mr Balfour the statesman would not encourage even in himself we will not inquire. The most pessimistic conclusion to which he does come is that if we were to decay as Rome decayed he cannot see any prospect of a new civilization to follow our own, such as that which in medieval Christendom succeeded to the Roman Empire.

Progress is with the West, with communities of the European type. And if *their* energy of development is some day to be exhausted, who can believe that there remains any external source from which it can be renewed? Where are the untried races competent to construct out of the ruined fragments of our civilization a new and better habitation for the spirit of man? They do not exist; and if the world is again to be buried under a barbaric flood, it will not be like that which fertilized, though it first destroyed, the western provinces of Rome, but like that which in Asia submerged for ever the last traces of Hellenic culture.

This passage is Mr Balfour's low-water mark. And it closes the first part of his lecture. In the second, he dwells on one symptom in the present civilization to which he does look to with real hopefulness—not, indeed, as he says, as a reply to pessimism, but as an aid to optimism; and that symptom is the new alliance between pure science and industry. He sees in its scientific character the immense power of real knowledge; he sees in the application of science to industry that practical force which stimulates

Mr Balfour on Decadence

to action, which rescues science from the bewildering effect on the many of its speculative character, of the vastness of the area it covers, of its concern with problems which deal with a vast universe with which the individual man has such insignificant relations.

If a society is to be moved by the remote speculations of isolated thinkers it can only be on condition that their isolation is not complete. Some point of contact they must have with the world in which they live, and if their influence is to be based on widespread sympathy, the contact must be in a region where there can be, if not full mutual comprehension, at least a large measure of practical agreement and willing co-operation. Philosophy has never touched the mass of men except through religion. And, though the parallel is not complete, it is safe to say that science will never touch them, unaided by its practical applications. Its wonders may be catalogued for purposes of education, they may be illustrated by arresting experiments, by numbers and magnitudes which startle or fatigue the imagination; but they will form no familiar portion of the intellectual furniture of ordinary men unless they be connected, however remotely, with the conduct of ordinary life. Critics have made merry over the naive self-importance which represented man as the centre and final cause of the universe and conceived the stupendous mechanism of nature as primarily designed to satisfy his wants and minister to his entertainment. But there is another, and an opposite danger into which it is possible to fall. The material world, howsoever it may have gained in sublimity, has, under the touch of science, lost, so to speak, in domestic charm. Except where it affects the immediate needs of organic life, it may seem so remote from the concerns of men that in the majority it will rouse no curiosity, while of those who are fascinated by its marvels not a few will be chilled by its impersonal and indifferent immensity.

For this latter mood only religion or religious philosophy can supply a cure. But for the former, the appropriate remedy is the perpetual stimulus which the influence of science on the business of mankind offers to their sluggish curiosity. And even now I believe this influence to be underrated. If in the last hundred years the whole material setting of civilized life has altered, we owe it neither to politicians nor to political institutions. We owe it to the combined efforts of those who have advanced science and those who have applied it. If our outlook upon the universe has suffered modifications in detail so great and so numerous that they amount, collectively to a revolution, it is to men of science we owe it

Mr Balfour on Decadence

not to theologians or philosophers. On these, indeed, new and weighty responsibilities are being cast. They have to harmonize and to co-ordinate, to prevent the new from being one-sided, to preserve the valuable essence of what is old. But science is the great instrument of social change, all the greater because its object is not change but knowledge, and its silent appropriation of this dominant function, amid the din of political and religious strife, is the most vital of all the revolutions which have marked the development of modern civilization.

It may seem fanciful to find in a single recent aspect of this revolution an influence which resembles religion or patriotism in its appeals to the higher side of ordinary characters, especially since we are accustomed to regard the appropriation by industry of scientific discoveries merely as a means of multiplying the material conveniences of life. But if it be remembered that this process brings vast sections of every industrial community into admiring relation with the highest intellectual achievement, and the most disinterested search for truth; that those who live by ministering to the common wants of average humanity lean for support on those who search among the deepest mysteries of nature; that their dependence is rewarded by growing success; that success gives in its turn an incentive to individual effort in no wise to be measured by personal expectation of gain; that the energies thus aroused may affect the whole character of the community, spreading the beneficent contagion of hope and high endeavour through channels scarcely known, to workers in fields the most remote; if all this be borne in mind, it may perhaps seem not unworthy of the place I have assigned to it.

We should ourselves be disposed to connect closely this source of hope for the future with the condition of progress referred to by Mr Balfour in a footnote so useful that it ought to have found its place in the text—that the production in a community of great individualities, of men of original genius, is largely dependent on an “exceptional stir and fervour of national life.” And this, according to Mr Balfour, means not merely a departmental movement which gives opportunity to him who is gifted in relation to the particular department, not merely that an artistic movement creates great artists, a political movement great politicians, but rather—if we may express it in our own way—that the existence of corporate vitality intensifies

Mr Balfour on Decadence

individual vitality in every direction. "Some kind of widespread exhilaration or excitement," he writes, "is required in order to enable any community to extract the best results from the raw material transmitted to it by natural inheritance." To this let us add—what is to our mind all-important, though Mr Balfour does not in this place mention it—that in order to be deeply operative this excitement must embody some faith or deep conviction. The excitement of a mere fashion or sentiment is not enough. What is simply emotional is not an adequate incentive to strenuous endeavour. It cannot stimulate the most intense life. This point Mr Devas emphasizes in relation to the effect of religious faith on the progress of a community. The fact that corporate faith is a potent stimulus holds good not only of a true creed but of those religions which have a large admixture of what is neither true nor admirable. And in the case of Mr Balfour's chosen token of hopefulness in our existing civilization, the combination of science and industry, this element of corporate conviction obviously has a large place. It supplies, indeed, the most practically useful certainties of modern life.

The productive power of "widespread excitement" is then dependent on its enabling men to work not as aiming "at an uncertainty" and not "as one beating the air." This is true even in departments in which faith has in it the least of an intellectual character. The great periods of artistic production in Greece and in Italy have included exceptional faith in the value of art. But in the instance Mr Balfour selects—that of industry carried on by the application of science—there is the especially interesting feature that it is a case of the progress of reason correcting and overcoming its own disintegrating tendency. Reason has "come full circle." Its long journey through the speculative and the theoretic has ended in its return, immeasurably enriched and with power many times multiplied, to the regions of the practical. That the advance of reason and education in a community, though involving true progress, has also for a time and incidentally a disintegrating effect is, we suppose, unquestionable. Every community has non-rational organic

Mr Balfour on Decadence

component parts, and a wider horizon opened out by reason and knowledge, through improved education, unfits its members for constituting those parts, which yet are essential to prosperity. The frugal, contented craftsman whose thoughts do not travel beyond his work, whose inability to read shuts out a source of enervating discontent and day-dreaming, has an efficiency which is wanting in his son, to whom penny novelettes have suggested the glories and joys of wasteful living, and the contemptible character of an insignificant station in an insignificant village.

The present writer will not easily forget a conversation he held twenty years ago with a very handsome and brilliant French boy of sixteen, the son of a simple and useful artisan. His contempt for his father's trade knew no bounds. And it was equalled by his contempt for his native village. The writer pressed him as to his own plans for the future. They were described with a radiant and confident pride worthy of a future Napoleon. But where they verged on the noble, they were vague. Where they were definite, they were not, I think, very inspiring. The grand, dim, undefined horizon was "to see the world and not to stay in this hole"; the more definite aim was "gagner de l'argent"; the immediate practical plan of action was to obtain a situation as a waiter, through a friend already employed in that capacity, in an hotel at Pau. Pau would lead to Paris; Paris to London; London to the whole world.

This reminiscence is here referred to only as a reminder of a far-reaching fact, that education, though it means a growth of rational equipment in the individual, is, so far as it makes every one unfit for certain unpretending tasks which the community needs, a disintegrating force; and of the more far-reaching fact that the opening out for the mind of wider horizons than those which have any bearing on a man's useful and practical life, has a weakening and dissipating effect on his character. Mr Devas will here preach as the remedy higher ideals than those of "seeing the world" and "making money"—ideals which would enable the French boy still to do contentedly and well the useful work done by his father, though he may have more than his parent to distract

Mr Balfour on Decadence

him, and more temptation to discontent. Mr Balfour points to a new faith and a new source of progress, emerging from the conquests of reason in applied scientific knowledge: new vistas of practicable schemes for the benefit of the community and the race; and a new source of inspiration to the workman, both in the intellectual movement to which these schemes are due, and in their known practicability. Both remedies have their place; and both are antidotes to that potent source of decadence which John Stuart Mill described as the "disastrous feeling of 'not worth while.'"

WILFRID WARD

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

AS a child, whatever I might question, I never doubted the turpitude of Rome. . . . As a little boy, when I thought, with intense vagueness, of the Pope, I used to shut my eyes tight and clench my fists. . . . I do not think I had formed any idea whatever of the character or pretensions or practices of the Catholic Church, or, indeed, of what it consisted, or its nature, but I regarded it with a vague terror as a wild beast, the only good point about it being that it was very old and was soon to die. . . . We welcomed any social disorder in any part of Italy, as likely to be annoying to the Papacy. If there was a custom-house officer stabbed in a *fracas* at Sassari, we gave loud thanks that liberty and light were breaking in upon Sardinia. If there was an unsuccessful attempt to murder the Grand Duke, we lifted up our voices to celebrate the faith and sufferings of the dear persecuted Tuscans, and the record of some apocryphal monstrosity in Naples would only reveal to us a glorious opening for Gospel energy.

Lest I say what may be thought extravagant, let me quote what my father wrote in his diary at the time of my mother's death. He said that the thought that Rome was doomed—as seemed not impossible in 1857—so affected my mother that it “irradiated her dying hours with an assurance that was like the light of the morning star, the harbinger of the rising sun.”

If the work from which these amazing quotations are selected, *Father and Son* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), were merely the record of the mentality of an English family in the 'fifties and 'sixties, it would be painfully interesting as throwing light on the religious history of this country, but it is of much wider import even than that. It is a most singular human document illustrating in its delineation of the “father” the history of a strong mind, with very considerable scientific attainments, of a noble, disinterested and austere character warped and distorted by a passionate loyalty and obstinate adherence to ideas which were in reality self-imposed. This character-study offers to the psychologist a problem still to be solved, the mys-

Father and Son

tery of self-denial, self-sacrifice, the oblation of a lifetime to a god of his own creating, a reflection of his own inner being. He thought that he based his religion on Scripture, but, with the "obstinate persuasion that he alone knew the mind of God," he gave his personal interpretation of Scripture as infallible and irrevocable. If we cannot penetrate into the subtle interaction of virtues and delusions, self-denial and self-indulgence, pride and passionate self-abasement in the character of the "father," we can follow at least with even acute sympathy the mind of the child who grows up under his hand. There are smiles and tears very close together in this story of the delicate, imaginative, yet critical child. There will be moments of poignant heartache in the reader. A fearful vigour is apparent in the father's treatment of the little son, a fierceness in leading him in the right way that was in proportion to the intensity of his affection for the soul whom he persisted in considering as especially consecrated to the service of God from his birth, and who, poor boy, came to recognize that it was to the propagation of his father's ideas and to that only that he was intended as a living oblation. There are haunting pictures of suffering both positive and negative, but we are constantly reminded that nothing was done in a spirit of unkindness. Take, for example, a Christmas Day in the life of a motherless boy, as described on pp. 132-3.

On Christmas Day of this year, 1857, our villa saw a very unusual sight. My father had given strictest charge that no difference whatever was to be made in our meals on that day; the dinner was to be neither more copious than usual nor less so. He was obeyed, but the servants, secretly rebellious, made a small plum-pudding for themselves. (I discovered afterwards, with pain, that Miss Marks received a slice of it in her boudoir.) Early in the afternoon, the maids—of whom we were now advanced to keeping two—kindly remarked that "the poor dear child ought to have a bit, anyhow," and wheedled me into the kitchen, where I ate a slice of plum-pudding. Shortly I began to feel that pain inside which in my frail state was inevitable, and my conscience smote me violently. At length I could bear my spiritual anguish no longer, and bursting into the study I called out: "Oh! papa, papa, I have eaten of flesh offered to idols!" It took some time, between my sobs, to explain

Some Recent Books

what had happened. Then my father sternly said: "Where is the accursed thing?" I explained that as much as was left of it was still on the kitchen table. He took me by the hand, and ran with me into the midst of the startled servants, seized what remained of the pudding, and with the plate in one hand and me still tight in the other, ran till we reached the dust-heap, when he flung the idolatrous confectionery on to the middle of the ashes, and then raked it deep down into the mass. The suddenness, the violence, the velocity of this extraordinary act made an impression on my memory which nothing will ever efface.

If the festivals of ordinary children were unknown to the son, so were their daily delights:

The rapture of the child who delays the process of going to bed by cajoling "a story" out of his mother or his nurse, as he sits upon her knee, well tucked up, at the corner of the nursery fire—this was unknown to me. Never, in all my early childhood, did anyone address to me the affecting preamble, "Once upon a time!" I was told about missionaries, but never about pirates; I was familiar with humming-birds, but I had never heard of fairies. Jack the Giant Killer, Rumpelstiltskin and Robin Hood were not of my acquaintance, and though I understood about wolves, Little Red Riding Hood was a stranger even by name. So far as my "dedication" was concerned, I can but think that my parents were in error thus to exclude the imaginary from my outlook upon facts. They desired to make me truthful, the tendency was to make me positive and sceptical.

With some children the imaginative faculties would have been crushed by such treatment; but in this child the result was an almost neurotic condition of excitement, and he suffered agonies in consequence. The fear of burglars and the fear of death may haunt any child, but there were far more singular terrors in the life of this one. For instance:

I had hardly laid my head down on the pillow, than, as it seemed to me, I was taking part in a mad gallop through space. Some force, which had tight hold of me, so that I felt myself an atom in its grasp, was hurrying me on, over an endless, slender bridge, under which on either side a loud torrent rushed at a vertiginous depth below. At first our helpless flight—for I was bound hand and foot like Mazeppa—proceeded in a straight line, but presently it began to curve, and we raced and roared along, in what gradually became

The Catholic Encyclopædia

a monstrous vortex, reverberant with noises, loud with light, while as we proceeded, enormous concentric circles engulfed us, and wheeled above and about us. It seemed as if we—I, that is, and the undefined force which carried me—were pushing feverishly on towards a goal which our whole concentrated energies were bent on reaching, but which a frenzied despair in my heart told me we never could reach, yet the attainment of which alone could save us from destruction. . . . This agitating vision recurred night after night, and filled me with inexpressible distress.

Many pages of quotation would not suffice to give an adequate notion of this very remarkable book. The literary quality of *Father and Son* is very high, its power of description rarely equalled. In nothing is it more successful than in its portraits of women. Who could fail to love the ethereal, exquisite mother with her self-denials, her courage, her gentle humour, her passionate longing to save souls, her amazing candour amidst her delusions? Nor is the refined, kindly, more mundane stepmother easily to be forgotten, who struggled, poor lady, with partial success to bring fresh air and sound food to the mind and body of her stepson. The "son" owed her much, and has paid his debt of gratitude in a very convincing portrait in his gallery of living figures. But the gallery is but a background to one of the most amazing and most pathetic human groups of father, mother and son that has ever taken its place in English literature.

S.

THE high standard reached by *The Catholic Encyclopædia* (Volume II, pp.s xii, 704. Assize-Brown. New York: Robert Appleton Company. 27s. 6d. net.) in its first volume is more than maintained in the second, which has recently appeared. Though there are not so many topics of primary interest falling within the limits of the present issue as in the former, still the work has been done zealously and well, and but few notices bear the trace of haste or carelessness.

Anyone accustomed to cataloguing would have expected a preponderance of the biographical element under the letter B; and in point of fact the volume may be fairly described as a collection of biographies. Not a few names receive here, for the first time, the honour of a place in an encyclopædia.

Some Recent Books

Thus, to mention only instances which will be of particular interest to one or other section of readers, we have J. F. Bentley, the gifted architect of Westminster Cathedral, with a good portrait; the three generations of the famous printing-house of Benziger; Bayma, of whom scarcely anyone knew more than the name until Father Joseph Rickaby unearthed the details of his career; Artemus Ward; Mazière Brady, the historian of the post-Reformation Catholic Episcopate in England; Boschovich, to whose life and work five columns are devoted; Bouquillon, a name honoured both in Europe and in America. And not to mention ancient glories of the Church's Calendar, which are safe in the scholarly hands of Mgr Kirsch, the saints, martyrs and other worthies of England are wisely entrusted for the most part to Mgr Ward, Dr E. Burton and Dom Bede Camm. The few lines on Father Bollig, S.J., fail to reproduce the impression his renown and personality made on those who attended his lectures at the Gregorian University. The Abbé Bergier is scarcely appreciated as he deserves to be. To Blossius, the great spiritual teacher, only a bare column is allotted, in which little knowledge is shown of his work. No mention is made of the collection of treatises from his writings entitled *Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis*, brought out in 1859 by Mgr Newsham with a preface by Cardinal Wiseman, and which has done more than anything else to make the name of Blossius known and revered in England. The distinguished Jesuit theologian Father Antonio Ballerini is omitted, as also the Capuchin writer Gaetano da Bergamo, to whom we are indebted for his *Pensieri ed Affetti* and his *Umità del Cuore*. The interesting outline of Bernini's career and masterpieces assumes the character of an apology, for which the reader will be thankful, if only for the occasion it has supplied for introducing the very successful view from the dome of St Peter's, Rome. The story of Boccaccio comes as a surprise, which, however, is only one of the numerous instances of the judicial impartiality of the editors.

After a well-condensed and scholarly account of St Augustine of Canterbury, we reach the longest and perhaps the finest article in the volume—St Augustine of Hippo, by J. E. Por-

The Catholic Encyclopædia

talié, extending through thirty-eight columns. The treatment is as able, comprehensive and masterly as the subject itself is noble and fascinating. The chequered history of the Bollandists is told in nineteen columns by Father Charles de Smedt in a style and manner worthy of a distinguished modern scholar. The career of Boniface VIII supplies the materials for one of the best articles, in which we have had a frank statement of facts and a vivid picture of the man and of his time. From Boniface we turn with some eagerness to the name of Baronius. The charming story of his simple life and indefatigable labours is narrated with a fullness of detail that leaves out nothing essential to the formation of a correct view of the significant departure in Church history, which will be for ever associated with the memory of the great disciple of St Philip Neri. To the monks of Downside we are indebted for a trilogy filling seventy-two columns, on St Benedict, his Rule and his Order, which will be read with pleasure and benefit by all. Of the three, the article on the Rule has afforded us the most lively satisfaction. It is a calm and luminous appreciation of the Rule in the light of its historical antecedents and circumstances, and of its adaptability to the human heart. It is conceived in a broad philosophic spirit, which enables the reader to seize the true inwardness of a legislation which has guided and stimulated the greater portion of the cloistered world since its promulgation. The full and instructive survey of the Order, its branches and government, is admirable, except for the unnamed portraits, which are scarcely typical of the Benedictine monk. In the reference to the College of the English Benedictines at Douai, it might have been placed on record that for many years it discharged the functions of a lesser Seminary, in which were prepared a large number of subjects for the ranks of the secular clergy in the dioceses of England and Scotland.

While the illustrations to the volume are decidedly good, the suitableness of Lippi's picture of the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin to St Bernard may be doubted in connexion with an historical study of the life and work of the holy Doctor. But be that as it may, the article on St Bernard

Some Recent Books

seems to us less remarkable than others; it lacks warmth and omits to speak of the charming style of the Saint's writings. On the other hand the short paragraphs on St Bernard of Menthon, with the illustration of the hospice of St Bernard on the Simplon, are exactly what one would have wished. In Father Paschal Robinson's article on St Bonaventure most students will meet with a good deal that is new to them. A clear historical picture is drawn, and a careful and judicious estimate is given of the Saint's influence on subsequent writers. We have read the articles on the leading French preachers with much interest, but, in the case of Bossuet, not unmixed with disappointment. A better man than Brunetière could hardly have been selected to tell us all about Bossuet, but the result has proved vague and uninspiring; still, there is compensation reserved for us in the two first-rate articles on Bourdaloue and Bridaine.

We must confess to have received a shock on observing the brevity of the article on the Bible, and notwithstanding the copious and satisfying contributions on Biblical Antiquities, Biblical Astronomy, and the Authorized Version—a readable and instructive sketch—we are still of opinion that references should have been supplied to articles found elsewhere.

In the limited domain of doctrinal subjects, the treatment of Baptism and its derivatives runs through some forty columns and ought to satisfy the most exacting; the articles on Bishop and Breviary have each seventeen columns.

A good digest of an intricate subject is furnished in the article on the Book of Common Prayer, where, in the appended bibliography, directions are supplied as to the character and value of the books named. This is a practice adopted by certain other contributors, and is worthy of wider imitation. We miss an article on the Blessed Sacrament, and are surprised to find no cross-reference to the subject. The article Blessing has no bibliography, which seems to be an inexcusable oversight. Under Blood a cross-reference might have been expected to the Holy Blood of Bruges. In the bibliography added to the article on the Assumption, a reference

The Catholic Encyclopædia

might profitably have been made to the series of articles on the Assumption which appeared in the *Revue Thomiste* 1901-2.

Among the few philosophical topics included in the volume, Atheism is discussed by Dr Aveling in a moderate and well-considered article. The treatment of Bilocation appears to us dry and unsatisfactory. The lay-reader would be helped by some instances from the lives of the saints of the facts to be explained; and he will probably ask himself what is the connexion between bilocation and the phenomena of phantoms, doubles and astral bodies, of which one hears so much in certain circles. The treatment of Biogenesis is solid, but a trifle too technical and not always clear. To the bibliography might be added with advantage the article entitled *Les Radiobes de M. Burke*, *Revue pratique de l'Apolo-gétique*, vol. 1, p. 468-476.

A study of Brahminism shows clearly both its origin and the development of its different forms, thus bringing into an intelligible order what is otherwise inexplicable confusion.

The well-written sketch of Balmez is very acceptable. The article on Francis Bacon is carefully thought out and is as full as the limits of space will permit: but the *Novum Organum* edited by Fowler, second ed. Oxford, 1889, should have found a place in the bibliography. Bentham is handled with such absolute impartiality, that some incidental guidance for the reader might prudently have been vouchsafed. The sad story of Boethius is given as graphically as is possible within the available space of an Encyclopædia; we miss, however, from the bibliography the delightful translation of the *Consolation of Philosophy* by H. R. James, London, 1897.

Social Science barely gains admittance into this volume. Biel's progressive views on political economy are mentioned, and the articles on the Brehon Laws deserve the studious attention of all interested in the thorny question of land tenure.

Physical Science is represented by an article on Astronomy, and one on Biology, which, in a brief survey well worth reading shows the path of scientific discovery, and the

Some Recent Books

important share taken by Catholic scientists in its advance. Moral theology deals with such practical and burning questions as Bankruptcy, Betting and Bribery.

A concluding word on the section of topography, which formed so salient a feature in the preceding volume: One of the chief articles is on Assyria, which, in the course of twenty-one columns, provides the general reader with abundant information on a comparatively new topic, furnishes details of the discovery of the secret of the inscriptions, and explains their import and their bearing on Biblical literature. The account of Australia is bitter reading. The article on Bohemia, on the other hand, offers unlooked-for interest, as exhibiting an almost ideal Catholic country; while the literary activity of Catholic and free-thinking Bohemians in America is a reproach to our old-world slowness. The accounts of the dioceses of Birmingham, Boston, Brooklyn—to mention only a few samples—are warm with local colouring and feeling. In the article on Birmingham the date 1817 should be 1847.

H.P.

“STANDS Darwinism where it did?” is the question asked of himself by Professor Kellog in his work *Darwinism To-day* (London: George Bell & Sons. 1907. Price 7s. 6d. net). In making reply to this question he details, with great erudition, the various criticisms, attacks and new theories whether rebutting, supporting or supplanting which have clustered round the Darwinian theory since it was formulated. The author's knowledge of his subject is extensive, even encyclopædic, and as a result of his labours he has produced a work which will be of the greatest value to all desirous of studying the present position of the Darwinian theories, which, as he very carefully points out, do not really involve the main thesis of transformism in any way. Especially useful are the excellent appendixes to each chapter, in which the literature of the subject-matter of that chapter is surveyed and abstracted and many useful contributions to knowledge, which have appeared in publications not always easily accessible to English readers, are summarized and made available. As one

Darwinism To-day

looks through these, one cannot but be struck, however, with the rapidity with which the situation changes as new facts come to knowledge. For example: Professor Kellog holds that de Vries' observations on *Oenothera Lamarckiana* are practically unchallengeable, yet, in fact, since this book was written, further observations on this point published in the *Journal of Botany* have thrown the gravest doubt upon them. But to return to the point under consideration, what is the actual position of Darwinism to-day? Some hold that it is on its death-bed (p. 1); another, and this a real luminary of science (Driesch) writes: "Darwinism now belongs to history, like that other curiosity of our century, the Hegelian philosophy; both are variations on the theme: how one manages to lead a whole generation by the nose" (p. 6). On the other hand Lankester at York, in 1906, proclaimed his belief "that the conclusions of Darwin as to the origin of species by the survival of selected races in the struggle for existence are more firmly established than ever" (p. 389).

Where such doctors differ, and differ so fundamentally, it is difficult for lesser mortals to form a judgement, and Professor Kellog steers a middle course. He admits that "the discrediting of the sexual selection theory as" an explanation of Secondary Sexual Characters "is certainly nearly complete" (p. 352), and he couples with it that other theory of the pangenesis of gemmules, both of which are "nearly wholly discredited theories" (p. 3).

And with regard to the great theory of Natural Selection he admits that "the fair truth is that the Darwinian selection theories, considered with regard to their claimed capacity to be an independently sufficient mechanical explanation of descent, stand to-day seriously discredited in the biological world" (p. 5). But that this is a view which he does not himself wholly share is shown by his final statement that

Darwinism, then, as the natural selection of the fit, the final arbiter in descent control, stands unscathed, clear and high above the obscuring cloud of battle. At least so it seems to me. But Darwinism, as the all-sufficient or even most important causo-

Some Recent Books

mechanical factor in species-forming, and hence as the sufficient explanation of descent, is discredited and cast down. At least, again, so it seems so me (p. 374).

The evidence upon which this statement rests will be found in the book, and is well worthy of careful study by all those seriously interested in biological matters.

There is one further point to which attention must be directed. The author gives us the views of men like Nägeli and Korschinsky whose scientific evidence cannot be disputed and whose researches have led them to the conclusion that there is in organisms "an intrinsic tendency towards progress," "an inner law of development," "an inner directive force" (p. 278) by which can be explained the derivation of higher from lower forms. For views of this kind and for those of the neo-vitalistic school our author has no sort of use. "Such a surrender of all our hardly won, actual, scientific knowledge in favour of an unknown, unproved, mystic vital force we are not prepared to make" (p. 278). And again, "Nägeli's automatic perfecting principle is an impossibility to the thorough-going evolutionist seeking for a causo-mechanical explanation of change" (p. 387).

But why? Apparently because the "thorough-going evolutionist" of this type assumes as a first principle that there can be nothing in nature which is not explicable on chemico-physical lines. Is such an assumption legitimate? No, is the answer made by a large number of men whose eminence as biologists cannot be gainsaid. Professor Kellog speaks with some scorn of papers written "by certain Roman Catholic priests with a considerable amateur interest in natural history and a strong professional interest in anti-Darwinism" (p. 30). Is he, we ask him to consider within himself, wholly ignorant of certain scientific men with a considerable amateur interest in philosophy and a strong professional interest in anti-Vitalism? Science means or should mean the pursuit of truth, wherever it may lie, and since it is still possible that Nägeli and others of like views, or even the no doubt contemptible, though worthy, Roman Catholic priests may be right and those on the other side

Ancient Egyptian Burials

wrong, would it not be well to abstain from cocksure declarations until things are a little clearer and a little more certain than, say, those Darwinian views which twenty-five years ago seemed an indisputable scientific gospel and now stand so much discredited as our author tells us that they do.

B.C.A.W.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS and all students of the customs of early races have reason to be grateful for that common instinct which has prompted so many peoples to lay aside with the bodies of their dead objects, with which they had been associated during their life, or models illustrative of customs of the period to which the deceased persons belonged. To this pious custom, proof positive in all instances of the belief of those who practised it in a future life, we owe our knowledge of the arts and manufactures of the barrow-builders of our own country and of the early inhabitants of many parts of the world. A notable addition to the literature of this subject is to be found in the very complete and handsome work on *The Burial Customs of Ancient Egypt* (London: Archibald Constable & Co. 1907. Price 31s. 6d.) which Mr Garstang has written, a work based on the discoveries made in the tombs of the Middle Kingdom found at the necropolis of Beni Hassan, in the course of excavations carried out during the years 1902-4. It is interesting to note that this fine piece of work is due to the activities of the Institute of Archæology founded by one of the youngest of English Universities, that of Liverpool.

The book is beautifully brought out, the illustrations are numerous and excellent, there is an adequate index, and, in a word, both author and publisher may be congratulated upon the sterling contribution to Egyptological literature for which they have made themselves responsible. The tombs of the period in question were rock-hewn chambers, access to which was usually obtained by a shaft, which, after the interment, was filled up with masses of rock in order to prevent the rifling of the treasures which had been deposited with the remains of the dead. This precaution seems, in many cases, to have been quite futile, for, apart

Some Recent Books

altogether from the labours of later bands of robbers, many of these tombs seem to have been despoiled, shortly after the dead had been laid within them, by persons who have entered from neighbouring chambers. Nay more, it would appear that the coffins were often rifled by those attendants whose duty it was to place them in the tombs, and

In two instances, at least, there seems to have been definite collusion between the robbers and the makers of the coffins; for an opening had been constructed in the side of the coffin near the head; this had been filled up with a piece of wood, painted uniformly with the coffin to avoid detection, and fastened only with flimsy pegs which would readily yield to pressure.—p. 48.

Fortunately it was jewels and objects of that kind which the robbers were in search of, and they never thought of touching the various offerings placed near or on the sarcophagus, offerings fully described in this book and affording an excellent idea of the life of the period. For it was the custom to bury with each of the dead officials—and here it may be remarked that all the burials are those of upper-class persons, no one yet having discovered what became of the corpses of the common people—it was the custom to bury with these people models of objects which might be of service for use or pleasure to their spirits in the other world. Thus

A tomb of the Middle Empire seems to have been properly equipped, after the manner in vogue, if the models of a rowing and a sailing boat, a granary and the number of servants making bread and beer, were deposited within the closed-up chamber. An analysis of the contents of eleven well-preserved graves shows that the models of rowing boat, sailing boat and granary were found in each instance; models of bread-making and beer-making occurred in ten cases, the market woman in nine; while the sacrifice scene appeared only six times. To these should be added the head-rest and sandals found in nearly each case within the coffin.—p. 99.

As we have already said, these objects form, even apart from the numerous inscriptions testifying thereto, indubitable evidence of the belief of these people in another life.

Provision for the after-world took the form of providing for wants familiar to earthly experience. It is only an elaboration of the ear-

Life in the Homeric Age

liest instinct of the Nile people, with here and there the addition of an article of luxury or of special signification. The well-filled granary, the servants engaged in the making of bread or the brewing of pleasant drinks, these fulfil all the requirements of the flesh; while the models of river boats, whether propelled by numerous oarsmen or wafted smoothly by the wind, betokened a vague hope for luxury and comfort in the hereafter which was possibly not attained in life by those whose hopes were thus expressed. In some cases there is introduced a model representing the sacrifice of an animal, which not only recalls a definite act of ritual at the burial of the dead, but ensures the deceased a continued supply of fresh meat for the long future.—p. 99.

It is interesting to note that in no instance amongst this series of Middle Empire interments was there any trace of the process of mummification so universal in later burials. A "Ka-figure" was, however, often met with, that is a representation of the deceased to which his or her soul might attach itself, should the body completely decay or disappear. This figure is connected with the belief that the soul or "Ka" could only exist as long as there were in existence remains of the body, or at least some representation of the body which it had inhabited during life. Hence the careful hiding, in concealed chambers, of the dead body and the provision of one or more carved representations of the deceased, the "Ka-figures," with which the "Ka" might associate itself, failing its former partner. We can heartily commend this admirable book to all students of the ancient civilizations of the world.

B.C.A.W.

IN his *Life in the Homeric Age* (Macmillan. 17s. net) Professor Thomas Day Seymour has given us a volume of some 700 pages, describing with great minuteness the conditions of life as depicted in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

This book [he writes] is based upon a careful study of the Homeric poems. The earlier works on the same subject have not relieved the author from the obligation of collecting his own material for an independent examination of the questions involved.

Those who look for new and original contributions towards the study of Homer are likely to be disappointed in

Some Recent Books

Professor Seymour's book, which labours somewhat under the difficulty that *Les Allemands ont tout dit*.

Professor Seymour has given us an English Buchholtz, covering in one volume essentially the same ground as the three-volume *Homerische Realien*. In the course of nineteen chapters all the details which the poems furnish as to the manners and customs of the Homeric peoples are collected and catalogued. Homer is made to interpret Homer, with but little reference to the monuments. Homeric Food, Property, Animals, Agriculture, Warfare and Worship have each a chapter to themselves. This division of the book into chapters dealing with special departments in the life of the Homeric Age has naturally involved a certain amount of repetition. However, this is preferable, on the whole, to the method of referring the reader back to questions already discussed. Each chapter is thus in itself a complete treatise on the subject with which it deals.

By the limits of his inquiry the author is obliged to assume the essential unity of the poems. He does not treat of the Homeric Question as such, but is content to indicate briefly his own attitude towards it. He is at one with Mr Andrew Lang in maintaining that the poet was not "a careful, but ill-informed archæologist," and he adduces many points which supplement Mr Lang's thesis—among others an amusing analogy from an early American illustrator of *Paradise Lost*. Unlike Mr Andrew Lang, however, he is inclined to believe in the organic development of the Homeric poems—that while a great poem argues a great poet, there is ample scope for poetic genius in "informing" the common heritage of the bards.

It would be quite impossible, within our present limits, to discuss in detail the many interesting issues raised in the various chapters. That devoted to the Homeric State is quite one of the best in the book. We might, perhaps, notice one small point, which concerns the famous, but somewhat perplexing, account of the scene depicted on the shield of Achilles. Two men, it will be remembered, are contending in the place of assembly about the blood price of a slain man. The elders sit around on polished

Dr Macgregor's Sermons

stones, while heralds, on duty as prehistoric policemen, keep order among the crowd, who "were cheering both as they took part on either side." It has generally been supposed that this passage points to a survival of the primitive option of paying "damages" to escape the blood feud. In this case the words, ἀναίμετο μηδὲν εἰσθαι must mean, "But the one persisted in refusing to accept atonement." Professor Seymour prefers the rendering, "The one denied that he had received aught," and gives as his reason that the Court in question had no power to compel the injured party to accept were-gild. This objection is far from decisive. The Court might well succeed in persuading the litigants to come to terms, and the fact that both parties "were eager to accept judgement at the hands of a daysman" implies a disposition to abide by the decision of the Court. Moreover, the use of the word ἀναίμετο tells strongly against Professor Seymour's view.

In the chapter dealing with the Homeric Armour, Professor Seymour gives what is substantially an epitome of Reichel's *Homerische Waffen*. This is, perhaps, in some points a little inconsistent, for in the case of Robert's *Studien zur Ilias* Professor Seymour had objected that "his argument was touched by the remark that any theory can be made to fit the poems, if all the passages which are inconsistent with it may be cast out." Surely Robert was not the first to be accused of "Procrustean" methods.

Still, whatever criticism one might have to offer on points of detail, English readers will remain indebted to Professor Seymour for a commentary on Homer which is at once exhaustive and discriminating. We should like to add our thanks to the author for the excellent index, as well as for a very useful bibliography. M.K.A.

A DISTINGUISHED convert used to give a humorous account of the first, and only, baptism which he administered in his clerical career as an Anglican. The infant, he said, behaved admirably during the critical part

Some Recent Books

of the ceremony; even the pouring of the water failed to disturb his equanimity. But at the words of the final exhortation to the sponsors, "Ye shall call upon him to hear sermons," the prospect appalled him; he lifted up his voice and wept. Most of us have suffered many things from preachers; and among the causes of the decline of church-going in this country the quality of the average sermon is not the least effectual. "Why do good people like listening even to a bad sermon?" asked Joubert. "Because the preacher speaks to them of what they love." It is true. The devout will gather round the pulpit, come from it what will. But this is not enough. The preacher is at once an evangelist and a missionary: his call is to proclaim the Gospel to those who have not heard it, or who, more numerous, have heard it amiss; and faith—the evidence of things unseen—to those who, if they do not deny, are indifferent to these things, whose grasp on them is weak. The partial and the perfunctory—those are the rocks on which he too often makes shipwreck: he is tempted to deal with one department of experience only, and to treat it on conventional lines. While to be effectual he must set forth the religious significance of life as a whole:

Quicquid agunt homines—votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

and the formulas of the past must be not recited only, but inspired by the living breath of the present; he will bring out of his treasure things new and old.

Seldom has this been so difficult as in our own time: hence the decay of preaching and the dearth of preachers. Life has become broader and fuller, its gulf between the real and the conventional wider than before; and the focus of the clerical is not that of the lay mind. Each understands the other with difficulty; intercourse is impeded because there is no common speech between the two.

The absence of the characteristic limitation of the pulpit makes Dr Macgregor's volume (*Jesus Christ the Son of God: Sermons and Interpretations*. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 5s.) stand out from the common run. In backbone, in

Dr Macgregor's Sermons

flesh and blood, in experimental hold on religion, they excel much that is excellent. "Seven years have I heard him," said one of the foremost of Scottish theologians to the present writer, "and never have I heard a commonplace." It was great, but deserved, praise.

A characteristic discourse is that, from Matthew xi, 19, on the Geniality of Jesus. Its temper is Franciscan.

I suspect that true souls are always hilarious, and that one step towards the restoration of the evangel in the Church would be the breaking of this tradition—that a religious man ought to be grave and even sombre—and the letting in of the sun.

The Church has never made what she might of the enjoying natures. They do not like to sit still; they have no habit of meditation, and much of the preaching which they hear touches on nothing that closely concerns them. And so they have grown apart, the joy of many homes, the pride in hours of crisis of their country for which, in their reckless way, they venture all—creatures whose departure would take the colour and interest out of the world, and yet we get but little from them for the work of Jésus Christ. The Church has commonly got little from them, because it has understood them badly; but Jesus Himself understood, and at this point He and the Pharisees were at war. To the respectable, church-going people of every age the faults of the enjoying nature are scarcely pardonable, whereas Jesus reserved His indignation for the faults done in cold blood, for the man who devours widows' houses and who makes long prayers, and for all who make one of the little ones—the ill-established souls—to stumble. He certainly was no tolerator of lust and excess, knowing how, in the end, "they petrify the feeling"; but the fact is plain that to Jesus the sins which we count big were insignificant in comparison of others which we scarcely reckon sins at all. . . . He did not choose for His disciples discreet and futile persons. He wanted in men life, energy, impulse, and in His Church He has often found nothing but a certain tame decorum, out of which even He can make little.

Unbelief is apparent rather than real.

Men do not in the end believe that God has made the world a mere tangle of broken threads. Men do in the depths believe in God; and, though His word has not yet found them, they believe that it will come and will be good. And this is what makes preaching hopeful; for the men whom God has made are waiting.

Some Recent Books

Of the childlike temper:

He so greatly loved children that He wished His people to grow old without losing the child's heart.

Religion is essentially practical.

The religion which is worth anything is not what is told you, but what you know of yourself.

This is a world of shut doors.

Character is fashioned by the acceptance of risks, and the making of mistakes.

We live by reverence and obedience. It is a disastrous life in which a man finds nothing greater or more authoritative than himself, no peak upon his horizon to raise and quicken dreams.

God's thoughts are all on the way to become things, just as the rain coming down makes the earth to bring forth and bud.

It is difficult to cease quoting from a book which should emphatically be read.

F.

"**L**IKE the story of a life, the history of kingdoms is generally pregnant with vicissitude." It would be hard to choose a decade more significant of this saying than the years between 1790 and 1800; years which saw the French Revolution, the American War of Independence, the Irish Rebellion; years in which, while men strove to throw off the burden of tyranny, they only succeeded in foisting it upon other shoulders. *The Northern Iron*, by George Birmingham (Dublin: Maunsell. 1907. 6s.), is a story of the Irish Rebellion, dealing exclusively with that part of it which took place in Ulster. In a graphic account of the attack upon Antrim, the author frankly lets us see that his sympathies are with the United Irishmen, and his description of their intrepid courage, even after they knew that their plans had been betrayed to their foes and that defeat was almost a certainty, is one among the many striking scenes in the book. Mr Birmingham does not, however, allow his personal feelings to bias his judgement in the smallest degree. His delineation of Lord Dunseveric, landowner and loyalist, is as sympathetic and impartial in treatment as that of Micah Ward, James Hope and Felix Matier—all United Irishmen. In Lord Dunseveric and Micah Ward are typified the best

The Northern Iron

attitude on both sides in the struggle. They both equally desire the welfare of their country, but they look to antagonistic means for its fulfilment. Lord Dunseveric, with calm foresight, sees that the failure of the rising—to him a foregone conclusion—must fling Ireland back again into the arms of England, must deprive it of the Constitution so hardly won, must lead inevitably to an Union as abhorrent to him as to his opponents. Micah Ward only feels his wrongs, and those of his fellow-countrymen burning within him, and refuses to look the probability of failure, patent to so many, in the face. In a fine scene he tells Lord Dunseveric, who has come to warn him that he is suspected by the Government:

You care for Ireland, and you mean by Ireland the powers and privileges of a class. I care for Ireland, but I mean Ireland, not for certain noblemen and gentlemen, but Ireland for the Irish people, for the poor as well as the rich, for the Protestant, Dissenter and Roman Catholic alike.

But, answers Lord Dunseveric:

If you fail—and you must fail—you will fling the country into the arms of England. Our gentry will be terrified, our commons will be cowed. Designing Englishmen will make an easy prey of us. They will take from us even the hard-earned measure of independence we already possess. We shall become, and we shall remain, a contemptible province of their Empire instead of a sovereign and independent nation.

The love interest in *The Northern Iron* is somewhat slight, and the story proceeds on conventional lines. Not the least notable feature of the book is the character of James Hope, a weaver and an ardent United Irishman, who, we are told in the preface, is the only one of those who really lived and acted in 1798 to appear prominently in this story. His moderation, his graveness, "sweetness and wide reasonableness of outlook upon life" lead the reader to wish that the details in his portrayal had been further amplified, that he had been fully delineated, not merely outlined.

G.F.G.

Some Recent Books

IN *Her Ladyship*, by Katharine Tynan (Smith, Elder. 1907. 6s.), we have another Irish novel, but of a very different type and date. *Her Ladyship* is a story of modern life, but it does not attempt to deal with the burning questions of to-day. It tells of a lady bountiful whose purpose in life is the improvement of the social conditions of all those with whom she comes in contact. She takes a destitute cousin to live with her, she builds a house on her estate for three distressed ladies whom she comes across in Dublin; she has endless schemes for bettering the lives and homes of her tenants. Her philanthropy culminates in a romantic marriage with her agent. This man, whom she had taken from his tailor's shop in Ardnagowan to manage her factory and estates, is a sort of Alton Locke, with a taste for poetry and a barely veiled contempt of what he calls "fine ladies and gentlemen." The book is chiefly interesting for the insight it gives us into the revival of the Irish industries. The description of the Convent at the Point, which, with a factory attached to it, "brought prosperity to the surrounding country with none of the drawbacks usually associated with a factory"; and of Mother Patrick, whom her ultra-Protestant foreman unwillingly pronounces to be "a gr-r-eat wumman in spite of her supersteetions" is charming. So, too, are many of the descriptions of scenery. The scene of both these novels is "the green Island," but there all similitude between them ends. Katherine Tynan is concerned chiefly with the land-owning class in Ireland. George Birmingham deals with the Irishmen of over a hundred years ago, who left their farms and looms to fight for what they believed to be the gift of God to every man; men to whom Ireland was not only their country, but their religion; men to whom "the dream of all Irishmen uniting in a common love of their country, a love which should transcend the differences of rival creeds, found a realization"; men who could say with Robert Emmett:

My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment, and for it I now offer up my life. . . . I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

The Glade in the Forest

IT is an unsettled question whether a reviewer judges a book best when he approaches it with some previous knowledge of the author and the subject, or when, like an ideal jurymen, he comes to it with an uncoloured mind. For instance, a reader who remembers *The Fair Hills of Ireland*, and has subdued his thought to the melancholy of Irish problems, to the Celtic twilight, and an atmosphere of greys and greens, will be a trifle annoyed with the first story in Mr Stephen Gwynn's new book, *The Glade in the Forest and Other Stories* (Dublin: Maunsell and Co. 6s.) Yet the unreasoning, headlong pluck of the characters and the rather "dry light" of the fun seem, to a Saxon, at least, perfectly true to one side of Irish life, though the personages make no claim to be Irishmen. Of the remaining stories five are placed in the Emerald Isle, and of these "A Reconciliation" and "The Grip of the Land" make the strongest impression. The former is, it seems to us, as fine a specimen of the *conte* as may be found in contemporary literature, specially pleasant to read in these days when any formless episode or string of events claims to be a short story. Remembering Maupassant's work, one might define the *conte* as a crisis in the life of the characters, briefly but vividly related, with only just as much detail and previous narrative as is needed to make the personages live, yet enough to enable one to realize their past history and recognize them again among a thousand figures of fiction. Tried by these requirements, "A Reconciliation" comes out well, and, in all but the last paragraph—which somehow suggests that the author had lost his hold of the chief character—it convinces and delights the reader. "The Grip of the Land," though not so skilful a piece of work, is a good picture of peasant life, and the intense power of the home-country in conflict with the youth and enterprise that would most gladly break away from sad Ireland for ever.

R.T.

Some Recent Books

THE question of what we shall do with our girls is always with us. We welcome with pleasure any helps and suggestions as to how or where to educate them. Dr Shields' little book, *The Education of our Girls* (New York: Benziger. 4s.) is very much to the point. It is lacking in dignity of style; and the form of dialogue which he has adopted is not happy in his hands; though we must admit it fulfils his purpose of bringing out the conflicting points of view that are in vogue on this subject.

The first chapter is a plea for the higher education of woman. That happily is no longer, in these days, a point at issue; but how to attain that object is certainly open to discussion. Dr Shields narrows down the question to co-education versus segregation, and by segregation he means the system of Convent schools and of Colleges conducted by Catholic nuns; co-education on natural lines, viz., in the home circle, the author appears to ignore, unless, perhaps, he takes it so entirely for granted that he does not consider it necessary to emphasize the point. It is in the home that a girl will learn, unconsciously and unawares, to be a woman in the fullest sense of the word. From there she can follow a course of higher studies and prepare herself for the University; but along with her history, her literature and her many sciences she will learn the art of living and the art of self-expression on the simple natural lines of family life. If a girl remains in this *milieu* till her fifteenth or sixteenth year, a couple of years of special and concentrated study, even under a segregated system, will not be harmful to her, but on the contrary will probably be productive of much good; though it is obvious that those girls who are intending to enter a profession will have to leave home at an earlier age, in order that they may give themselves up entirely to their studies. It is in view of the many girls who take up professions that we read with particular pleasure that most interesting chapter in which the author foreshadows the "Woman's College of the future," a College in which the Higher Education, as now understood, would be given, but where domestic science would

The Priest's Studies

also have a place, meaning by that, hygiene, nutrition, gastronomy, etc., "and in the sewing room, lessons in thrift, economy and neatness." All these subjects, if approached from a scientific and educative as well as from a practical point of view, can and do appeal to the intellect: "Mind and hand are trained together, and there is thus begun a connecting link between the world of thought and that of action." By these means Dr Shields anticipates that a new moral power will be put into the hands of woman. "She is going to systematize the Home and solve the problems of the Home." "Manual labour must be transformed and lifted into a higher plane by a knowledge of domestic science." In this ideal of a woman's training there is the true spirit of progress. Education should push sex distinctions to the uttermost, "make boys more manly, and girls more womanly." We could wish to see this idea better understood than it is at present in our own country.

M.A.T.

THE *Priest's Studies*, by the Rev. T. B. Scannell, D.D. (Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d. 1908), is intended to serve as an introduction to the other volumes of the "Westminster Library" Series, and to guide the priest in his choice of studies by which he may lay out his spare time profitably. It may be said at once that it is a book which every priest should possess; and, in spite of the author's disclaimer "that this little volume is not meant for students at college," there is much to be found in it which should prove suggestive and stimulating to these also.

The author divides his subject broadly into two parts: the first deals with "professional" studies, those, namely, that made up the seminary course; the second with "extra-professional," under which title are included Secular History, Art, Science (Mental, Moral and Physical), and lastly Literature.

The object of the author is to create an interest in these various subjects, by showing how they bear upon the practical work of the priest. This he does very happily in a variety of ways. There are first the problems of the day,

Some Recent Books

which must sooner or later confront the priest on the mission. There is, for instance, the Synoptic Problem, the many problems touching the Fourth Gospel, the question of the Mosaic authorship, the dependence of the account in Genesis on extrinsic traditions or documents, the reconciliation of this account with geological facts. All these questions, and many more, the priest must be prepared to face; and he must keep his mind open, ready to admit hypotheses which a short time ago would have been excluded resolutely.

The help given to devotion and attention in the recital of the Divine Office is another stimulus to the priest to further his knowledge of the origin of the prayers and rites he so frequently uses. The necessity of almost encyclopædic knowledge, to keep him in touch with his flock, and, finally, the pleasure he himself will gain from the time and labour spent on such study, are among the considerations put before him with the object of rousing or stimulating his enthusiasm for the subjects presented.

One of the most interesting chapters is that on the Fathers. The intense personality of their writings, their graphic presentation of the history of their times, of the struggles of parties, of the friendships, and quarrels of great men, of the gradual development of doctrine, are well insisted on. They are useful also as a storehouse of matter for sermons. The study of the Fathers should be a constant source of pleasure to a priest, who need no longer look upon them as mere proofs of a given thesis in a textbook. They are not a lattice-work of syllogisms, but a living, earnest conviction.

The chapter devoted to science seems rather meagre. Of course, in the physical sciences, not much can be said in the way of advice, and good textbooks, as distinguished from research work, are to be had in abundance. But we think that more stress should have been laid on the necessity of a good grasp of the inductive method, owing to the importance it has assumed in every branch of science. The author bestows a passing line on the subject, but it deserved more.

Bede Papers

The nature of the Fourth Gospel is, we think, stated too categorically at the foot of page 32. The author usually indicates the points on which opinions differ, and we think that this is still one of them. He would have done better to have followed his own advice: "Where the subject is contentious, to read the best book on each side," and to have allowed the reader to form his own opinion on the matter.

We notice with pleasure the presence of Political Economy as a subject recommended for study. Of its importance to the priest in face of actual economical problems there cannot be two opinions. The book is furnished with a good bibliography and a good index. M.

BEDE *Papers*, by the Rev. Charles E. Ryder (Art and Book Co. 2s. 6d. pp. 260), is an exceedingly interesting, suggestive and well-written little book. It consists of a collection of seventeen papers, read before an association of priests in the Birmingham diocese, on subjects so various as "Religious Johnsoniana," "The Sacramental Character of Fire," "Ruskin and Raphael," "The Resurrection of the Body." It is pleasantly written and easy to read in spite of the very close reasoning and analysis in which it abounds; and, even where the reader violently disagrees, as he is sure to do sometimes in so wide a range of subjects, he is never for an instant provoked into rancour or bitterness. Father Ryder is thoroughly good-tempered and fair, even when he hits with all his power, as for example in a very castigatory essay upon a shallow criticism of Newman. He is charmingly outspoken and courageous, tilting with all his force against Ruskin's piercing remarks upon Raphael's art, and Mr Stead as a patron of the "sandbank ideal of Christianity"; he is courageous, too, in his facing of deep theological problems, and modest in his contribution towards their elucidation. But the book shows signs of undue haste with regard to small details of publication; there are a number of split infinitives; there are two lists of errata, and there ought to be a third. B.

Some Recent Books

THE history of the Society of Jesus is so full of interest that it has always attracted numerous writers, some of whom, like Crétineau-Joly, have done very good work. But they could not foresee the demands of modern critical research, and so we had no satisfactory up-to-date work on the subject. To remedy this, the late General of the Society, Father L. Martin, selected competent Fathers of each Province and entrusted to them the task of writing the history of their respective countries in such a way as to satisfy modern requirements. We already possess two most interesting volumes, by Fr A. Astrein, dealing with the history of the Spanish Provinces, in addition to several volumes of "materials."

Father Duhr, who enjoys a high reputation among German Catholic historians, has undertaken to write the history of the German-speaking Provinces, i.e., Germany and the larger part of Austria and Switzerland. (*Geschichte der Jesuiten in den Ländern deutscher Zunge*. Von Bernard Duhr, S.J. *Geschichte der Jesuiten etc. im XVI Jahrhundert*. Herder.) His wide acquaintance with the general history of the period in question enables him to make good use of the stores of information which he has gathered, during twenty-five years, in the libraries of almost every country in Europe. He has had to examine thousands of letters, many of which, at the time of the suppression of the Society, found their way into the various public archives, where they have ever since lain almost undisturbed. The result is a portly volume of nearly 900 pages, with some 150 illustrations, dealing with the history of the first sixty years. Moreover, this is but the first instalment of a series, the length of which we can but dimly conjecture. Father Duhr has aimed at a perfectly candid statement of facts, and he is to be congratulated on the success with which he has treated a most difficult period of Church history. The counter-reformation in Germany was largely the work of the Society of Jesus, and consequently the details of its achievements, clearly put forward as in the volumes before us, are of the greatest interest.

M.R.

Master William Silence

MOST of us, if set to the task of drawing up a discourse illustrative of Shakespeare's love and knowledge of field-sports or desirous of showing that he had been connected with Gloucestershire and drawn some of his characters from the persons with whom he there had come in contact, would probably have so conducted our labours as to produce a praiseworthy but dry-as-dust production, fitted possibly for the journal of some learned society, but little likely to be read by those in search of relaxation as well as of information. Mr Justice Madden, in his thoroughly delightful book (*The Diary of Master William Silence*. Longmans, Green & Co. New Edition, 1907. Price 6s. 6d.), has shown us a more excellent way, and has, with a touch of real genius, with a charming humour and with a knowledge of Shakespeare and of the literature of ancient sport, which leaves one marvelling, thrown his thesis into the form of a tale, based upon a diary, which, it is supposed, has been found in an old house in Gloucestershire. As we follow the slight thread of the tale, we learn a great deal about ancient methods of sport, with hawk and hound and horse. Probably most of us were aware of how frequent were the allusions in Shakespeare's works to sport, but few can have had any idea of how profound was his knowledge or how accurate his characterizations of all whether human, equine, canine or otherwise, connected with the noble science of venery. Judge Madden carries his theory even further than this preliminary demonstration of Shakespeare's wonderful knowledge of field-sports, for he thinks that from the presence or absence of allusions of the kind occurring in plays known to be from Shakespeare's hand, we may be able to form an opinion as to whether some of the other plays not usually included in the canon of Shakespeare's works were actually his or not. This theme is followed up in a most interesting manner in a section of the book entitled "Critical."

Further, Judge Madden shows that a deep knowledge of the terminology of sport would have saved many of the commentators from corrections, which were no corrections, but absurd departures from the author's

Some Recent Books

perfectly intelligent and intelligible text. For example, let anyone look at *Alps Well that Ends Well*, v, i, 7, Stage Direction in the Cambridge Edition, and there will be found, "Enter a Gentleman," an emendation made upon the original text, which is, "Enter a gentle Astringer." Astringer is a term, it appears, perfectly well known in falconry, and what makes it more curious that it should have been so dropped as unintelligible is that it is to be found both in Nares' *Glossary* and in Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

As far as this part of the book's intention is concerned, Judge Madden may be congratulated on having given to us a most interesting piece of Shakespearean criticism, on having enriched our knowledge with many new and interesting facts both about the poet and about ancient sport, and on having done all this in so delightful a manner as to lead us to forget, whilst we are reading it, that we are engaged upon a piece of very serious study and of very recondite research.

For his second object Judge Madden set before himself the task of showing that Warwickshire is not the only county which can lay claim to Shakespeare's visits and fame. Moreover, he wished to upset the ancient tradition, based on the "salt luces," that Justice Shallow was a Lucy of Charlecote and to show that he was really a Gloucestershire justice. Shallow is not for an age but for all time, like his creator, and we have him with us now on the judicial bench as well as amongst the ranks of the great unpaid, so there is no reason why his Shakespearean prototype should not have belonged to the Gloucestershire quorum instead of that of the poet's native county. The exact spot which Judge Madden connects with a part of Shakespeare's youth is the district around Dursley, that lovely portion of the Cotswolds which lies between Stinchcombe Hill, with its terrace of ancient pit-dwellings, and Uley, with its great earthen fortress and its still more famous long barrow, the far-famed "Hetty Pagler's Tump." Here he locates many of the characters in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, and here he lays the scene of his story,

Professor Villari's Essays

and it would be hard to find a lovelier spot for it or for any other story. With this part of the judge's argument we cannot find space to deal, but we may refer all Shakespeareans to his pages in the confident belief that they will arise from them, not merely better instructed students of the Bard, but genuine admirers of the excellent work which it has given the present writer, who knows every inch of the ground dealt with in it, such exceeding pleasure both to read and to review.

B.C.A.W.

PROFESSOR PASQUALE VILLARI, whose eightieth birthday Italian admirers were celebrating last November, is already well known to English readers by his *Life of Savonarola* and other works on Italian topics. The present volume, *Studies, Historical and Critical* (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net), is a reprint of former publications, and includes essays on "Is History a Science?" "The Youth of Cavour," Savonarola, the artists Morelli and Donatello and Italian *littérateurs*. They are all marked by careful treatment, thoughtfulness and an elevated tone. We commend the subject of the first paper to the attention of debating clubs as excellent material for the exercise of their powers. Thierry seems to have held the true view when he regarded history as both a science and an art. "My aim," he said, "was to produce a work of art that should be also a scientific work." When history lacks science, it fails to be trustworthy; when wanting in art, it won't please the palate of the general reader for whom it is mainly written. This seems to be practically the view held also by Villari. In the course of this essay there are some good remarks of a religious-minded man on faith and reason, their relations and respective limits; whilst in that on Savonarola the author deplores the exclusion of religion from elementary and higher education in his country with its disastrous results. Villari, at the same time, is a patriot of United Italy, and in his essay on Cavour makes a statement that will astonish many of our readers: "Almost all our leading politicians [of the Revolution] were men of genuine moral worth, whose public merits were based on private

Some Recent Books

virtues. Thus the Italian people could find no higher title for the King who was the embodied spirit of their revolution than that of *Il Re Galantuomo*, or Good King."

MR CADOGAN, in his *Life of Cavour* (Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d. net), the latest contribution to the history of United Italy with the Italian statesman as its central figure, thus characterizes this "Good King," the "embodied spirit" of the revolution: Victor Emmanuel and his brother

contracted more familiarity with grooms, huntsmen and game-keepers than was perhaps beneficial to their natures, and this circumstance may account, in part, for a certain coarseness of manner from which the King of Italy to the end of his life was never entirely free. By this means, too, he acquired a roughness of taste and a tendency to low *amours*. . . . To his wife he was a constant source of anxiety. His connexion with women of indifferent character was notorious, and the unfortunate Queen took these scandals much to heart.

Cavour was certainly one of the most respectable of his party.

The union of Italy, as achieved by Piedmont, was the dream of his life. He died in his fifty-first year, worn out by the toil and cares of office, before his efforts were crowned by success, but not before he saw the goal towards which he ran within measurable distance of reaching. At his birth, Piedmont was an insignificant state; when he died, it had become a European power by his untiring means—means not always over scrupulous. It is men of the world, especially its politicians, not the maligned members of a religious order, who practically teach that the end justifies the means. In his construction of the Italian kingdom Cavour designed a free Church in a free state, and by robbing the Church gave an early lesson in recent times on what a certain type of Liberals mean by freedom—a lesson soon learned and practised by these freedom-loving folks in other lands. Cavour's *Life* yields no new information, but is a readable narrative of events in themselves deeply interesting and momentous. Although the author sympa-

Santa Teresa

thizes with the revolutionary movement, he professes an impartiality we cannot help distrusting when he talks of "priest-ridden" Naples, and of Piedmont as "priest-ridden" before she got her *Statuto*. Neither can we accept as accurate his account of the enthusiastic clamouring of the lower States for the rule of Victor Emmanuel in face of ugly facts connected with various plebiscites. Indeed, portions of the book suggest Walter Pater on the function of imagination in the writing of history. Imagination may well be introduced to interpret fact, but becomes an "intruder" when it destroys fact or creates what never existed. P.H.

A FAMOUS modern biographer of St Francis of Assisi, on being asked by a lady of High Anglican convictions to tell her whether he was a Roman Catholic, replied, "Madame, I am a Franciscan." Thus the biographer of St Teresa (*Santa Teresa*. By Gabriela Cunningham Graham. A new Edition. Eveleigh Nash. 8s. 6d.) boldly declares herself a "Teresian." And from certain passages in the Introduction and elsewhere we can but conclude that the authoress belongs to that company of well-meaning persons who label themselves "mystics," meaning thereby that they can afford to emancipate themselves from discipline and authority. According to their own conception, their souls are nourished and their spiritual life sustained by the thoughts and revelations of the very saints whose humble allegiance and passionate obedience to the Church has become one of the great glories of His kingdom on earth. In speaking, too, of the high ideal and fine austerities of the Carmelites of the great Saint's own time she indicates that she holds the heresy that the Church is held together by the grace in her individual members, rather than that the illuminated members are inspired by the grace in the Church itself.

Such carplings are, however, beside the mark in criticizing a book written with an intent and a result that we should be grateful for. Mrs Cunningham Graham portrays as an intensely human being a saint whose visions

Some Recent Books

and miracles have caused her too often to be drawn as a creature lifted so far above the failings of ordinary struggling humanity as to inspire often more admiration and awe than familiarity and love. She knows Spain and the "Teresian" history and tradition with delightful intimacy, and whilst her own descriptions and expansions are most interesting reading, she has adopted the wise course of letting St Teresa speak from her own autobiography whenever it is possible. The Saint's account of the many vicissitudes of her life, both spiritual and practical, seems to live anew in its new setting. We are told in the preface to this new edition that the authoress had intended to illustrate it with her own drawings. One so steeped in the "Teresian" spirit would, no doubt, have put more vividness and character into her drawings than can ever be possible in photographs. But these, taken by herself, which form a feature of the new edition, are none the less valuable in themselves. C.B.

IN his excellent preface to Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* (Longmans. 2s. net), Mr Lang brings before our notice a collection of poems, which many will receive as an old and familiar friend. The volume is welcome, even at the present time, when we are almost overwhelmed by the number and variety of children's books, for the poems possess a peculiar charm and quality of their own, which will always claim for them a high place in child-literature.

In reading them through, one is struck by their markedly personal character, as expressing the mind and feelings of the writer himself. It is not the grown man who describes, as an onlooker, the make-believes and fancies of children, but the "child awake in the poet" who still lives in the dreamland of childhood, which, for him, has never faded.

So you may see if you will look
Through the pages of this book,
Another child far, far away,
And in another garden play.

A Child's Garden of Verses

This it is which gives to the poems their charming spontaneity and the touch of realism, under the influence of which "The Boat in the Meadow," "The Armies Marching in the Dark," "The Phantom City in the Fire," appeal to us ever freshly, and awaken a response now, as in the days of long ago:

It is but a child of air
That lingers in the garden there.

Yet, as we read, he leads us, too, back with him into the wonder-world of childhood, and its dreams become once more realities.

It is probably this sympathetic spirit, in which the poems are written, which accounts for the absence (except in one or two instances) of the moral lessons which were so freely inserted into the children's books of a generation or two ago. Perhaps a deeper reason may also be found in Stevenson's reverent attitude towards childhood, which closely resembles that expressed by a greater poet in the "Ode to the Intimations of Immortality." To Stevenson, as to Wordsworth, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Like Wordsworth, he recognized that true instinct, that keen insight into the reality of things, which is the special prerogative of childhood, and which "the years that bring the philosophic mind" take from us:

"How far is it to Babylon?"
"Ah, far enough, my dear,
Far, far enough from here—
Yet you have farther gone."
"Can I get there by candlelight?"
So goes the old refrain—
"I do not know—perchance you might—
But only children hear it right,
Ah, never to return again!"

To the grown-up children who read these verses, they bring a sense of renewed life and freshness.

Now in the elders' seat
We rest with quiet feet,
And from the window-bay
We watch the children, our successors, play.

Some Recent Books

Yet there is, of course, the note of sadness too—of regret for our own irretrievable loss:

The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt
Shall break o'er hill and plain—
And put all stars and candles out,
Ere we be young again.

Let us, in conclusion, place before our readers in its entirety one characteristic specimen of Stevenson's quality—the poem called "My Shadow":

I have a little shadow, that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

B.C.

FROM a military point of view the biography of *Marshal Turenne*, by the author of *The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby* (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net) cannot but be of real interest; but it can hardly be said to have a personal side or to convey much impression of the man as apart from the soldier. It is, indeed, a little perplexing why a civilian should have chosen to undertake a task which seems peculiarly fitted for the military expert. The writer, in default of the technical knowledge which would justify him in authoritative judgement, has recourse constantly to the opinions of soldiers on Turenne's strategy and its consequences. The result is often interesting—to read

Marshal Turenne

Napoleon's comments on Turenne's warfare is to learn much of both great soldiers—but at the same time there is a certain lack of convincing force in the narration of extremely complex campaigns by a writer not trained to such work. One feels that the author would be more happily at home among the tragic humours of the Fronde as it was carried on by courtiers and great ladies than in following Turenne through the wasted Palatinate and telling of the grim close of the Thirty Years' War. Nevertheless, though the subject does not seem a wholly congenial one, it has been conscientiously handled. The campaigns and battles of the great captain are carefully studied and described with clearness. It may be confessed that the Marshal's exploits are not likely to enthral the non-military reader. He accomplished far more by out-marching, out-manœuvring, and generally out-witting his opponents than by brilliant fighting; though that he could fight superbly on occasion was proved by the Battle of the Dunes, Sintzheim, and many another engagement. On the whole, while Turenne as a general rouses intense intellectual appreciation, the reader, tracing his almost unerring forecasts and calculations, fails to kindle with any human enthusiasm for the master strategist.

As a man, though he was endowed with many fine qualities, rare in the self-seeking France of his day, Turenne remains singularly negative. Even his eulogists allow it to be perceived that he was dull company. There is about him nothing of that magnetic attraction to be felt in some of the leaders of his day. As regards his moral attitude, standards were low in France of the Fronde, or such unstinted praise would not be lavished on a man who could play traitor and rebel as well as his peers, fighting with Condé and the Spaniards against his country and King. Apart from this flaw Turenne's record is a fine one. He was valiant, generous and modest, the father of his soldiers, and his conversion to the Catholic Church bears every sign of being a sincere spiritual experience, unlike the purely expedient changes of profession so common. It is impossible, in a limited space, to enter into the story of

Some Recent Books

his long life of achievement, but it may be said that the author has adequately handled his martial theme, though touching on the political situation too lightly and giving but little individual portraiture in his picture of an age famous for brilliant personalities.

D. McC.

IT is singular that, after so long a period of neglect, James III, "the Old Pretender," should be the subject of two scholarly biographies issued almost simultaneously. *The King over the Water* (A. Shield and Andrew Lang. Longmans. 15s. net) strikes a more personal note than Martin Haile's *The Old Chevalier*. We have here fewer citations from contemporary documents; less space is given to the political currents and cross-currents through which the Stuart cause steered its precarious way. James is kept more constantly in the foreground of the picture, and no detail is too trifling to be recorded of him, even to the cream tarts and ramekins, indulgence in which once upset his always delicate health. The romantic wooing and rescuing of his bride by his devoted followers is given at great length, as also the ironic anti-climax of his unhappy married life. Yet political intrigues are not neglected in the personal story. Not the most sympathetic portrayal—and that of Miss Shield and Mr Lang is nothing if not sympathetic—can make of James more than a somewhat passive hero. Endowed with rare courage for endurance, he lacked, in spite of his superb charges at Malplaquet, the gay valour in action which made Charles II and Bonnie Prince Charlie such inspiring leaders of a forlorn hope. Coming to England for the desperate venture of 1715, James seems to have depressed his companions and followers by his own silence and dejection. The cause was none the stronger for his presence, and he bequeathed no such kindling memory as that which Prince Charlie, in spite of defeat and dishonour, left alight among the hills of heather. Yet it may be doubted if any other man of his race would have been capable of James's beautiful thought—never, it would appear, carried out after his departure—of leaving money with the magistrates of various towns

The King over the Water

for the relief of those whose homes had been burned by his soldiers, and desiring Argyle, his hereditary enemy, to see to its proper use: "That I may at least have the satisfaction of having been the destruction and ruining of none at a time when I came to free all."

There is something more of the saint than soldier in James's trust in his enemy and thought for his people at the time of his own undoing; and something more saintly than soldierly was about the uncrowned king to the end of his long and star-crossed life. In this book we follow every step of his difficult pilgrimage and see, not without reverence, the sweet reasonableness so uncharacteristic of his race, which never failed till age and sorrow had wholly broken him; the courage to accept, if not to master, fate; above all, the unfaltering faith which never under utmost stress degenerated into bigotry, yet made him hold three kingdoms as none too heavy payment for his loyalty to the Catholic Church.

Miss Shield and Mr Lang have given us a book full of the sense of tears in mortal things. It is beautifully written, though here and there a flash of petulance—do we detect the wayward hand of Mr Lang?—mars the dignity of the narrative. The portrait of James himself is wholly admirable, closely studied, artistically rendered—a piece of work to stir the sympathies of a Whig. It is, however, impossible to go with the authors in all their estimates of character. Mary of Modena is treated throughout in a slighting manner, with no recognition of those rare qualities of mind and spirit which, had her counsel been more heeded by James II, might have saved James III from being King only "over the water." To acknowledge Marlborough's military genius is but just, but to say, with whatever reservations, that "the human part of him touched the god-like" is ethically and historically unjustifiable. Berwick plays very ill the part of a "Bayard," despite his many virtues. The blood of Churchill was strong in that great soldier, and in the hour of test, when his King and brother called him on the one hand and his career as Marshal of France beckoned him on the other, it

Some Recent Books

saved him from loyal and magnificent folly and damned him to success.

The book, therefore, will be read at times with protest, but always with interest, and, by some, with a tribute of sighs and lingering memory to the King "over the water" and all the doomed and valiant wearers of the White Rose.

D. McC.

THE great enterprise which was initiated by Lord Acton in *The Cambridge Modern History* (Cambridge University Press. 16s. each volume), is now approaching its completion. The new volume, which bears the title of *The Age of Louis XIV*, is the fifth only in chronological order, although the ninth in order of appearance, and leaves only three more to follow it.

The aim of this history was so high, "to carry knowledge forward across the frontier of the unknown," that it naturally invites criticism. It must be confessed at once that in this high aim it has largely failed. The volume before us contains much painstaking work, produced by a series of very competent writers, but there is not very much that is new, and certainly it falls short of the expressed intention "that every page should be a light to every reader."

The failure to provide a new light is especially disappointing in the English portion of the work. For in this period, the reigns of Charles II and James II, we have not yet had any work of a great writer of recent years, since Gardiner's work stops with the Restoration and no one has as yet come forward to carry the story on. We had hoped that much might be effected in this department by the work before us, but our hopes have not been fulfilled. Scarcely anything has been added to our knowledge since Lingard wrote some seventy or eighty years ago.

The first part of the period, 1660 to the fall of Clarendon, has been assigned to Professor Firth, whose work is excellent, scholarly and accurate. We could wish that he could have been induced to undertake the whole of the English period, for there is a sad falling off from the

Cambridge Modern History

standard which he sets in the work of his successor, Mr John Pollock. Catholics may well express astonishment that Mr Pollock should have been asked to undertake this chapter at all, after he had taken up a position so strongly partisan as that of his book, *The Popish Plot*. At least they had a right to expect from the editors that he would not have been allowed to repeat his baseless calumnies against the Jesuits with the added sanction of *The Cambridge Modern History*. It is, therefore, with real indignation that we see them reappear, quite unmodified by the criticisms passed upon them on their previous publication. The chapter contains many inaccuracies, and is a blot upon the volume in which it appears.

Mr Temperley's work upon the reign of James II is too much dependent upon the prejudiced views of Macaulay, and does not give us, as it should have done, an independent study of the subject. Here again we are disappointed.

A great deal of space has been assigned to the religious history of the time. Lord St Cyres' chapter on "the Gallican Church" is interesting but very one-sided. His sympathies are with those who were more or less under the ban of the Church, and he barely so much as mentions either St Francis de Sales or St Vincent de Paul. Professor Gwatkin's article on Religious Toleration is weak and disappointing, nor can much more be said for Mr Kaufmann's treatment of Latitudinarianism and Pietism.

The foreign history has been better done than the English. Mr A. S. Grant contributes a careful estimate of the internal government of France under Colbert and Louvois, and Mr Hassall writes on the foreign policy of the same period under Lionne, Pomponne and Colbert de Croissy. Professor Bury's sketch of Russian history will be very useful, since there is so little already existing on the subject; and a special word of commendation is due to Mr Benian's study of early Colonial history. Lastly, a most commendable feature, sketches of scientific and mathematical progress during the period are contributed by Sir Michael Foster and Mr Rouse Ball. One's feeling

Some Recent Books

on the whole work is that it is solid and useful, but hardly brilliant.

A.B.

IT was to be expected that such a tragic history as the expulsion of the religious orders from France should leave a lasting impression on the literature of the country. But it would seem that up to the present moment no work of fiction on the subject has reached the national consciousness except the masterpiece of M. René Bazin: *L'Isolée*. And now we have in *The Nun* (Eveleigh Nash. 6s.) an English rendering of this story of the tremendous sordid misery that befell Sister Pascale. Opening with the stillness of a summer evening in a convent garden, the book takes up the note of a quaint, gentle simplicity. M. Bazin is a realist who presents things as they appear, and is in no anxiety lest he should fail to indicate what lies beyond the ordinary vision of an ordinary man. It is in his firmness of touch, his refusal to ignore any commonplace point of view, that lies the secret of his strength. The five nuns he describes are women who belong to the working class, with no romantic history, no connexion with the political movement except to suffer from it, no defence except the fragile link with the hapless Mother-house of the Order.

And the personality of four of these religious is given with tenderness and respect, but without any apparent enthusiasm, and at times with touches of description that appear almost harsh until we realize that thereby the subtle truthfulness of the artist is bringing these hearts into touch with our own. And the fifth nun is to the other four the child of their affections and the flower of M. Bazin's imagination, Sister Pascale. But he spares her nothing, and we are astonished at the combination of tenderness and cruelty in his treatment of her. Nothing in all the author's work is more exquisite than the story of Pascale and her father, the old silk weaver, who makes, through her, a supreme sacrifice and who finds that in fact the convent does raise a barrier even greater than he had foreseen. It is always the fact, not the pious notion that appeals to the strong faith of this narrator. The father dies; the convent

L'Éducation du Caractère

is dissolved; the five sisters are torn apart, and Pascale the beloved, still and always the beloved, becomes the victim of a fate so awful, so degraded, that everything in us protests, as we read, that we have passed the verge of the possible. This is only because we have not the self-control of the author and we cannot read the sordid fact in the light of the ideal as he can.

So strangely does M. Bazin blend or rather entwine the sense of beauty with the sense of things not beautiful that his style produces the most curious combinations of exquisite felicity in expression and skilfully contrived phrases that are positively ugly. It is excessively difficult, if not impossible, for the translator to reproduce so personal a style, and it cannot be said that in *The Nun* there are not quite obvious failures in parts of the English rendering, but on the whole the latter is very successful. And there can be no better proof of this than to be absorbed once more in this great simple tragedy, as one reader at least has been, without any wish to pause and compare the translation with the original work. S.

IN view of the keen interest which is being taken in recent years in the subject of methods of moral training and instruction, it is very satisfactory to find that we are beginning to get supplied with Catholic literature, at least in French, dealing with one or other aspect of moral education in a scientific spirit. It would, indeed, be very unfortunate, if when Catholic students have to seek works on this subject which profit by modern psychological study, they should be limited to writers like Payot, Fouillée, or Malapert. Père Eymieu's *Le Gouvernement de Soi-même*, published in Paris in 1906, was an example of just the kind of book we need; and now from the University of Louvain, *L'Éducation du Caractère* (Paris and Bruges: Desclée, 3 francs), by Père Gillet, O.P., is another very useful work in applied psychology. The volume is a collection of conferences somewhat similar to those which are wont to be given to the Catholic students at Oxford and Cambridge, and delivered before audiences of Louvain students in like

Some Recent Books

circumstances. The subject seems to us to have been a most happy choice from its immediate practical value to such an audience; but the ability with which the various topics are handled, in spite of the brevity of treatment, will make the volume welcome to all readers interested in moral education. The adaptation of the discussion of the subject to the conference form and the effort to give each discourse a certain completeness in itself, necessarily interfere with the continuity and hamper the completeness of exposition appropriate to a systematic treatise. Still, every reader interested in the subject will find much of value in the book.

The volume is divided into three parts dealing successively with *L'Idéal et le Caractère*, *Les Passions* and *L'Action*. In Part I, defining character as, "*l'équilibre volontaire de toutes les énergies de l'âme au service de la vérité de l'idéal*," and "*un ensemble d'habitudes morales intelligemment groupées autour de l'axe volontaire*" (p. 21), he undertakes the consideration of some of the intellectual agencies which co-operate in the moulding of character. The will is, of course, the pivot, a fact emphasized in Mill's definition of character as a "completely fashioned will." Premising, therefore, a short discourse on *La Volonté*—the function of which is to effect *l'unité et la stabilité*, which constitute the distinguishing features of the *mentalité* of the man of character—the author discusses rapidly the limitations of will-power and the influence of the conditions of modern student life on the formation of character. The main intellectual force is the prevalent moral ideal which, combined with self-knowledge, gradually moulds the disposition. This factor seems to us to have least justice done to it, not that what the author says is not sound, but that he says too little. Notwithstanding exaggerations, there is a great deal of truth in the Herbartian maxim that all volitional activity springs from the circle of ideas—that the intellectual nutriment on which the soul is fed plays chief part in giving permanent bent to the will. Consequently, a psychological analysis of the different kinds of "masses of ideas," which have been justly maintained to be a main source of great moral energy, is needful in a scientific consideration of the build-

L'Éducation du Caractère

ing up of character. The author's treatment of the passions and the Christian ideal is proportionately fuller and distinctly good. The Stoic theory is after all inhuman. The passions are given man by his Creator, and are the great springs of good as well as possibilities of evil; and the study of *la tactique* by which they are to be got under control is a most profitable department of moral pedagogics. The analysis of egoism and of the causes, effects and remedies of sensuality, in spite of its brevity, is useful, whilst the notice of the element of grace and the supernatural factor, invariably wanting in all non-Catholic treatises, is very welcome. Indeed, we should have been glad of a fuller handling of this subject.

Part III deals with *Action* and the formation of habits, moral, intellectual and supernatural, and contains some very useful instruction for his student audience. We welcome especially the recognition of the duties of social service and the increasing importance of social virtues at the present time. The whole of this conference is particularly profitable, and we shall close with a lengthy quotation from it :

L'honnête homme en effet, dans le développement intégral de sa personnalité, n'a pas que des devoirs *personnels* à remplir; il a également des devoirs *sociaux*, surtout à une époque comme la nôtre, où "la morale sociale" tendrait plutôt à absorber à son profit la "morale individuelle." Or, des devoirs sociaux appellent des vertus sociales. Nous avons de nos jours créé beaucoup de mots dans le but de caractériser ces vertus, comme ceux de justice sociale, de solidarité, d'altruisme, d'humanitarianisme. Mais avons-nous assez fait pour nous adapter à la réalité qui y correspond? Je ne le crois pas. Bien des Catholiques en particulier, jusqu'à ces derniers temps, sont demeurés victimes, à l'endroit de la vie morale, d'un préjugé traditionnel, en vertu duquel cette vie est par-dessus tout une affaire de conscience intime, qui doit se régler avec Dieu, loin de la contagion du siècle, et de tout contact impur. Alors on les a vus se retirer de la mêlée, vivre leur petite vie tranquille et médiocrement honnête dans leur tour d'ivoire, se désintéresser du progrès social, qui les effrayait, et de la civilisation, qu'ils méprisaient. . . . N'imites pas ces hommes que la peur de vivre a affolés, et qui ne méritent pas de vivre. . . . Allez au contraire de l'avant, de toute la force de vos convictions, de toute l'ardeur de vos vingt ans. Mais

Some Recent Books

pour cela ne croyez pas qu'il suffise de prononcer de beaux discours, ni d'organiser des réunions bruyantes. Il faut muscler votre volonté, en acquérant de solides habitudes de justice et de solidarité. Or, ces habitudes ne s'acquièrent et ne se développent que par des actes quotidiens (pp. 271-2).

M.M.

"SURELY there are in every man's life," says Sir Thomas Browne, "certain rubs, doublings and wrenches which pass awhile under the effect of chance, but at the last well examined prove the mere hand of God."

This important truth is often well illustrated by the misfortunes of the heroes and heroines of novels which are clearly seen to "work together for good" in some manner—generally, as in the case of *The Story of Ellen* (by Rosa Mulholland. Burns & Oates. 6s.), by the development of character.

If, indeed, incident and stress of circumstance are always the best means of this development, *Ellen* has been given every chance of becoming a remarkable young lady. In the course of the story she witnesses four deaths, besides being nearly concerned in several others; she narrowly escapes drowning twice and starvation once; finds a lost will and a lost father; and, after many other thrilling events, is dug out of a snowdrift by an erring but repentant lover; is carried home on his horse; marries and lives happily ever after!

There is not a dull chapter in the book. Yet it may be suggested that the characters, some of whom are very attractive, could be judged and enjoyed better if the succession of events were less rapid and startling. Some people may be at their best in moments of crisis, but for an enduring friendship with them—and such one has with the heroes of many novels—it is well to have a quiet time of normal life before the stress comes; not, as it were, to be in a constant state of siege from trouble and excitement, whose heavy guns cloud the citadel with smoke and obscure it to the onlooker.

M.W.

Socialism

MR MALLOCK has given us in *A Critical Examination of Socialism* (London: John Murray. 6s.) a careful analysis in popular language of competitive industrialism, in order to show that the wages-theory of modern Socialists is as remote from the facts as the theory of Marx which it professes to supersede. If the matter rested there, Mr Mallock would have achieved a notable success; but, unfortunately, Socialism is not a particular hypothesis within the special science of Political Economy, capable of more or less exact destructive criticism, but "merely a theory or belief that an alternative system of production is possible." Socialists, therefore, refuse to acknowledge the suzerainty of any ethical or economic principle of which the present system is a necessary consequence.

The structure of society is, they hold, ill founded, and nothing will content them till the whole is rebuilt. To propound a social policy of the future on the basis of existing conditions is to wander from the controversy; and it is vain to plead that the analysis of these "facts" is correct, for what is in question is not the truth of the analysis but the value and therefore the permanence of the "facts" themselves.

To this aspect of the problem Mr Mallock has not directed his attention. The scope of his work—a series of lectures delivered in America—hardly admits a comprehensive inquiry, but we look in vain for any suggestion or indication that the root of the difficulty lies outside the comparatively easy task to which he has set himself. Dr Mooney, in *Some Ethical Criticisms of Socialism* (Catholic Truth Society. 1d.), which is a companion to *Some Economic Criticisms of Socialism* by the same author, boldly faces the question. His pamphlet forms an excellent counterblast to the persuasive literature which threatens the faith of the working classes, but a great deal more is required than the simple statement of Catholic doctrine superimposed upon the blasphemous utterances of Continental Socialists, to meet the attacks which are being made from every quarter upon the fundamental principles of Christian Ethics. Popular anti-Rationalist and anti-Socialist literature is use-

Some Recent Books

less unless it is the genuine product of the sincere and patient devotion of many minds to the question at issue; but while pamphlets and manuals multiply, there is nothing to indicate that the deeper principles involved are yet fully grasped by our critics. It may be that many are at work and that we shall presently enjoy the fruit of their labours, but for the moment we doubt if a better defence of Christian theory is to be found than the Bampton Lectures for 1905, *Christian Theology and Social Progress*, by Dr F. W. Bussell (Methuen. 1907. 10s. 6d.) It is a far cry from the blunders of the *Clarion* and the Rationalist Press to the learned treatise of the Oxford theologian, but the problem which is treated is the same, and even their ignorance and misconception of the concrete facts of life, which Mr Mallock exposes, is consequent upon a still profounder misconception of moral values, to which others besides professed Socialists are subject, and which it is the business of the Catholic philosopher to dispel. V.

THE INDEX TO VOL. 142

The Titles of Articles are printed in Italics

- A**BBOTT, Dr, Notes on New Testament Criticism, *reviewed*, 180.
 Absolvo Te, by E. Viebig, *reviewed*, 187.
 Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha, edited by R. A. Lipsius, 84.
 Acton, Lord, The Secret History of Charles II, 44.
 Agnesi, Maria Gaetana, by L. Anzoletti, 127.
 A' Kempis, *Worldly Wisdom of Thomas*, by Percy Fitzgerald, 262.
 Alleged Difficulties of Holy Scripture, *reviewed*, 216.
 Apocalypse, Commentary on, by Dr Swete, *reviewed*, 179.
 Apokryphen Aposteleschichten, die, und Apostellegenden, by R. A. Lipsius, 84.
 Armanni, Vincenzo, Littere, 44.
- B**ACCHUS, Rev. Francis, *The Roman Church down to the Neronian Persecution*, 84.
 Balfour, Mr, on *Decadence*, by Wilfrid Ward, 363.
 Barnes, Mgr Stapylton, *The Religion of Charles II in relation to the Politics of his Reign*, 44.
 Barry, Canon William, D.D., *Rome and Democracy*, 217.
 Baur, Dom Chr., O.S.B., *S. Jean Chrysostome et ses Œuvres dans l'Histoire littéraire*, *reviewed*, 196.
 Bazin, M. René, *Le Blé qui lève*, *reviewed*, 193.
 Bazin, M. René, *The Nun*, *reviewed*, 416.
 Bearne, Rev. David, *The Curé's Brother*, *reviewed*, 199.
 Bede Papers, by Rev. Charles E. Ryder, *reviewed*, 401.
 Belloc, Hilaire, M.P., *The Inflation of Assessment*, 351.
 Benson, Rev. R. H., *Letters of Queen Victoria*, 11.
 Benson, Rev. R. H., *Lord of the World*, *reviewed*, 189.
 Birmingham, George, *The Northern Iron*, *reviewed*, 394.
 Birt, Dom Norbert, O.S.B., *The Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, *reviewed*, 209.
 Blessed Virgin and All the Company of Heaven, by Canon Wirgman, *reviewed*, 176.
 Boero, Giuseppe, *Istoria della Conversione di Carlo II*, 44.
 Brownlow, Bishop, *The Reunion of England with Rome*, *reviewed*, 216.
 Burghley's, Lord, *Map of Lancashire in 1590*, by Joseph Gillow, *reviewed*, 213.
 Burial Customs of Ancient Egypt, by Mr Garstang, *reviewed*, 387.
- C**ADOGAN, E., *Life of Cavour*, *reviewed*, 406.
 Cambridge Modern History, *The Age of Louis XIV*, *reviewed*, 414.
 Catholic Encyclopædia, Vol. 1, *reviewed*, 173.
 Vol. 11, *reviewed*, 379.
Catholic Records in the Diocese of Chester, by Rev. J. Chambers, 109.
 Catholic Truth Society, Publications of the, 215.
Cause of the Eleven Elizabethan Bishops, The, by Rev. G. E. Phillips, 315.
 Chambers, Rev. J., *Catholic Records in the Diocese of Chester*, 109.
Charles II, The Religion of, in Relation to the Politics of his Reign, by Monsignor Stapylton Barnes, 44.
 Chatterton-Hill, Mr, *Heredity and Selection in Sociology*, *reviewed*, 201.
Chesterfield, A French, by Viscount St Cyres, 29.
 Child's Garden of Verses, by R. L. Stevenson, *reviewed*, 408.
 Chronologie der Altchrist, by Adolf Harnack, 84.
 Chrysostome, S. Jean et ses Œuvres dans l'Histoire littéraire, Dom Chr. Baur, O.S.B., *reviewed*, 196.
 Church in the Roman Empire, The, before A.D. 170, by W. M. Ramsay, 84.
 Claire, La Vie et Légende de Madame Sainte, by le Frère Mineur François Dupuis, *reviewed*, 195.
 Coffey, Dr P., *Scholasticism Old and New*, by M. de Wulf, translated by, *reviewed*, 180.
 Commentary on the Apocalypse, by Dr Swete, *reviewed*, 179.

The Index

Common Sense Talks, by Lady Amabel Kerr, *reviewed*, 215.
 Critical Examination of Socialism, A, by W. H. Mallock, *reviewed*, 421.
 Curé's, Brother, The, by Rev. David Bearne, S.J., *reviewed*, 199.

DANTE and His Italy, by Lonsdale Ragg, *reviewed*, 191.
 Darwinism To-day, by Professor Kellog, *reviewed*, 384.
 Devas, C. S., The Key to the World's Progress, 363.
 De Wulf, M., Scholasticism Old and New, translated by Dr Coffey, *reviewed*, 180.
 Diary of Master William Silence, The, by Mr Justice Madden, *reviewed*, 403.
 Doctrine of the Trinity, The, by Dr Illingworth, *reviewed*, 203.
 Dominic, Saint, and Saint Francis: A Parallel, 338.
 Du Diable à Dieu, by M. Adolphe Retté, *reviewed*, 200.
 Duhr, Rev. Bernard, S.J., Geschichte der Jesuiten in den Ländern deutscher Zunge, *reviewed*, 402.
 Dupuis, le Frère Mineur François, La Vie et Légende de Madame Sainte Claire, *reviewed*, 195.

EDUCATION du Caractère, l', by le Père Gillet, O.P., *reviewed*, 417.
 Education of our girls, The, by Dr Shield, *reviewed*, 398.
 Elizabethan Bishops, The Cause of the Eleven, by Rev. G. E. Phillips, 315.
 Elizabethan Religious Settlement, The, by Dom N. Birt, O.S.B., *reviewed*, 209.
 Encyclical Pascendi Gregis, The, 1.
 Encyclopædia, The Catholic, Vol. I, *reviewed*, 173.
 Vol. II, *reviewed*, 379.

FATHER and Son, *reviewed*, 376.
 Fitzgerald, Percy, The Wordly Wisdom of Thomas A' Kempis, 262.
 Fortescue, Dr Adrian, The Orthodox Eastern Church, *reviewed*, 196.
 French Chesterfield, A, by Viscount St Cyres, 29.

GARDEN, The, a poem, by Katharine Tynan, 295.
 Garden of Eden, The, poems, by Ethel Rolt Wheeler, 80.
 Garstang, Mr, The Burial Customs of Ancient Egypt, *reviewed*, 387.
 Gavan Duffy, Sir Charles, Personal Memories of Clarence Mangan, 278.
 Geschichte der Jesuiten in den Ländern deutscher Zunge, by Rev. Bernard Duhr, S.J., *reviewed*, 402.
 Gillet, le Père, O.P., L'Éducation du Caractère, *reviewed*, 417.
 Gillow, Joseph, Lord Burghley's Map of Lancashire in 1590, *reviewed*, 213.
 Glade in the Forest, The, and Other Stories, by Stephen Gwynn, *reviewed*, 397.
 Graham, Gabriela Cunningham, Santa Teresa, *reviewed*, 407.
 Gowland, William, Recent Excavations of Stonehenge, 324.
 Georges Goyau, Ketteler, 241.
 Gwynn, Stephen, The Glade in the Forest and Other Stories, *reviewed*, 397.

HAILE, Martin, The Old Chevalier, *reviewed*, 207.
 Harnach, Adolf, Luke the Physician, *reviewed*, 178.
 Harnach, Adolf, Die Chronologie der Altkrist, 84.
 Harrison, W. Jerome, A Bibliography of Stonehenge and Avebury, Wilts, 324.
 Hauler, Edmundus, Didascalie Apostolorum, 84.
 Heredity and Selection in Sociology, by Mr Chatterton-Hill, *reviewed*, 201.
 Her Ladyship, by Katharine Tynan, *reviewed*, 396.

ILLINGWORTH, Dr, The Doctrine of the Trinity, *reviewed*, 203.
 Inflation of Assessment, The, by Hilaire Belloc, M.P., 351.
 Innocent the Great, by B. H. C. Pirie-Gordon, *reviewed*, 192.

JESUS CHRIST the Son of God: Sermons and Interpretations, by Dr Macgregor, *reviewed*, 392.

The Index

KANNENGIESER, A., Ketteler et l'Organisation Sociale en Allemagne, 241.

Kellog, Professor, Darwinism To-Day, *reviewed*, 384.

Kent, Rev. W. H., *Olden Faiths and New Philosophies*, 148.

Kerr, Lady Amabel, Common Sense Talks, *reviewed*, 215.

Ketteler the Precursor, *Catholic Social Work in Germany*, 241.

King over the Water, The, by A. Shield and Andrew Lang, *reviewed*, 412.

Kreislauf der Liebe, by Kurt Martens, *reviewed*, 188.

LANCASHIRE, Lord Burghley's Map of, in 1590, edited by Joseph Gillow, *reviewed*, 203.

Lang, A., The King over the Water, *reviewed*, 412.

Le Blé qui lève, by M. René Bazin, *reviewed*, 183.

Letters of Queen Victoria, by Rev. R. H. Benson, 11.

Life in the Homeric Age, by Professor T. D. Seymour, *reviewed*, 389.

Life of Cavour, by E. Cadogan, *reviewed*, 406.

Life of Christ in Modern Research, by Dr Sanday, *reviewed*, 204.

Lightfoot, J. B., Saint Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, 84.

Lilly, W. S., Many Mansions, 148.

Lilly, W. S., *The Orthodox Eastern Church*, 297.

Lisheen, by Canon Sheehan, *reviewed*, 185.

Lipsius, R. A. von, Die Apokryphen Apostelgeschichten und Apostellegenden, 84.

Lipsius, R. A. von, Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha, 84.

Lockyer, Sir Norman, Stonehenge and other British Stone Monuments astronomically considered, 324.

Lord of the World, The, by Rev. R. H. Benson, *reviewed*, 189.

Luke the Physician, by Adolf Harnack, *reviewed*, 178.

MACGREGOR, Dr, Jesus Christ the Son of God: Sermons and Interpretations, *reviewed*, 392.

Madden, Mr Justice, The Diary of Master William Silence, *reviewed*, 403.

Mallock, W. H., A Critical Examination of Socialism, *reviewed*, 421.

Mangan, Clarence, *Personal Memories of*, by the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 278.

Many Mansions, by W. S. Lilly, 148.

Martens, Kurt, Kreislauf der Liebe, *reviewed*, 188.

Martyrologes Historiques du Moyen Age, by Dom H. Quentin, *reviewed*, 214.

McIntyre, Very Rev. Canon, The Epistle of St Paul to the Romans, *reviewed*, 216.

Méré, Discours de Monsieur le Chevalier de, 29.

Meynell, Alice, *Some Memories of Francis Thompson*, 166.

Meynell, Alice, Selections from the verses of J. B. Tabb, *reviewed*, 197.

My Brother's Keeper, by May Quinlan, 216.

Mulholland, Rosa, The Story of Ellen, *reviewed*, 420.

NEW Testament Criticism, Notes on, by Dr Abbott, *reviewed*, 180.

Northern Iron, The, by George Birmingham, *reviewed*, 394.

Nun, The, by M. René Bazin, *reviewed*, 416.

OLD CHEVALIER, The, by Martin Haile, *reviewed*, 207.

Olden Faiths and New Philosophies, by Rev. W. H. Kent, O.S.C., 148.

Orthodox Eastern Church, The, by W. S. Lilly, 297.

Orthodox Eastern Church, The, by Adrian Fortescue, *reviewed*, 196.

PAUL, St, Epistle to the Romans, edited by Canon McIntyre, D.D., *reviewed*, 216.

Paul, St, Epistle to the Philippians, by J. B. Lightfoot, D.D.

Personal Memories of Clarence Mangan, by the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 278.

Pfaff, Von Otto, Bischof von Ketteler, 241.

Pirie-Gordon, B. H. C., Innocent the Great, *reviewed*, 192.

Priest's Studies, The, by Rev. T. B. Scannell, D.D., *reviewed*, 399.

QUENTIN, Dom A., Les Martyrologes Historiques du Moyen Age, *reviewed*, 214.

Quinlan, May, My Brother's Keeper, *reviewed*, 216.

The Index

RAMSAY, W. M., *The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170*, 84.
 Ragg, Lonsdale, *Dante and His Italy*, reviewed, 191.
Religion of Charles II in Relation to the Politics of his Reign, The, by Mgr Stapylton Barnes, 44.
 Retté, Adolphe M., *Du Diable à Dieu*, reviewed, 200.
 Reunion of England with Rome, by Bishop Brownlow, reviewed, 216.
 Reyserling, E. von, *Schwüle Tage*, reviewed, 188.
Rome and Democracy, by Canon W. Barry, D.D., 217.
Roman Church down to the Neronian Persecution, The, by Rev. F. Bacchus, 84.
 Ryder, *Father Ignatius, a Reminiscence*, by Wilfrid Ward, 64.
 Ryder, Rev. Charles E., *Bede Papers*, reviewed, 401.

SANDAY, Dr, *The Life of Christ in Modern Research*, reviewed, 204.
 St Cyres, Viscount, *A French Chesterfield*, 29.
 Scholasticism Old and New, by M. De Wulf, translated by Dr P. Coffey, reviewed, 180.
 Schwüle Tage, by E. von Reyserling, reviewed, 188.
 Scannell, Rev. T. B., *The Priest's Studies*, reviewed, 399.
 Seymour, Thomas Day, *Life in the Homeric Age*, reviewed, 389.
 Sheehan, Canon, *Lisheen*, reviewed, 185.
 Shield, A., Miss, *The King over the Water*, reviewed, 412.
 Shield, Dr, *The Education of our Girls*, reviewed, 398.
 Society, Sin and the Saviour, by Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., reviewed, 214.
Some Memories of Francis Thompson, by Alice Meynell, 160.
 Stevenson, R. L., *A Child's Garden of Verses*, reviewed, 408.
Stonehenge and the Stars, by Bertram C. A. Windle, F.R.S., 424.
 Story of Ellen, The, by Rosa Mulholland, reviewed, 420.
Student and Social Worker of the Eighteenth Century, A, 127.
 Studies, Historical and Critical, by Professor Pasquale Villari, reviewed, 405.
 Swete, Dr, *Commentary on the Apocalypse*, reviewed, 179.

TABB, John B., *Selection from the Verses of, made by Alice Meynell*, reviewed, 197.
 Teresa Santa, by Gabriela Cunningham Graham, reviewed, 407.
Thompson, Francis, Some Memories of, by Alice Meynell, 160.
 Trinity, *The Doctrine of*, by Dr Illingworth, reviewed, 203.
 Turenne, Marshal, reviewed, 410.
 Tynan, Katharine, *Some Memories of Francis Thompson*, 160.
 Tynan, Katharine, *Her Ladyship*, reviewed, 396.

VAUGHAN, Rev. Bernard, S.J., *Society, Sin and the Saviour*, reviewed, 214.
Vie et Légende de Madame Sainte Claire, La, par le Frère Mineur François Dupuis, reviewed, 195.
 Viebig, E., *Absolvo Te*, reviewed, 187.
Victoria, Letters of Queen, by Rev. R. H. Benson, 11.
 Villari, Professor Pasquale, *Studies, Historical and Critical*, reviewed, 405.

WARD, Wilfrid, *Mr Balfour on Decadence*, 363.
 Ward, Wilfrid, *Father Ignatius Ryder, A Reminiscence*, 64.
 Wheeler, Ethel Rolt, *The Garden of Eden*, poems, 80.
 Windle, Bertram C. A., F.R.S., *Stonehenge and the Stars*, 324.
 Wirmann, A. Theodore, D.D., *The Blessed Virgin and all the Company of Heaven*, reviewed, 176.
Worldly Wisdom of Thomas A' Kempis, The, Percy Fitzgerald, 262.

